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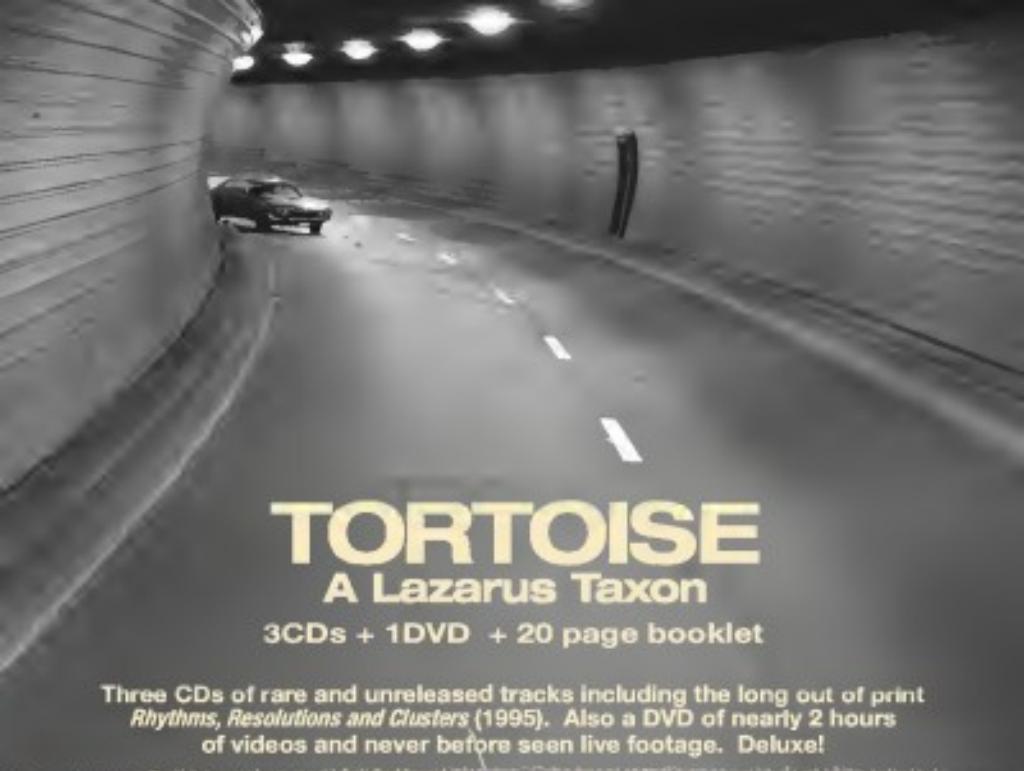
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THE WIRE 271 SEPTEMBER 2006
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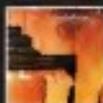
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OUT SEPTEMBER 12

Led by Yoshimi P-Wee, underground icon and co-founder of Japanese sonic titans Boredoms, the band soars to blissful plateaus, and stomps like a herd of elephants on the way there. Often, the band's art conjures images of infinity; with this record they come quite close. CD comes in a deluxe, holographic-foil embossed digipak aimed to enhance the transcendental experience. OOIOO will be touring Europe in the Winter of 2006.



ANGELA DESVEAUX Wandering Eyes

OUT SEPTEMBER 12

Wandering Eyes The sparkling debut album recorded by Brian Padnos (Smash, Wilco) at Montreal's Hotel 2 Tiango studio. Cape Breton's Angela Desveaux has a brilliant voice and a perfect vehicle for her personal and poignant song writing. Recorded with a full band featuring Howard Bilerman (Arcade Fire) on drums. Angela will be touring Fall 2006.

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Kool Keith
photographed by Barbara Von Ark

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The Masthead



ROBERT SCHNEIDER

For various reasons I didn't get out much this summer, but one unavoidable sort of obligation was visiting my protagonist Bill Henson living through *The Wire's* brief pages in London's Handel House Museum, where he gave a talk, *Unnatural Highs*, based on an article about the countercultural voice (Issue 108) as part of its Handel and *The Counter* season. Kopf's out-of-sorts reuniting now fittingly, the event delivered the unusual pleasure of hearing an otherwise Kalypso Heino vocal hymning the ghost of Jimi Hendrix, who once lived at 23 Brook Street, just down the street from the Handel House, and nothing like a version of the *Wire* success Are You Being Served? theme "Going Up," sang by French countertenor François Tessier, receiving amazement of recognition and moving the circle of Hendel admirers in attendance. If this pair of small transatlantic ingredients fail to be a major breakthrough, that feeling was underlined.

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By a conversation with the music student guitarists from *Skins* Of course, who accompanied live versions of Prince's "Kiss," Al Green's "Take Me To The River" and an excerpt from Philip Glass's *Aktinos* at the event. Scrolling through last month's *Songsong* issue, he expressed surprise that noise exceed its genre.

This brief exchange with a perceptive reviewer, whose club night (giving pleasure but not always a good rock and roll life of audience), was a salutary reminder that, for all the glamour noise has made the past decade, walls still stand. That is in part a consequence of the noise underground's remarkable development of a self sufficient global network that allows the Net to disseminate news and music through streamlined file formats and MP3s. Meanwhile, a thriving industry of concert vinyl and self-made CD-Rs add through intense outlets and performances the need to deal with a non-mainstream music culture that is neither interested nor understands its activities. This applies as much to ubiquitous Digital Mystery Jorge (4) as the Gross Durums (6) (see Swiss collaboration reviewed on Page 64). But the division to the underground is less in selling for a greater audience, finely tuned niche marketing might allow outsider wants to continue, but endlessly circulating limited edition CD-Rs to the 50 people around the world ultimately leads to cultural stagnation.

Personally I have no desire to see the return of pop artistry that seemed most useful in the 1980s, but the Genesis Breyer P-Orridge *Jacobite* (page 20) is a reminder of the dialogue she has sustained with the mainstream through the gainful opposition of Thrilling, Gentle and the subterfuge of Psycho. They're adventures with Werner Herzog and CBS/Sony. There is another way of leaving the margins without becoming mired in institutions' regulation through the cross media image of the great choreographer Merce Cunningham (page 96), whose work has taken the music of Thievery Corporation, Maryanne Amacher, Yesesess Toms, Jim O'Rourke and long-time compatriot John Cage to parts they might not otherwise have reached. *Issue 108*

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Issue 271

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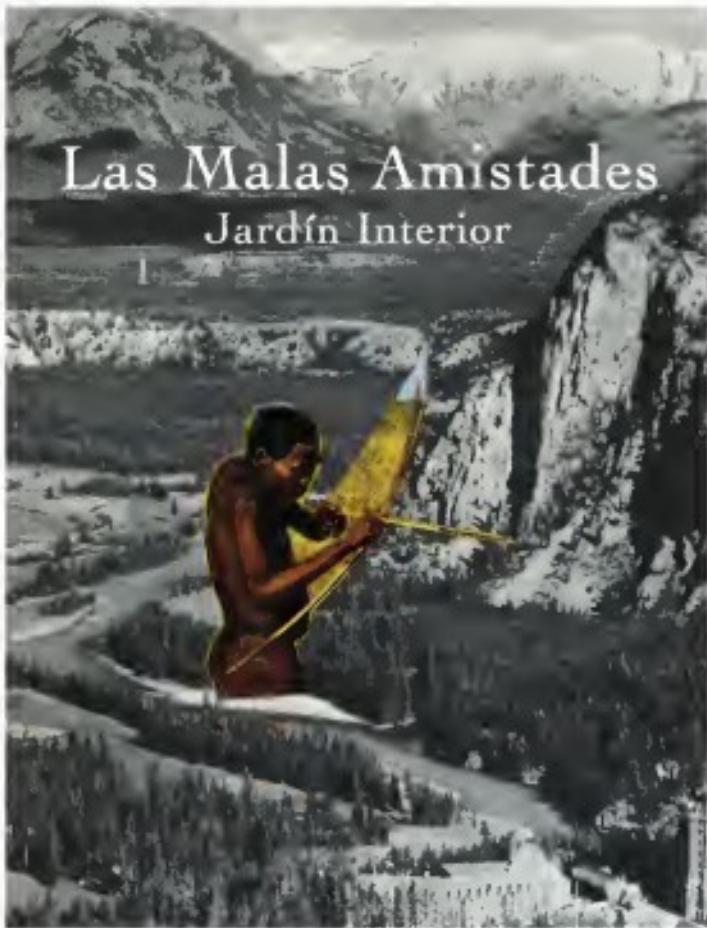
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Olivia of *Olivia*

Olivia seeker

In *The Meathard* (The Wire 270), Louise Gray writes, "There never was/isn't a decision not to put Brigitte Bardot on the cover – there's a feminist strength to both image and subject." Well, you do not have to be enlightened to read this as, "Well, you do not have to put even a hot woman on the cover as long as there is a good reason". How courageous! Indeed, while Gray rightly sees no reason to justify that photo, she does so often the dash. I find this odd and undermining, as I think it underestimates the intelligence of *The Wire's* readership. Or should I say *Hope* it does? Amin Buntz Zurich, Switzerland

The *Meathard* was not written to get ourselves on the back as much as to devalue the fact that female artists routinely suffer discrimination. Recognising that at last the same as considering it? Louise Gray

Monolithic midtown

Moses doesn't really work as a genre, does it? I read Bruce Russell's review of the California-set *(The Wire* 270) without getting a sense of what it sounds like. I am aware that Russell has tried no conceptualise noise elsewhere, but in this review he did not. Moses is a term so broad, and it indicates such a variety of possible sounds that it

says very little about a genre that includes Jim Colley and Control both of whom feature on this release. The range of sounds on *California* include field recordings and heavily edited computer sound files. It strikes me that one of the features of noise is its variety, both in terms of the range of its intonations and the range of sounds within an individual recorded piece. The heading referred to the box set as "monolithic" noise (as a genre) is anything but monolithic; it is anything but precise. It can't be appreciated if it is ready and able to let anything in. David Evans art

Rather rippling

There seems to be a disruption in opinion about the state of Sonic Youth, highlighted by your recent interview (*The Wire* 270) and a reader's response (Letters, issue 270). What makes them still compelling at this late stage is their versatility and refusal to fit musical boxes. As charming as their Kim Gordon's seductive hedonism is contrasted to her as a head, as it is exciting to derive reward from Thurston Moore and Lee Ranaldo's Rythmohime and the light shimmering from the shade of their squeaky feedback guitar recordings. I've been baffled both by the sheer ambivalence of disgruntled cultural journalists, as I have by the lack of appreciation on the part of rock fans shouting out for the early 80s hits whilst the group take an appreciated approach to John Cage.

Also, the cover of *Sister Ray* (270) brought a smile to my face. Having seen them in concert for the first time, I was delighted by the humor and chaotic interpretation of their performances. It's great that the various vigorous outsiders are getting more coverage. Olivia, despite some supposed worry expressed in *The Meathard*, looks rather beautiful like a wild cross between Maren Ziemke and Angels Cenzo, I reckon.

Let the Jones' rule now.

Darrie Naucl address not supplied

The Wire 272

The October issue of *The Wire* will be an extra from 21 September.

www.thewire.co.uk

New releases on *The Wire* site this month include ANNA, Chinese Whispers and Eastern MP3 downloads, a film of p-horn invasion of The Thunderbolt Project, the full transcript of Genesis P-Orridge's interview, Jazwares, and more.

Sign up to *The Contact*, our fortnightly newsletter containing information as additional Web updates, at www.thewire.co.uk.

In praise of aural virginity

While listening to the *Eco-E Mercede* CD (Free to subscribers with The Wire 270), it occurred to me how important and underappreciated the first listen to an album is. Yes, multiple listens can be rewarding in the way they can reveal depth to a piece, but where art first binds is a place we are truly open to the experience. Albums can cover and bury, creating extensions within listeners that can only be truly felt in the first listen, when we have no idea where the sound might go. It's especially important with Penderecki's dissonant *Assumption* and *Cloud of Adams*: debut to name a few. I've decided that I may never listen to *Eco-E Mercede* again, as I don't want to spoil the experience I had first time around, walking into a black hole, letting every sound into my self guard. David Ashby Phoenix art

News from the front

I am writing from western Beirut. I find myself unable to listen to or enjoy music in times like these. It's truly a tragedy. Having been a reader of your magazine for many years, I can no longer relates your issues because of the situation. Naturally, like most Lebanese I try to put to my idle and follow the news and the peace/ceasefire negotiations on TV. Henry Purie suddenly starts to remind me of his 80s protest song, "Unite them O' Melody take peace like Dove". Sean doyle Sean takes peace and then drops a nuclear bomb on you". How right, even at 2000!

Roger Rashed Beirut, Lebanon

Commissions

Issue 270 Philip Sennett's photo was taken by Andrew Cutts. As a international will release Gasparine's Cho Choy, no Touch, as stated in last week's *Jukebox*. In *See Meats*, Chivu was mislabelled; the picture is Graeme Rogers, not Joe Gilman. In *Gone Series* below Salvatore A. Pilati By Gitta Gold DVD is released by Rock Fibre reproduction rights Records. □

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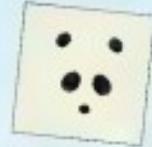
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Bitstream News and more from under the radar

Roger "Syd" Barrett, former member of Pink Floyd and solo artist, died of diabetes related to health on 7 July, aged 69. Barrett wrote Pink Floyd's first two singles, "Arnold Layne" and "See Emily Play", as well as the bulk of the group's 1967 debut *Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*. Struggling to cope with the demands of stardom and his own substance abuse problems, Barrett left Pink Floyd the following year. He recorded two solo albums, *Barrett* and *The Madcap Laughs*, both of which were released in 1970. This month, Barrett returned to his hometown of Cambridge. He performed several times with his group Star, but after they disbanded in 1974 Barrett cut ties with music and the music industry – although in 1975 he made an unexpected appearance at the studio where Pink Floyd were recording their *Wish You Were Here* album. His song "Shine On You Crazy Diamond" is dedicated to him – and lived a reclusive existence in the cellar of his parents' home.



Roger Barrett

Arthur Lee, guitarist and vocalist for US psychedelic rock group Love, died on 8 August of leukemia, aged 61. Born in Memphis, Lee grew up in Los Angeles. After working as a carpenter for hire in the early 80s, he formed Love in 1965. One of the first successful rock groups – Lee referred to himself as "the first blind lippy" – Love were a key group of LA's Santeri Ring psychadelic era. Though they never achieved the profile or success of their contemporaries like Byrds and The Doors, partially due to Love's release of their 1968 album *Forever Changes* in an acknowledged classic. The group disbanded in 1980 due to drug abuse problems and internal disputes, but Lee continued to use the name for his sporadic ventures throughout the '90s. In the late 80s he disappeared from view, but made something of a comeback with a solo album in 1995. In 2005 he was joined on a firearms charge, and was released in 2007. In recent years Lee had been touring with Los Angeles group Billy Lemonade at his booking group.



Rough Trade store, Ischia 2010

This month, Black Dog will publish *Rough Trade*, an illustrated history of the long-running and groundbreaking London record label, written by The Who's Kenney Jones. The book is the second in Black Dog's Label Uncovered series, following Young's 2008 book on the Warp label, and covers the label's post-punk origins through its success with The Fall and The Smiths in the 80s to its early 00s demise and recent rehabilitation. The book's release coincides with the 30th anniversary of the Rough Trade Shop, which separated from the label in 1980. To mark the occasion, X2 Records release a double CD compilation, *The Record Shop: 30 Years Of Rough Trade Record Shop*, whose tracks have been selected by a range of musicians, artists and writers, including Nick Cave, Thurston Moore, Peter Christopherson and The Hush Sound. www.x2records.com/

Sub Pop have announced details of the highly anticipated new album by US rocker Iggy Pop, *Haven't Heard*, the follow-up to 2008's *Born To Die*. The album was recorded by the trio of John Giorno, Neil Young and Mike Connolly, with former member Anton Corbijn helping out with the mixing. According to Sub Pop, the album is characterized by "a death of sound not realized on [Iggy Pop's] previous work". *Haven't Heard* will be released on 26 September. www.subpop.com



Iggy Pop

Exileant Greeks Improvisation duo Afrimino – best known for their collaboration with Acid Mothers Temple – have released a new album entitled *Bela Ai Beli* on the Beni Maestro label. The album is an acoustic document of the duo's roving gypsy life in a Roma gypsy village in southern Crete and is 2004. The group will be touring Japan in late August and early September, and have recently started their own website, www.afrimino.com.

In September the Nonesuch label will release a five-CD box set of the works of Steve Reich to celebrate the composer's 70th birthday. *Phase: A Nonesuch Retrospective* spans the period from 1965 before his relationship with Nonesuch began to the present day and collects some of Reich's best-known compositions, including *Musica For 10 Musicians*, *Four Organs*, *Cosmopolitan Dance* and *Dancing*. His 70th birthday will be marked by several concerts in the UK and the US. The Barbican in London will stage a week-long Rossi festival from 26 September–3 October. *Phase: The Music Of Steve Reich* will include the world premiere of a new piece, *Desire*, Vivaldi, and performances of several of his compositions and dance pieces. From 3 October–4 November three New York organizations (JAM, Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center) will co-host a three-month *Steve Reich* festival. www.jamnewyork.org, www.nonesuch.com, www.lrb.co.uk.



On 4 October an exhibition dedicated to the work of the Futurist artist Luigi Russolo will open at London gallery the Estorick Collection of Modern Italian Art. *Luigi Russolo: The Life And Work Of A Futurist* includes a series of instruments (three-dimensional), Russolo's experimental sound-making machines, as well as



Aug. Australia at the Bazaar. 1818

pen-Rusconi and Future paintings, a complete set of his engraving, archival material and works by several of Rusconi's associates, Umberto Boccioni and Gino Severini among them. The exhibition runs until 17 December. www.starnocci.com

Resonance 02, an international festival which aims to "explore media interaction within the context of 'electronic arts'", is calling for entries for its International Low Media Player section, which it describes as "an international gathering of artists in co-operative practices of generating a radio show program and sound of every type and format". Submissions must "imagine electronic media as a medium and/or a means to produce sounds and sound", be designed for a single media system and have a duration of about 20 minutes. The festival takes place from 26-27 January 2007 in Belgrade, with various exhibitions.

Details have been announced of **Tessin**, a new festival of music and electronic arts, which will take place at a farm station in Churaco, Switzerland, from 13-15 November. The festival programme is a series of interactive installations. Live performances by Stephan Mathieu, Sven Väth and Magenta, among others, and dance and theater performances. A radio station will also broadcast for the duration of the festival. www.tessin.ch/programm.html

The Security Committee issued a full obituary at former Swell Musician **Nikki Sudden**, who died in March this year. The *Truth Doesn't* Afternoon is scheduled for reprint on 10 October. It follows a recent Nikki Sudden CD entitled *Bittersweet Blues* and featuring members of Swell成功地，the Roots-House label. Sudden's catalogue may, as before, be bought online will be published next year via [creations.com](http://www.creations.com)

With contributions from Boon has created what must be one of the first art events to take place in a swimming pool. Considered as a cross between a sound and a light installation, *Night Shift* will run from sunset to sunrise at the Trinity Bellwoods Community Centre swimming pool in Toronto on 30 September, 2008. Boon has invited sound artists, musicians and DJs – including Daniel Pausé, Tim Hecker, Peter Kam, Fulham Whittome, Marisa Rosenthal and Sarah Penfold – to produce site-specific performances.



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specific works and sites in a specially designed sound environment, which will include underwater macrophones and speakers. Entry is free and towels will be provided throughout each session.

Japanese musician and publisher **Masami Kita** died on 17 June. A painter figure in the Japanese underground at the late 1960s and 70s, Kita founded the *Punk! Alternative magazine* in 1973, one of the first punk/folk music magazines in Japan. Then he set up *Trans Records* in the mid-80s, releasing the earliest maximalist by the like of The Boredoms and Rave. He went on to start the *898 Conservation Society*, and was also a founding member of VYBZKID, a group which included Tatsuya Nomura of Rave and UK Nek. □

Trip Or Squeek By Savage Pencil



Contrarian circuitry By Matt Fassler



Reverie Stratton (left), Tri Fader (center) & the Rubberband. John Paul Ryan, Matt Houghland, Mattie Semmens

"We've been working on this record since the band started," says John Paul Ryan, discussing Experimenter's latest release, *Alternation*. "A lot of it is among the first stuff we ever wrote." The Brooklyn group's melodic rock ballad "Surprised" oscillates and shimmers under a sparse mix of saxes and echoing reverb, just like the sound's sparser, lo-fi-happy sound is more basic. "I thought we were going to sound like that from the beginning," explains Matt Houghland. "An [Experimenter's 2008 debut] was a bit sketchy—I don't know we abandoned that until the record came out," adds Ryan. "I wanted Experimenter to be a obscured 'Technicolor' rock thing, but I'm so used to understanding that I couldn't stop myself. For a while there we were lost in there land. We've come along way back to Technicolor."

Still, Experimenter's version of Technicolor remains extremely skewed. All four members—Ryan, Houghland, Jon Nicholaisen and Nathan Corbin—play guitars, keyboards and drum machines, while Ryan and Nicholaisen add blatty, croaking vocals. The resulting sonic coalition stirs trembling basslines with complex lead-melodic and shimmering melody. *Technicolor* has the handily "Wish! Wish!" Wind, and the belting "Dip-Dop" comes across as cartoonish riffs of Black Dice or Gengahr's Gobots, while even the zippy "Rock Snapper" sounds more like The Residents, only swingin' than a club track.

Experimenter's idiosyncrasy also lies in its concern for "Knock Knock," whose ambient piano comes from Ryan's time in New Order. "I mean, I was just there at the summer of 1988," recalls Ryan. "I sat at it in No Neck a lot, just pretending it was on my knee." Yet the grooving synth and fluttering vocal line go further back. "At the time I was really into New Order," says Corbin. "So it's basically a reverie of 'Knock Knock' 10-10 C'" (a "Foggy Went A-Courtin").

All this makes *Alternation* more a logical move than a radical departure. 2008's *Self-Contraction* (Fusion) had a similar step toward a simpler sound, and the

rough, spilling vibe of *Experimenter*'s previous work persists. "We've been doing stuff like this all along," says Ryan. "I just have a heavy hand of mixing on everything, keeping them in these focused areas."

"*Knock Knock* and *Alternation* are basically the same, but you can hear the transitions between each record," insists Houghland. "Obviously it'll all make sense."

Ryan and Houghland started Experimenter in 2008 during their days in duo D.O.L. "We started jamming synth and drum machines to the DJ booth," recalls Ryan. "No one was coming anyway, and finding places to play local is an issue in New York. So it was like, 'Hey, here's a sound system. Time to do some free experimentation.'" The DJ style were all over the place, but not unimportant for *Experimenter*'s style, adds Houghland. "It was freedom with results."

After Experimenter expanded to include Mattie Semmens and aquafonics Dan Cook and Cedars Milner, chaotic performances ensued, with members often crawling into the audience. Ryan posted lengthy live videos on their Website (www.experimenter.com), a gesture that became an obsession. "Our shows started going south a bit and I would try to fix it in editing," admits Ryan. "I'd edit in preface recordings, or samples of what I was watching on TV. It was born out of frustration. When things are out of control you try to control something else." The band was the complete formula on both a great and a bad level," comments Nicholaisen, a Hungarian bagpiper who became an official member after Cook and Milner left last year. "I didn't want to bring Jon in early on, because it seemed like it would be a great way to ruin his life," adds Ryan, laughing.

With Nicholaisen in and Semmens replaced by Nefelle Costin, the current foursome clicked as quickly as a first rehearsal was addressed this past spring as the *Sunburner* EP. Full of bright noises and emphatic beats, the record seems to emit beams of light. "We had just spent a weekend at a camping party at the

Catskills," Ryan explains. "It was the kind of weekend where you still have that pent energy burning through your skin all week long. [That rehearsal] was like tanning a corner and realxing. Wow, we made the right decision! This can finally come out."

"Since then we've been really happy," intersects Houghland. "It stands out there. There was a energy in the old era, like, 'Oh, we're tiny, we don't have to be good.' Now we play better and get along better, so we don't just get by on our vanity reputation." The quartet's recently improvised shows still have a loose, loquacious feel, often teetering between hypotheses and天真. "It's the old clichés about how it's supposed to split the room," argues Houghland. "At some shows I've gotten confirmation that half the people expected it and half the people were psyched. To me, that's the perfect reaction."

One strong dividing line in Ryan's singing, a therapeutic moan that tickles deceptively through the group's melting mix, "People say it's just worldless chanting, but sometimes when it sounds like nonsense, it sort of," says Ryan. "During 'I Wish! Wish!' in *Alternation* track (including the *Experimenter*'s *Cake Shop*), my family sits in the audience, so I sang about making arrangements for some family functions. At least that's what I was thinking about. I'm sure it sounded like absolute insidious nonsense."

Two future Experimenter records are already planned: *Presentiment*, a sequel to *Alternation*; *Three's Good*, and *Gold Dept.*, for which Corbin will produce/oversee trading. "None of the music has been recorded yet, but the covers are close. I tend to think of the covers first. Like with *Alternation*, I never it would be a good idea with pictures of buildings and traffic lights," says Ryan. "We might also make an album out of live recordings, kind of a mixta studio shell around a performance. But the real healing is an idea about what we're going to do, and then there's what actually happens." □ *Alternation* is out June 16 on SRC

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The tapes that bind By Jon Dale

"I love the sound of decay." With a few short sentences and instructions intact, Jason Lescalleet summarizes the magnetic thread that loops and binds his distinctive compositions. Whether it's a spooling tape between old reel-to-reel machines, leaving between a primitive technologies. In his comments, or arranging or position editing on a home computer, Lescalleet's thought is transparent and unavoidable; it is the work itself, ubiquitous and gloriously disengaged. His works are distilled, elegant and gloriously disengaged. He works in distilled, elegant and gloriously disengaged. His works are distilled, elegant and gloriously disengaged.

It is an aesthetic traceable to his very beginnings in sound manipulation. Born in Massachusetts in 1969 and now based in Brooklyn, New York, Lescalleet caught the bug early on. "I loved the damaged sounds he was doing as I can remember," he says. "Savily shredded streams include listening to sound effects CDs on headphones in my dad's apartment. My dad gave me a tape recorder when I was five years old. My brother and I recorded skits utilizing the sound effects inserts much like an old time radio show." When the two brothers were separated geographically, they would stay in contact via tape trading. "We'd tape our favorite songs for each other as a personal expression," recalls Lescalleet. "We'd string the songs together with clips from the television or other of audio tape loops on family and friends."

Lescalleet's first performance in a Massachusetts art gallery involved distilling various beepbeeps playing a pre-recorded collage. After this, a friend gave him a reel-to-reel. "Before long I was scavenging for old open reel decks at yard sales and flea markets," he continues. "They became my instruments, as they all have different voices. I started out to repair those machines — those inherent clicking and bumbling becomes part of their individual voice."

In 2000, Lescalleet began cover with a series of releases that problem-timing his aesthetic parameters this single for *Freedom From Another Garage Of Picknick's*. Lescalleet spoke with judicious energy, blushing out shaggy blots of media asphalt. Other

releases from this period include *Self-Burnish*, with John Hudak, Greg Kelley and the mysterious duo of Kelley and Shab Tousif, and Lescalleet's debut album, *Metaltronics*, on Jason Kohn's Cut Label. The disc is a great introduction to Lescalleet's early explorations, collecting recordings that move from primitive (spooling) to involving more noise and busting loose, but *Discusses Abuse* (2002) is perhaps his most powerful solo statement, his soaring caringly beautifully mutated tone passing from internal origins.

"*Electronic House* was originally called *Electronic Music For Magnetic Tapes*," Lescalleet clarifies. "The composition is off a found an analog tape recording, usually reel-to-reel. The title *Electronic* would be a misnomer, except I used the PC for multitracking and mixing/recording. Once I had the tracks lined up on the computer, I started working with DSP effects and really changed the shape of the original work. It was then that I dropped the tape reference, as it was always consciously inspired by Koenig's work [with which it shares its name]."

Both in live performance and instant recording stages, Lescalleet leans heavily on tapes, tape loops, microphones, microphones, microphones, in order to create a music beautiful in its physicality. In short, he's not afraid to get his hands dirty. "I have the need to feel physically involved with my music," he says. "One you'll often catch him thrashing through the performance space. 'He's given to words,' wrote Jason Kohn in an interview for the *Pure Resistance* Webzine. "When a mouse moves around, from one machine to another, or walking around on the floor."

Lescalleet's manipulation of preexisting consumer electronics hints at subversion, a kind of consumer disdaining. "An unexpected choice of terms and instant one of my mistakes!" he responds, continuing. "You always leaked at old unsealed gear and I joked myself how I could make use of it. One man's trash?" The instant term is observing and using the radio output of defrosted technology, the core of a system in distress and the hammering imperfections of broken-down equipment. "When audio equipment dies, its death adds us other interesting to me," Lescalleet continues. "Sometimes broken sounds are

also enough to be used simply because the listener won't know where the sounds come from."

"I played my *Electronic Music LP* for an old friend of mine — a mixed music engineer ran his arena's early inventories. He said, 'I don't understand this. These are all the sounds that people once paid me to remove from their recordings. You've made noise here now!' He didn't particularly like the music, but perhaps he's too good for bad music," Lescalleet pauses, before dryly adding, "I like playing bad music."

Lescalleet's most recent intervention has been collaborative. Earlier this year, Karen Plotkin released *Associate That Work*, his duo recording with Joe Colby. Part of the Brainbeam series, which artists meet up at Eurospace in Nijmegen, The Netherlands for a ten-day residency, the disc is strippling, mapping side-surface from hard sets of field recordings to processed tape softfields, and psychadelic streams of synthesis. "We tried to explore the beauty of the machine," Lescalleet says.

Also just out is his second outing with companion, *Love Me Two Times*. Spanning two discs, it's highly impressive, split between fluctuating drones, brief snippets of free playing, and concise interventions from such "mundane" sources as television cooking segments and discussions during road placement, which function in part as a comment on the project. "The main reason for this 'snapshot,'" Lescalleet explains, "is to bring a human element and sense of humor to our music. Lovin' We can't be sold, kinda like Black off the tree! But they also connect them back to his earliest splicing efforts, creating tape loops to his biodive."

Lescalleet's next and most personal project, to be self-released on Glassine Examples, is *The Pilgrim*, a solo set dedicated to his late father. It will feature a recording from the (2004) Intramusic Festival, the recording of my dad's last recorded words to me, and a musical companion that ends with the conclusion of my intramusic festival set." Tape binding the past and present, companion as memory. Lescalleet's music utilizes magnetic ribbon as both part of and part of *C) response!* Jason Lescalleet's *Love Me Two Times* is released by Intramusic.



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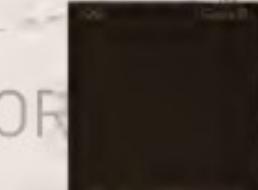
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Dubstep dreamers

By Chris Sharp



Digital Mystikz: Coki and Reko

Twisting and turning, morphing from one into another, from jungle into drums 'n' bass, from two-step into Glitter and beyond, the almost unshakable cornerstone of reverb's British dance music has sprung from a collective, regressed angular break-the-rules, do whatever feels good, no littered vacuous – if you didn't already know – as dubstep, a wistful tease and gorgeously hazy sound which balances the drop, skittish beats of Garage against dried teatime and some of the nastiest, most violent cuts that you can imagine.

Thanks to an online network of blogs, forums and file sharing services – not to mention some accompanying music – 2006 has seen dubstep increasing its lead of online mass, pulling in clubbers around the UK and listeners around the world, all of them obsessed by the music's blend of senselessness and positivity, its playful, rhythmic unreality. For dubstep, the Web has served as a success guarantee print media, reaching much further than the meekly town-blank frontiers of *Hysteria* or *Loudness*, and enabling an audience participation more profound than any DJ's mobile phone shout-outs.

The classic, radiant kernel at the heart of all this activity in the simple, stripped-down ones won't have arrived via club nights like DMZ. Since early 2006, this formerly esoteric in Britain has been Mala and Coki (the duo behind Digital Mystikz), legends who, though now seen a wider scene (including FWD at Plastic People in Holland) as the darlings of the dubstep underground. In March of this year, DMZ premiered a tipping point that has passed into legend – padded by 100s, with queues stretching round the block, the club moved an impress from the 200-capacity 2nd Glass to the 1000-capacity Mecca upstairs, ushering in a new era of a stroke.

But all of that – the chattering computers, the far-flung firm, the artless, vibrating spores – seems a long way away as this peaceful, cultish summer

evening. While in the hinterland somewhere between Croydon and inner-city South London – in one direction the sun is setting behind the Crystal Palace video tower, in another, Conwy Wharf looms over the horizon. The glass is polished and the Croydon tramline cuts a drag road across the park, but the silhouettes in the valley below are indistinct green, and bike flowers colour the distance. This is the strange, uncompromised landscape that dubstep sprung from. Mala's primary school is visible on the other side of the railway tracks. Coki played football here as a kid.

The two of them met at secondary school back in the early 80s, and, like as many teenagers, they were seen in them as the might of the兵团。 "We used to go out all the time, listen to Jungle," says Mala. "When we were growing up, there just used to get peasant around – [20 sets from] Bass in Sheep, Jungle Fever, Skinty Raver. I got a stereo for Christmas in 1982 and I remember turning it on and hearing some great stations, I was like, 'What is this?' – and that was me." Alongside that love of speed and rhythmic statis, was another influence: the yarning spores of roots reggae, the dubstealers' guru of deepest. "Burning Spear, definitely," says Coki. "And Bunny Wailer – I mean all of them, there's so many! But I think it was the doobiest kind of thing that caught me stuff like L7 Blisters – he is bad, area 11 loves listening to the very those guys used to do."

The Digital Mystikz sound is defined in these influences, but it was born as a reaction to Grime's frenetic, meaty-pounded energy. Gabe puts it simply: "We were just on a clubbed out thing, man, that's all we wanted to have, just proper daffy shit – and then wasn't really anything out there." So, in 2002, they invested computers, Reason software, proper mixers, time. Soon enough, though with a body of work distinctive enough to be shared with the outside world.

The result was Wanda, a resident DJ at FWD since the club's early days in the Velvet Rooms, and

also the man behind the counter at Groydon's most influential music shop, Big Apple. "We took some stuff down to Big Apple," says Mala. "It was around February 2003, and Hefte was like, 'I can play that, and he cut it dubplate.'

Before long, there was a handful of Digital Mystikz tapes in Hatchie's bins. Their first full release – the *Pathways EP* – is pressed on Big Apple's own imprint. But soon afterwards, the shop closed, the label folded and, with no other options, Mala, Coki and Hatchie formed DMZ, the label. "We worked that bit of overtime to save up the money to put out the first DMZ release. Back then, we couldn't go through distributors because they didn't leave what to sell!"

The last two years have seen nine 12" singles on DMZ – including fully fledged albums like *Heartland* and *Area 11 Dub* – but Digital Mystikz have created many more tunes during that time.

The club night, Mala says, "is about problems coming down to play their own sound" – and dubstep has thrived on a fervent appreciation of music whose existence might be limited to the most heartfelt of people. "Having a tune on dubplates and playing it out – that's what's cool is like an A&R kind of process – you see how people respond. I'm not thinking to myself – all right, in six months time this is going to happen on DMZ, it doesn't work like that – you just play it and if it comes out, it comes out."

It's not about prioritising or advancing. Digital Mystikz just let things roll. When I ask them about an album, Mala simply says, "Every time I think about an album, I think of reasons not to do one." That's infected, organic approach is a kind of summertime to the positivity of the music, encapsulated by their perfect slogan: "immaculate on bass weight." Just keep it simple, yeah?" says Mala. "Our night is a dance, you come down and you slack out – you shake out the demons, man." □ The next DMZ night is on 2 September. Info: www.digitalmystikz.com

Digital Mystikz

Global Ear Beirut

A survey of sounds from around the planet. This month: Beirut's nocturnal silence has been obliterated by the Israeli-Hizbullah conflict, and so has the regeneration of Lebanon's musical and cultural life.

By Sharif Sehnaoui



Artwork from the blog of Lebanese cartoonist Nasser Bourani.

2 August 2006. Beirut is a very noisy city. The absence of public transport facilities means the streets are always full of cars and motorcycles with their exaggerated horn blasts. The long civil war Lebanon suffered between 1975-80 has made it a land of constant social tension and rigours. Whenever you are during the daytime, you can hear hummers, bulldozers, drilling machines. In typical Mediterranean style, people tend to yell at each other, even during normal conversations. Spending long periods of time here makes me rapidly enjoy staying up late at night to reach a point of exhaustion, and, around four or five in the morning, I gain a desire to hear the city sing, as the neurons start to fire. In some locations you can have up to three different voices blurring the silence of early dawn. I take them as they come – not of their refugee significance – and enjoy them as they fit the identity of a city with soul.

A few nights ago these interesting sounds were unexpectedly placed in an entirely new context. Several months after the neurons started their play, fighter planes flew over Beirut in numbers, such a combination of massive low-frequency roars with the whistling noise of rushing air. For a while, these two sound sources filled all the space of the silent city simultaneously. Even now, I take them as they come: a wild composition whose whole defiance and apocalyptic would be a dream for many contemporary composers.

The whole situation has changed within the last few weeks. Beirut is now almost an empty city, taciturnly, you can hear birds singing at day long. There are no cars, even in the morning, only a strange silence with sparse remote sonic events, occasional bird song, guitars, pianos and resonances. A new feature, unknown to me and mine, is the autopilot spy drone that makes the sound of a motorcycle a harbinger away, as especially annoying when we sometimes end up at 5am having straight. An local rock and experimental musician Marc Debit confidentially told me: "They could at least leave how to make a real drink."

This cycle today to talk about the musical underground scene in Beirut in the moment, since it almost doesn't exist, at least in the way we know it today. For the last few years it had been blossoming again, as Lebanon recovered from its mental and physical wounds. Work was being created in all artistic fields by people convinced that they had a chance to build a better Lebanon – and would have the time to do it. Today, all this success compromised. Even if the current fighting comes in a quick end, it will take a long time to recover a community, and presumably the world will be the last sector to do so. But this historical episode seems to be a structural part of Beirut's past, the saying goes that it has been destroyed and rebuilt seven times over.

Beirut reached its golden age in the 60s, when it was clearly becoming the cultural capital of the Arab world, grandstanding work was being made in various fields such as poetry, theatre and cinema. This was not due to the expression of a specific Lebanese identity, but rather through an openness and spirit of liberty rarely found in the Arab world. It was becoming a powerful crossroads between various cultures from both East and West. Music was the most developed sector, but psychiatric and social issues were starting to organise the masses, as well as many attempts to fuse local and western music styles. Beirut also had some amazing international artists perform there, such as Stockhausen and Charles Mingus.

But then came the events of 1975. "History stopped," as Frenchman Volney puts it. Lebanon is involved in various art scenes such as theatre, video, dance, performance and music as a first impression on double bass, alongside theatre and visual arts. Maroun Kerbel, being from different communities, is reported to note that Kerbel and Hisham, now great partners, would not have been permitted to meet at any time from their birth up to the early 80s, because civil war divided Lebanon and Beirut into closed, frenetically sealed areas. It took several additional years after the war for the art world to start re-establishing itself.



Protest of Beirut-Damascus Resistance Committee (Damascus) Vs The Israeli Occupation (Beirut)

Over the last five years, Beirut has been gradually reclaiming its status as a cultural capital. Even more, it is reaching new heights. As Kerbel puts it, "Not only did Beirut snap up on the world at that time, it also opened on itself." The music scene, for instance, was reaching new heights. For the first time, an alternative musical scene was re-emerging, from the blues organisation and its annual blues festival, to the improv music scene, and the rock group around the influential outfit Scrambles & Dogs, to a range of jazz offerings around the lets supreme player Ediger Abu, and several contemporary music ensembles at the National Conservatory and the Bourjiba Conservatory.

We could stand bysists by solo units like Ghosn or Lepage, electronic music research such as Tamer Amin's usage of Max/MSP or Paul Yehia's reappropriation of tapes, sound installations and interdisciplinary projects. In March, we could hear The Screamers' live perfomance at the inevitable Ghantous Theatre, a project called 'Ya Habib Beyrouth' based on a novel and gathering of the great tradition of troubadour that shocked most of the audience. Slowly, the scene was developing itself in unique ways, all of it an exciting and growing audience. "Fresh, with no background," as Kerbel describes it.

Will history stop once again? It seems as though it irresistibly will. The question is: for how long? Today, everyone is doing his best to keep it alive as possible, through multiplying recording sessions and performances, and attempting to find possibilities for fundraising concerts, despite the general inexistence of both venues and audience. The art scene will not disappear, as it did in the whole 1975-80 period, will survive through private or smaller scale events.

Arts will undoubtedly resist, waiting for the time to come back when they will once more have a chance to build something new out of their own ashes. Check Maroun Kerbel's blog at marounkerbel.blogspot.com. For more info on Lebanese free improvisation, visit www.angelfire.com.

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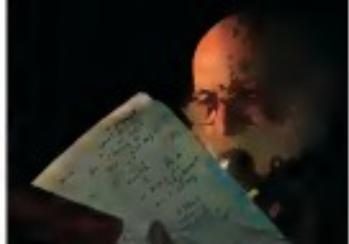
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Peter Max's scene from *The Invasion Of Thunderbolt Pagoda*.



Ira Cohen

New York poet and photographer Ira Cohen recalls the making of his classic 80s underground movie, *The Invasion Of Thunderbolt Pagoda*, now on DVD. By Edwin Pouncey

A packed yet enthusiastic audience is spilling onto the street outside Zitulescu, a small but lively left-field performance space in Brooklyn. They have gathered to witness the premiere of the DVD release of *The Invasion Of Thunderbolt Pagoda*, the most psychiatric underground film made by New York poet, photographer, film maker and self-styled alternative multimedia shaman, Ira Cohen. Partly inspired by Cohen's analysis Will Selfhelp and published by BasicArt (an imprint of Alternative anarchist magazine Artbut), the controversial release of this impulsive, documentarian Cohen's secret vision is heralded as cause for celebration. Booked with a raw and grottosque eastern opening scene, alternative strand makes from Sunburned Head Of The Men and Acid Mother's Temple, new documentarian releases and a wild view of Calcutta Mylar chamber photographs from the past, the DVD dramatically expands on Cohen's original vision. The extras also include Selfhelp's Bronx Dream, a primitive collage of found footage from the Thunderbolt Pagoda sessions. Remaining a Cohen reading and suitably dazed and confused live music from Sunburned Head Of The Men and Milva如今, tonight's performance is a further extension of the project, which originally emerged as a result of Cohen's 80s photographic experiments with his legendary Mylar chamber, which he describes as being "one of the biggest experiences in my life."

Encouraged by his friend Allan Drutch—who in 1986 had just started a business selling psychedelic posters, black lights and rolls of Mylar reflective paper—to make creative use of his studio, Cohen (assisted by fellow photographer Bill Devore) began a series of alternative photographic sessions that would imprint his distinctive style into the consciousness of all who came into contact with the melting darkness he managed to capture and project. "I put up these big sheets of Mylar and started to take some photographic," Cohen explains, "blowing it up by making faces or waving cameras, just to see how it worked. I found that if there was a little ripple in it, you would suddenly get an image where all kinds of distortions happened.

and if the distortion was powerful enough then that was the key I was always looking for something biomorphic, where a basic form could be somehow made more biomimetic by the distorted changes in dimension reflected in the Mylar."

"Devore was taking most of the original shots and I was setting everything up," he continues. "Finding suitable people to act as models and directing the shoot. I always saw those first photographs as individual shots of great beauty, but they could also be viewed as a series of images like a kind of cosmic strip where epiphany could be added."

A selection of these manually shot framed images, including At The Court Of The Golden Empire, The Magician Discovers A Lady Fairy Appear In The Hall Of Unconscious Allegiance and Lord Dopey Plays Around His Lady Sorceress Beyond Time, appeared in such magazines as *Avant Garde*, Life and the Angus and Hung MacLoon-edited psychedelic issue of *Agent Orange*. Cohen also produced short slivers of his work, in one post, joining forces with fellow artist Bon Simola, who allowed him to add his analysis studies to the Mylar chamber room.

"Occasionally I would photograph somebody like Jimi Hendrix or John McLaughlin in the Mylar chamber," recalls Cohen, "so suddenly these precious became valuable as album covers and paperbacks cover for science fiction novels. It was a very good period. I was flourishing and loving it."

When Cohen was given access to a Bolex movie camera, the dream of recording the Mylar chamber experience into film suddenly became reality. Using the same ideas and his faithful Universal Muttant Repository Company (which included Tony and Beverly Caselli, Jackson Mac Low, Henry Flynt, Peter Brabeck, Jack Smith and Gene Thomas Rockhill who had helped produce the still photography series), Cohen devised three systems for what would become Thunderbolt Pagoda and shooting began under his direction.

"The first of these was *The Opium Dream*, which featured Rosalind, my girlfriend at the time, who was fumed smoking an opium pipe," he recalls. "We did another session which we later called *Blowout*,

Exorcise that had Angus MacLow and others playing music and trance dancing. For the final session, University Blue Mylar Pavilions, I decided to try the Mylar out of doors in the country, which I had never done before."

The location was a rented house in Bucks County, idyllic with its pond jumping with frogs and perfect for the enclosed Mylar illusion that Cohen had in mind. But sadly no footage was shot that day, for on his return soon afterwards, he was dismayed to find the pond had been drained; the frogs had hopped away and all that was left was a muddy pit. With his original plan ruined, Cohen resorted to improvisation. "Angus was staying there in a tent and he had a lawn chair with him, so I suddenly had this thought," he remembers. "I asked Angus if he could dig this hole for me in the soft earth where the pond had been that would be big enough for me to get into. He relished this to completely cover me with that earth and, after a minute, I would emerge from the hole naked. I told Deane Radin to shoot it in slow motion."

The resulting static, shot on super 8mm, has now been found and restored to the original footage as a prologue. When asked if *Thunderbolt Pagoda* conveys a state of mind, Cohen remembers Kenneth Anger's inauguration of *The Pleasure Dome* (1984) as being a tormented psychiatric cinematic experiment: "Anger's film did not affect me directly in the making of my film," he insists, "it didn't have that kind of influence on me, I was just moved by its beauty. It is definitely psychiatric in a certain way. I know [the late] Georges Bataille, and his definition of psychiatry was consciousness expanding; I always had that definition and it completely changed for me the idea of the word psychiatric being solely associated with the effects of dropping acid. So when I say it's a psychiatric film, I'm thinking more about that than the real I had when making *Thunderbolt Pagoda*." □ Joe Cohen's *The Invasion Of Thunderbolt Pagoda* DVD (Stardust) is available from [earthling.com](http://www.earthling.com). *Sunburned Head Of The Men* plays a live soundtrack to the film at Brussels' Centre For Arts this month. See [Got There](http://www.gotthere.net) for details.



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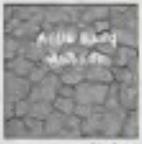
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Invisible Jukebox Genesis Breyer P-Orridge

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Genesis P-Orridge is best known as a pioneer of Industrial music with the influential 70s group Throbbing Gristle, but his activities, spanning four decades, range from performance art to poetry to social activism. P-Orridge and his then partner Cosey Fanni Tutti first came to prominence and notoriety with their performance art collective COUM Transmissions. After they moved to London from Hull in the early 70s, Peter Christopherson also became involved, and a decision was made to pursue music, adding synthesist Chris Carter and changing the name to Throbbing Gristle. Their first show coincided with the opening of COUM's inflammatory ICA show Prostitution (1976). They formed their own label, Industrial Records, and soon they and their followers (Industrial also released records by SPK, The Leather Nun, Cabaret Voltaire, etc) were dubbed 'Industrial music'. With their walls of electronic noise, improvised concerts, taboo and often repulsive lyrical subject matter, TG were perhaps the most controversial group of their time, which is saying something. The controversy continued after their demise in 1981, as P-Orridge ploughed ahead with

Psychic TV, a more elastic musical unit that was intertwined with a quasi-cult, *Thee Temple Ov Psychick Youth*. Early recordings like 1982's *Dreams Less Sweet* are as far ranging and formidable as any experimental music the pop world has produced, but by the mid- to late 80s the group dived head first into Acid House dance tracks and rave culture.

Unfortunately, the UK establishment took notice of the Temple's demimonde interests, arresting several of its tattoo artists/piercers and raiding P-Orridge's home after a sensationalist TV documentary, since discredited. Finding himself unwelcome in his native land, P-Orridge settled in California. In 1995 he was badly injured escaping a house fire. He regrouped with a new partner, Lady Jaye, and formed the poetry/music group *Thee Majesty*. In recent years Throbbing Gristle have reformed, as well as Psychic TV (now PTV2), and P-Orridge and Lady Jaye have embarked on a project they call Pandrogeny (or Pandrogyny), modifying their own bodies to eliminate the gender gap, as well as adopting a joint name, Breyer P-Orridge. The Jukebox took place in their Brooklyn home.

Mark Perry

"Death Looks Down"

from *Death Looks Down* (1980) (see CD1) 0003

[Laughs] I haven't heard Mark Perry's voice for a long time.

How did you get acquainted with him and Psychic TV's guitarist Alex Ferguson?

I'm pretty sure what happened was I met [journalist] Sandy Robertson, he was working in Sounds, and he and Alex both moved to London. I'm in *Death Looks Down* at the same time as I met Mark Perry through them. Throbbing Gristle had an underground space so I invited Mark and Alex to come down there and rehearse and just come up with ideas for the band [Alternative TV] would be. I had a drum kit there. So I was the drummer, like a weirdo, and Alternative TV were invited to play in the front room, because it's Birmingham, and I said I can't be in two bands at the same time. When I started my own band after Throbbing Gristle, Alternative TV were in a lagoon at that point, so I took Alex Ferguson and formed Psychic TV.

How long were Ferguson involved in Psychic TV?

Alex was the original co-founder of Psychic TV, and he stayed in Psychic TV right up until 1986. Alex and I wrote that wonderful song, "Geddes", which was number one in the independent charts for 16 or 18 weeks and got to number 29 in the national charts.

And we had experimented with getting a manager; this guy Terry McLean. While we were in California, he went into Rough Trade and said he was collecting the money on our behalf from the record, and he disappeared with all the money. It was the last straw for Alex. He was just disgusted with the whole record studio and being ripped off! So he didn't just quit PTV, he quit music. It's a tragedy, really [Ferguson has in fact released three albums since under his own name]. It's a genius. You can sit him down with any lyric and he comes up with a really crazy riff, full like a computer – just endless classic guitar licks. Perry is playing violin here, and I know that you also used to play the instrument, both at school and occasionally in your various groups. It's not an instrument you studied, so I'm wondering how playing the violin came about, or how you chose it. Oh, that's easy. In 1986 my friend mixed me up, having attended a John Peel radio prize video, and said, "You've got to see this band called The White Underground". I went to school one morning and at lunchtime I went to the record store. They still let you listen to the records in the bins in those days, and they put it on "Black Angels Death Song". I got so engrossed in that that I missed my train. And that was it, that was my epiphany, which was that the violin could be electrified and put through effects. I used to hang out with The Third Eye Band and play violin with them too, just sort of jam. I still often like

the violin with me on tour, in case I want to play it in a bit of a tailpiece for me...

Terry Fox

"Uncle d"

from *Death Looks Down* (1980) (see CD1) 0003

I was going to guess it was La Mante Young, but in her is more electric almost pre-Welvin, early 80s around to it too.

It's Terry Fox.

Terry Fox... Remind me who Terry Fox is.

He was a body artist in the early 70s and he did a lot of sound installations like with piano wires, stretching piano wires.

Oh OK. OK. That makes sense with why there's a certain quality in sound of the strings that I wasn't quite getting.

The transmission from COUM Transmissions to Throbbing Gristle, were you ever of people like Fox or Chakaiaque Pelasee who were doing both music and body art in the same period?

I heard of Pelasee. A German avant-garde artist, Ernst Jandl, played me a lot of avant-garde piano pieces and they were very influential on my approach to vocals with Throbbing Gristle, and also John Giorno, his experiments with dials and loops I definitely utilized, especially in [TG's] "Hamburgler Lady". I was definitely thinking of him in trying to resolve what I wanted to do with that piece.



Monica Krueger P-Bellavia at Hotel La Americana, NYC - August 2008

Mike Heron

"Spirited Beautiful"

FROM 1968 AND WITH HIS REPUTATION IN DUSTY LOTS
Guitar who this is... Incomparable String Band?
It's Mike Heron.
Yeah.

This is the track with Dr Strength Strange on
backing vocals.

Okay, you're really Old, I know his voice so much.
What do you think about the acoustic rediscovery, or
interest in, this genre?

[Laughs] It's strange how quickly it happened. When I
did that piece for *Arthur's Garage* [Timmy T
Pavement Psychobilly Is Born? (November 2004)]
most people looked at me with a completely blank
face... and yet within six months most people looked
at me like, "Oh yeah! I've got one of those." David
Tibet, who's a friend of mine, got turned on to a
lot of the through my collection, and I got turned on
to some of it through him.

The influence is little more evident in a lot of David
Tibet's music than it is in your own.

You're people seem always really surprised when they
looked at my record collection and almost all of it,
in psychedelic folk music, I think it's the reason as
well, Mike Heron's son, Nick Heron, while I don't
care when Nick Drifts sings, I just listen to the sound
of his voice. It's weird and immediately, a million
expressions, and dreams, and themes, and loves
affection go by in a couple of minutes.

Patti Smith

"Birdland"

FROM 1975'S MONSTER AND SONGS FOR THE DEAF
(MCA/EMI) 1975

[After listening intently for several minutes]

Amazing.

You know who it is?

Stanley P. Petit Smith? [Laughs]. Hope so, otherwise
it's a very good engineer/producer. [Laughs]. Very nice.
I saw you live at Wembley Stadium, when she had that
big hit ("Because The Night"), and the majority of
people were there because of that pop song. And
then kind of released the first section, and the rest
of the band went off and she stayed on stage
with a clarinet and did a 17 minute clarinet solo.
Just lovely, but surely, you know, the entire audience's
mood shifted, from anger to alienation to confusion
to adoration.

When you were conceptualizing this, was improving
words something you had in mind before the outfit?
At the outset, I didn't expect to be doing vocals. I
expected it to be more like The Stooges, Anar Union,
a kind of post-Fluxus rock band. But it became
obvious that for it to get people's attention or even
to allow us to perform in public spaces that were
not art oriented, we had to compromise by having
vocals sometimes. And it fell to me just because I
protested the least. I did sing when I was younger,
I was in a choir. But with TSIS this music was so
different that I had to look for voices that act in this
new sound. So that was a whole scale adjustment,
and that could only happen by improving, just
making music with the throat and how it interacted
with the other voices.

Paul Smith is someone who people associate with
the Stooges. In particular William Burroughs, and I
know you had a long personal association with
Burroughs. I was wondering how you felt about
other people at the time who were extolling the
virtues of Burroughs.

You mean David Bowie? [Laughs] Ever since I met
William Burroughs and then later Brian Gysin, my
whole body of work in every media is without any

doubt influenced by them. So I think anyone who
makes sure that the importance of cut up... anything
that keeps their message alive or expands on it is a
good thing. It's often easy to forget that there are
great sections of the population who have no interest
whatsoever in the unfolding of an 'old rock' of
sorts... it's irrelevant to them, they just want to eat. It's
important to get things in perspective and remember
that we're only privileged to discuss how we decide
to talk about what interests us, and then one of the
things that Patti Smith excels in is the sound of her
voice. A madman, and an angel, and a human all
simultaneously with messages, and that's a very
solitary and difficult thing to do.

Ira Cohen

"Kathmandu Dream Piece"

FROM 1980'S MUSICAL (SUB NOTE) 1980 800 3111
by Ira Cohen

You wrote a book of poetry by Cohen, and Angus
MacLise, who did the music on this track. In
1981. Had you known then of their poetry before
that time?

Only this. I'm very proud of putting that book out
actually. It's not that well known.

In poetry something you've had a long interest in?
I'm bringing this up in relation to *Then Mighty*
Now. I've been writing poetry since I was ten.
It was a gift of learning how words work with
each other as that when it comes to me doing
improvised vocals and music, I had a really deep
relationship to the structure of the words
themselves. To kick about *Then Mighty*, what
happened is that I was born in the fire in 1980, for
various reasons I felt betrayed by people that I
knew in the music business. After one or two years of
being convenient I would never, ever have
anything to do with music again. It was Lady Day
he said, 'But down, and think, what is it you love?
You have never had to do anything else,' I realized it was words,
the inimitable magic of putting words and so each
other in ways that surprise and reveal something
you never imagined from the simplest utterances;
at the same way you do that with dialogue, you can
create worlds that don't last, but you can capture
them, and you can do that with words, too.

Joey Bellman

"Energy Flash"

FROM 1981'S ENERGY FLASH 12" 1980

We're in the Acid House era here.

Yeah, this track is maybe a little late for that by a
year or two.

It's not as quirky, is it? I don't recognize it,
specifically.

It's a track by Joey Bellman. You had done disseminated
oriented tracks all along, like TSIS' "United," but what
was the particular attraction of Acid House?

I had two big embarrassments in music at the time, one
was garage/psychedelic music and the other was
house music. House music that actually had a
lyricism, had lyrics that actually had a
lyricism. I started a conversation with Dave Hall from
Soft Cell and others. It was a discussion group,
almost... that there must be a way to create a sort of
rhythmic feedback/maze that's also psychadelic.
Then, on a coat of Armor and *Playboy TV* in the
mid-80s, I started experimenting with radio shows,
instead of dancing extremes. I would do these low
rhythmic mazes that would have one basic beat.
When I got to Detroit I went on the radio and
afterwards two guys took me to this tiny record shop
and Derrick Carter was playing records, this really
early white label Acid House thing. I said, 'What's

that?' and they said, 'Oh that's Acid House.' I said
'I'll buy every single thing you've got' and it was only
four records. But I bought 'em fast. I took them back
to England, made a cassette and put it in the stereo
in my car, got Dave Hall and said, 'This is it, this is
the solution to what we've been trying to do,' and
drove around London playing it all over.

Then we did about The RIB. I know that I've died it
as Psycho TV or Soft Cell there would be probably,
so we pretended that it was a really major hit and
found like three corporations. Probase, Nippages, and
we'd make up names for these different bands as
we went along. And it got rave reviews. I was really disappointed with the way it *Acid House*
unfolded, it became very commercial, formulaized,
the DJ culture stuck just like the singers in bands.
And then the raves weren't these strict parties,
a massive 20,000 people paying \$30 to get in... and
it's not what we were thinking at all.

Do you think it's partially because it's tied in to a
physical experience, not only dancing, but drugs –
that it's more about a buzz and sensations than a
more literary experience?

Yeah, probably. We miscalculated. As a very we were
older, we were thinking corporately, it didn't cross
our minds that it would just be like going to the pub
and getting drunk. Something that happened with
us in the 80s, I should have known.

Yo Yo Wilz

"Journey Thru An Elemental Kingdom"

NON-NARRATIVE (SUB NOTE) 1981 2114

Sort of sounds like CCR.

It's Yo Yo Wilz, they were a rock group in the 70s, but
also a cult created around this guy named Father
Yod in California. With Probase, they had the
Tangles Of Probase Youth cult to go along with it.
What was the beginning of that like, and how do
you feel it turned out?

It worked rather well, but it caused me an awful lot
of apprehension, etc. The YOD also grew from conversations with [West Coast Industrial pioneer]
Monte Coxson. What would happen if a band
initially accepted the audience and then happens, instead
of using the fans as a tool the consumers, or
increasing a distance from them, saying this is
kind of a necessary, but ordinary, part of what
happened? That was the original premise. The touris
and all the things we were doing were out of what
we were doing with it became a bummer.

Mark to our surprise, lots and lots of people wrote
to us. There were 10,000 people involved worldwide.
It was always meant to be an anarchic organization
with no one in charge, but I miscalculated how much
people were meant to tell them what to do. The
paroleary design made it very easy for the music
to get lost in the noise. And the sun part peaked
there out. Anything that's pre-ordained is a threat.
We were driving along one day and there was a sign
up by some roadside that said, "Changed Priorities Ahead."
And I said, "That's it, that's where we're
going next." [Laughs] So we printed all these road
signs that said "Changed Priorities Ahead,"
and then sent them to everybody, and that was it.
[Laughs] The end.

Charles Manson

"Ego"

NON-LP (SPH) 1976

Charlie

I hadn't heard this record in about 30 years, and I
was really amazed at how much it sounds like
Ves Mordens In Theirs, and there are some songs
that reminded me of Arthur Lee.



It would have been interesting if they'd given him an actual band to work with. I mean, [Judas] Squatky [Franssen] and everybody trying to keep the rhythm on banjos. In the background didn't really help very much. [Laughs] Then no questions he had some talent.

I know you were interested in Mawson's philosophy in that something you still reflect on?

No, no, that was a long time ago. It seemed more relevant when I lived in England and I had a very biased view of American culture, as did most Europeans. And having lived here now for 12 or 13 years I've moderated my disgust [Laughs]. He transcended his own limitations and lack of education and had lots of life experience through being given so much media attention that he usually made some very astute criticisms of the country going on an un-American media and politics. It was a very relevant critique, that American culture was losing its creativity and inspiration and becoming more parroled and fear driven.

Flower Power

"Mr. Olympus"
from *VISAGES* (BRIAN THE CAZIER BAND) (VÖ 2001)

[Laughs and slapping his hands] What the hell were they all thinking? I've got quite a lot of compilations, but this I've not heard before. [Listening back to the track] The breakin' doesn't go with the little kind of country rock song at all.

Nah, it's still the same issue:
Folksiness. [Laughs] And, [Giggles] I might add uplaids!

So the moral of the story is, rock music was pretty ruled by the R&B

I think so. When everything got simplified and there were very few effects, people had to push limited equipment to its limit. It brought out the best in people in terms of exploring, looking for something that was surprising, new to them.

Another interesting thing about that era is the imposed time limit, where everything had to be under three minutes to be played on the radio.

Yeah, yeah, there's a lot to be learned from how they can tell such a complete story in such a short time. I'm still endlessly studying how they do that, because I find it really hard to make songs about. That's another example of limitations creating something very special.

Antony And The Johnsons "My Lady Story"

(BRIAN THE CAZIER BAND) (VÖ 2000)

[Laughs] Antony! His voice has changed, the way he's using his voice is deeper. I like that one. I like the arrangement too. I mean, Antony's a long time ago through Lady Jane, because she was in Black Lips/Theriot with Antony for quite a while, a performance group.

Antony places a lot of emphasis on gender, and I'd like to talk to you a little bit about that. Pendarovey is a cut-up it's very interesting.

[Laughs] Thank you. This binary male/female emotion is a leftover from our primitive urges. We decided that binary systems as general have an innate friction involved, and how do you get rid of that? By isolating the two into one. We've chosen to use our bodies to symbolise how important we think it is. It's not about assimilation. People say "Oh, are you gonna get rid of your penis?" No - I've added something [laughs] implants, if we could add more, we would.

Wolf Eyes

LIVE SCUM

(BRIAN THE CAZIER BAND) (VÖ 2004)

I don't know what that is.
It's Wolf Eyes.

Oh, Wolf Eyes, they played with us a couple of times. These guys each have their own label, and they release what seems like every single show they play, within it's surroundings TG did with the 24 Hours cassette box. What seems like releasing every live show? Because none of us could play simultaneously, the only way to remember what we'd done was to tape it. Each week you'd meet and play for hours and hours and record stuff and then listen to it. So then just stopped from learning how to be TG to recording what TG was. We recorded the gigs so that eventually we could sort out our license bits, and that became the first album.

I just came up with the title one day, 24 Hours Of Thrashing Grunge. The others who thought that was witty and interesting, and went better to show the development of the band, but it just sat there. "There is." There's every song. We rang up Virgin Megastore and said do you think you'd be interested in buying one or two, and they said, "We'll buy 100" [Laughs] I think we made about 100 and just couldn't sell it anymore. I think Wolf Eyes would admit that they were influenced by TG.

There seems to be a renaissance of bands that have been influenced by aspects of TG. They don't copy and copy TG, they'll take one aspect of our influences that they find interesting and they'll pursue that and explore it.

It's sort of like The Velvet Underground in that way TG hardly sold any gigs, and most of them he wouldn't even charge people money, and right at the end. And yet the impact was remarkable. And when you read about The Velvet, it was kind of similar. I always thought it would be nice to be a band that people thought would be worthy of being imitated by. I didn't honestly believe that would happen. Who was to have thought? A part of musical history... All I wanted to do was write a book of poems! [Laughs] Got distributed along the way. ☺ PTW plays the UK next month. See Gut Thems for details.

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Since forming in Houston in 1991 and now living either side of the continental divide, together and apart Charalambides' core duo of Christine and Tom Carter have released more than 50 albums. In the process, they have evolved a form of modern psychedelia from noise, improvisation and a broad sweep of American roots music. Words: Nick Cain. Photography: Angela Moore

"I feel like there's a rather pervert inhabiting my body," sings Christine Carter, a stage at London venue Lammie on a rainy Saturday night in July. She and Tom Carter, her musical partner in Charalambides, have just completed a skeletal version of "Give Me Jesus"; it song hems on a Charles Ives's image motif of a Shaker hymn. Ska, lounge, and Tom sounds the ageing strands of the group's song "Here Not Here." Christine's vocal turns its fragmentary lyrics with wistful harmonic shakiness, causing her pitch to burn the air around. Tom's wahs his guitar strings, creating subtle reverberating and rising through space, intruding and intertwining with Christine's voice and the blurred patterns she draws on guitar, before settling into hollow chords. The song, which opened on the group's 2004 album *Joy Shaper*, is an elegiac, 22-minute psychobabble exercise, as uncompromised as a somber eight-minute blues ballad.

Such meanderings are characteristic of the group. Tom and Christine, the core Charalambides duo, have evolved their music through continual reinterpretations. They've quietly accumulated a massive discography; there are no fewer than 25 Charalambides albums, and while the group has issued more than 30 albums between them, followed chronologically, stretching from the first early 90s offerings in the US underground through to the recent explosion of free folk, it reveals transitional marks of creative decline, illustrating that the group have produced some of their most vital work since the turn of the century, and that its latest work is all improvement. It's developed a modern psychedelia which happily blends influences from folk, blues, Country, bluesgrass and rock music.

Given the amount of records they've put out, it's appropriate that the Charalambides story begins at a record store, Sound Exchange in Houston, where Tom, a native of Virginia who had moved to Texas to study, worked. There he met Christine, born in Houston after her parents relocated from New York, in 1988. The two became a couple, and married a few years later. Tom was playing guitar in local psych rock group The Miles Guan, but, finding the experience creatively stifling, he left shortly after he and Christine started playing together as Charalambides in late 1991. The post-pubescent, pronounced shawshaws lead-solo, was the cornerstone of a classic basement rock Sound Exchange.

In late 1991, they recorded their first album, *Our Bed Is Green*, at their Houston apartment and released it themselves as a limited cassette. The songs were all engineered or written just before being played, Tom later adding overdubs. The recording process reflected the duo's resolve to avoid a fixed identity. "I think the main conception at the beginning was that there wasn't going to be one," Tom explains. "We were just going to do whatever we wanted and

whatever undefined." "We had a relatively clear idea that we didn't want to be a band," Christine adds. "And we didn't want to have to do things that kinda supposedly have to do with what is a unifying sound, or play shows, or reference, or pretense... or write songs."

The rough-hewn *Our Bed Is Green* contains 20 primitive-sounding compositions with a wealth of ideas, most of them since discarded, recorded on a range of instruments, with Christine providing vocals. "We just literally did what popped into our minds, and then we listened whatever ideas we had, whatever feelings we had to develop around it," she recalls. She sent a copy of the cassette to the Superdome, home of the actor Jay Leno, who reviewed it glowingly and recommended that she contact Subculture, then emerging with the Mayne and Twisted Wheel labels as key players in the early to mid-90s era of the US underground. Their release, in particular Mayne's *Sun City Girl Is Life*, represented a new and immediately raw form of psychedelia. In late 1993, Subculture released the second Charalambides album, *Unseen*.

Prompted by some enthusiastic performances and an invitation to perform at a Subculture festival in 1994, the Carters invited in guitarist Jason Bell. The trio recorded another cassette, *Alfonso Both (Wish)*, and followed it with *Mister Square*, a double LP on Subculture, in early 1995. While *Our Bed Is Green* and *Hispano Sixth* marked essentially straightforward recordings, *Alfonso Both* and *Mister Square* illustrate the group's growing confidence. Filtering their interpretations of folk and blues music derived from the music of Bruce, Jangle and Lissen Minnesota, *Commerce* and early 90s recordings with vocalist Keith Baines and Suzanne Langford — through jazzed-up pentatonic song structures, the trio were grappling with the possibilities of improvisation as an attempt to honor their idiom.

Langford, introducing guitar improvisations like Ursula's "Another Way Out" and *Mister Square's* "Think About," and *House With Three Gates* are early examples of a dynamic that recurs throughout the Charalambides discography. Tom (and Jason) playing freely, struggling with Christine's more repetitive, rhythmic guitar as it became free psychadelic drifts, her vocals floating serenely through the mix. Tom and Christine both emphasize the influence of Jason in this process — unable to remember songs or play in rhythm, his lack of technical ability pushed them towards more freeform playing.

Mister Square, *Utopian Roots*, *Hispano Sixth* (which all named for locations in Houston — Tom and Christine lived in the Sixth Ward district, on Union Street, a few miles from *Mister Square*) — and signify their ambivalent relationship with the city, in particular their despair at the destruction of its residential areas to make way for new freeways.

"Houston doesn't respect its past, it ploughs it over and builds something new on top of it, but there are these weird traces," says Tom. "It's like that perchement that has been written over many times, but you can see through it to the earliest layers. It's really interesting as that song, and that's why we started making stuff like that, to evoke that just isn't here just disappeared."

Although the music referenced an urban center, "residents would tend to focus on some desert landscapes," Tom chuckles. "Up until maybe the year 2000 I had never seen a desert. Houston is urban, but it's not urban in the sense that Newark is urban, it's very sprawled out. Like we were living in a game suburb. That was kind of funny we were coming from."

Through it was the key release of their early period, *Mister Square* effectively paradigmatic of the group. They began work as a rock album, but were unable to come up with anything that satisfied them. "We spent a lot of time trying to follow up *Mister Square*," Tom recalls. "Looking back, it was so obvious that we were trying to make something that we felt was in a continuum with it, and realizing that was not that continuum was jolting, regardless of quality."

Jason Bell left Houston and Charalambides in 1996. His new album still not recorded, Tom and Christine started their own label, Wholly Other, releasing CD versions of *Our Bed Is Green* and *Alfonso Sixth* Mead, and in 1998 a self-titled Charalambides live album, which offered intriguing evidence of how the group were coming to see songs as malleable entities, loose frameworks on which to hang extended improvisations. The version of *Mister Square's* "Magnitude At Last" is a radical reworking, and its two takes on a new song, "A Mile To Go", *EJ300 Miles*, are markedly different, the second a blustering, raucous reading, Christine's voice a catarinic, howl-wail.

"We somehow got to the point where we understood the core of a song," the musicians recall. "Read that thing that we understood is the structure. It's not a structure as in 'We play this for a while and then there's this change,' it's more like a melody we knew what the very entire of the song is. It can change in tempo and length."

The following to *Mister Square* was finally issued in 1998, ironically titled *Gone Tom and Christine*, led by three released to Austin, Houston was more of a folk album than a rock album. The songs felt flat, and it seemed a watershed step, and was eclipsed by 2001's *Interest Elated*, whose狂野 guitar dialogues echo not only with Country and bluesgrass inflections, but including oddity. In the group's discography, it was recorded by Tom and Christine in late 1999, and was a real cause of the post-*Mister Square* creative block.

A photograph of a man and a woman standing outdoors. The man, on the right, has long dark hair and a beard, wears glasses and a brown t-shirt. The woman, on the left, has dark hair and wears a black top. They are positioned in front of a large, dark, vertical-slat metal wall. To the left, there's a grassy field with a small, young tree in a wooden post. In the background, there's a white building with a gabled roof and some utility poles.

**Continental
drift**



"We haven't recorded anything before or since that's been quite like this. It seemed to be such an anomaly in my mind," Tom recalls. "At the time we didn't really understand it. It was clear that it was not just anything we had done before, and it was clear that it didn't really fit into what we were developing the band as." Ultimately that contradiction caused us to move, because we didn't really know how to reconcile these two things."

A flurry of recording in 1999 presented material for three new releases. *Boots and Horns* went the first in a series of sets of limited Wholly Other CD-Rs, packaged in hand-made sleeves and intended for sale on tour. A more melodic random fingerpicking guitar revealed yet another side to the group: that the sliding, spiky textures and weirdness were sounds of *Boots and Horns* (which Edge released as a very limited letterpress LP) may have been more from impressionism within song structures to completely freeform playing. "One of the problems I had was this issue with the depressing, full-swing song," Christmas explains. "It felt like a whole lot of those songs, seeming to come from that sort of place, I felt sick of it. So I didn't want to sing weeds, I wanted something more immediately abstract."

Both albums are long out of print, which is a large chunk of the group's discography, which doesn't usually worry them. "It probably takes one of our records, all they need to do is to wait around and there's going to be more them," Tom says. "The [Wholly Other] CD-Rs are there for people to explore. And with me singing and stuff like that, a lot of them will have a life beyond their original edition." "You can get as interested as you want!" Christmas adds, laughing.

In late 2000, Tom and Christine invited Heather Leigh Murray to join the group. She and Christine had been playing in a duo, later named Scarcos, whose long-term improvisations revealed unusual electric drums and note-blurring guitar swirls. The trio recorded five albums – disappointingly, the first two (*Maze* and *Hole*) are dominated by organ drone, overlay as though Tom was guiding with Scarcos.

They're more accurately represented by an untitled *Christiansmiles* cassette split CD-R. (Kneale notes the Christiansmiles material as *Unknown Spin* in late 2000), the *Heather Leigh Live* CD-R (presented on Wholly Other together with CDV), comprising a solo track from each member, and, in 2004, a super-joy *Sleepless*. "It sounds so everything to do with that title," Tom points. Its staggered improvisations take as striking points a house throb, patiently spinning repeated guitar figures into spectral reverberations, their rhythms echoing round Heather and Christine's vocals and waves of unbinding drums.

During Murray's time in the group *Tom* and *Christine* also recorded two albums as a duo, the *WCR* EP and double LP *Over Intensity Reverbless*, adoring tracks, with Tom on guitars and Christine on organ due to a sudden onset of seasickness, and the haunting *Being As If Christiansmiles* split-cassette. "We had been asked to do a CD-R for this label *Cradle Blue*, which mainly puts out Metal and a couple of other things," Tom explains. "So we said, 'Let's make the greatest record we've ever made.' We'd been heading in that direction anyway, so we just took it as logical extreme."

In early 2003, the Christiansmiles ended, and Christine left Tom, eventually settling in Northampton, Massachusetts, as early 2004, Tom relocated to Goldleaf, California, around the same time, and a few months later Murray moved to Glasgow. As a duo again, Christiansmiles issued two Wholly Other CD-Rs (*Demolish* and *LoveGrief*, both 2005), and in May 2008 Kneale released *A Mintage Burden* (their sound

had changed again: the album contained some of the straightest songs they've recorded, a fact they attribute to their geographic dislocation and a conscious decision to shift focus.

"Our relationship together now is in these little periods," Tom explains. "We restart before it's documents of a process, the new records are documents of a meeting." Of *A Mintage Burden* he adds: "We were shooting for an early 70s vibe, kind of weird and analogue sounding, with everything really older, with this vocal reverb and double tracked. Ultimately, we wanted something more open and free but still with this Joy Division, which can be an exhausting album."

Outside of the confines of Christiansmiles, both Tom and Christine have compiled significant bodies of work. Tom's first solo album, *Measurement*, emerged in 2001 and five have since followed, encompassing jagged, droning improvisations and post-Father Figure-plucking. "My solo performances of the last five years have been very guitar, leg steel-tremolo, with the emphasis on pure playing and rhythmic rather than texture and atmosphere," he explains. "Singer that this has begun to feel monotonous to me. I'm about to shift guitar completely, drop out the electronics, and return to a more layered longform thing like *Measurement*, but much louder."

Tom has a lengthy list of collaborations to his name and plays in six groups, two of them – Spidersnail and The Friday Group – with musicians based in Texas. "My collaboration philosophy is generally, the people that have asked me to play with them that I feel we are a mirror connection with, I've tried it out," he explains. "The ones that have worked I've kept at, and then let's look into a lot of interesting collabos [with people who] initially I might not necessarily be lumped in with. Particularly as the West Coast, a lot of that is going to be people who do noise."

Since relocating to Oakland, he's established links with a number of Bay Area musicians, most notably acoustic enter Robert Horner, with whom he plays in Kyngot, a quartet with Christine Beagle and Lauren Christen of Jewelled Ankler Collective, and Madmakers, with Pete Swanson and Gabeal Mirell of Yellow Swans. Tom is also a member of Bulgaricas, a Bay Area experimental spokenword company by Rob Fiske, whose band line-up includes Swanson and Ben Chasny, and Zaks, a project with Marcos Bascule of Double Lenape and Neil Hodgetts.

Christine has released ten solo albums in a range of media, as well as a handful of very limited art edition releases on her own vinyl, *Many Breathless Press*. *Head Acid Mind*, *Living Contact* and *Human All Gone* document her delicate guitar improvisations, above which her vocals – for the most part, explorations of deliberately forced harmonic textures – elegantly drift and sing. As in Christiansmiles, she patiently works through variations on a patterning of chords, slanting fragile arrangements and subjecting them to slight adjustments in rhythm and texture. "I like the ridiculousness, playing one chord over and over," she says. "It's sort of an art..." – she runs her hand up and down an imaginary keyboard to indicate a virtuous solo. "There's something inferior face to that kind of thing. It can be a different type of virtuosity."

Christine wrote lyrics for her most recent solo album, *Less Press*, and the tracks consequently assume more sing-song flavor. "Through working on *A Mintage Burden* and what will be the next [Christiansmiles] album I've been concentrating on more dense staging – more words, less driven out phrases, less repetition – words, again, are all things that are very difficult for me," she explains.

"I'm pretty comfortable with long shrilling. I have to challenge myself with things that are not comfortable with."

Of her forthcoming solo album, *Electra*, she comments wryly, "Less Press is in a way a soul album, and *Electra* is more of a New Ageish which albums. Electra is four songs total up of the same chords as the same tuning, meant to apparently evoke similar emotion for the vocals which then give a different identity to each of the songs. It's the most digital-sounding thing I've done, probably."

Christine has also pursued a fruitful collaboration with guitarist Andrew McDonald, and during his last tour Tom taught him the instrument, played piano on her *Demolish* album and is a duo with Leah Massie/Mariae Connors. She recently provided vocals for an impeccable psychedelic folk track called "What Have I Done" on DJ Shadow's new album, *The Dealer*, a surprising smashup that came about through a mutual friend. "I really like the track," she says, "though sometimes I'm not sure what to make of it, even though it's me. It turned out to have a very innocent, naive sound which I guess if I think about it was purposeful."

Two new Wholly Other Christiansmiles CD-Rs, *Emboldened Message* and *Glowing Raw*, were released for sale on the group's tour of the UK and Ireland in July, and Tom and Christine have recorded material for a new album, with a tentative release date of autumn 2007. Tom describes the recordings as "more touring and about more editing, with more instruments. Some of it features piano and drums and reminds me of *Blister Wing* more than anything else."

The album will be the group's 24th in a decade and a half, and as with any group which has been running so long, various memories have been suggested for them, particularly regarding their relationship to the free jazz movement. In recent years a range of regurgitations have been made that Christiansmiles presaged free jazz, that they irreversibly influenced it, or even that they invented it. "When I hear stuff like that," Christine sighs, "I have these instantaneous reactions, one of which is 'What's the point, it's completely pointless to even try to figure that out, it doesn't matter.' Then I have another reaction: 'There's no way anything that's happening now we didn't influence.' And in another why I say, 'Yes, it's gonna be of course, but it doesn't matter'."

"We're not interested in being a revisionist group of any kind," Tom says. "I think a lot of people who have come up in that environment are reverential towards free music of the past. We've never been interested in re-inventing anything. There are a lot of people involved in that music that see no strong link to, but it's totally divorced from any thoughts of genre, scene or whatever, it's just like these are people we've connected with."

Their relationship to the blues is reflected with their musical philosophy, which they articulate as one of openness and flexibility and in-the-moment playing. "I personally feel like we're trying to communicate the idea of possibility," Christine explains. "This idea that there's many different ways to go about things, and there's many different ways of being a person. So when you're involved in music, there's no black answer for everything there's nothing that applies to the entire, is when I'm trying to show, there's all different ways of moving, there's all different types of bodies, there's all different types of voices. Just be who you are." □ A Vintage Button is out on an Xtro, while self-released *Christine Christen's Electric Jester* (the month *Emboldened Message* and *Glowing Raw* and Tom Denzer's *San Swallow*) are out now on Wholly Other via whollyother.com.



Merce Cunningham at Black Mountain College, 1946

For more than 50 years, dancer and choreographer Merce Cunningham was John Cage's collaborator and muse, in one of the richest creative partnerships in post-war art. On the eve of the British premiere of the pair's final project, Cunningham talks about how Cage's durational music revolutionised contemporary dance; capers at Black Mountain College; and life at the heart of New York's avant garde.

Words: Ken Hollings Portrait: Michael Schmeling

The one thing dedicated dancers never miss is their morning class. Even with temperatures in New York City dipping into the mid-30s, and an unfathomable high of 38°C forecast for later in the week, members of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company will devote themselves completely to their exercises. Up on the top floor of the Weehawken Artists' Housing Project, the company's home since 1971, beneath a misted ceiling hung with banks of stage lights, the dancers work their way up without through another set of movements. A slight breeze sweeps in through the open windows from somewhere out across the Hudson. The dancers, bare torso with pantomime. The soles of their feet squawk on the sprung floor, stopping down hard against its shiny, apparently treated surface. Daily class can last anything up to two hours.

Attending it is a vital part of any dancer's life, the backbone to their artistic discipline. Class allows them to turn their bodies, each sequence of jumps and steps specifically designed to reacquaint the dancer with how muscle and bone work together. In fact it is estimated as important to a dancer's life that even at the age of 92, Merce Cunningham still periodically takes class twice a week. He may no longer be able to lead them through each set of positions, but his formidable sense of rhythm is as strong and as subtle as ever.

"One and two and three and go!" The voice resonates gently through the awakening air. "Foot together, feet together". Sprawling from one foot to the other, the dancers make powerful contact with the ground, landing much more heavily than you would witness in a classical ballet class. Taller gestures are also easily recognisable as characteristic of Cunningham's innovative choreographic language: the bent arms held every far from the sides; the very straight spines and erect torsos. Other aspects of the class remain more traditional. However, at the end of the day's session, for example, the dancers will stand and applaud their teacher in affectionate gestures. Cunningham acknowledges with a confirmed smile:

What might surprise a casual visitor to the class is the extraneous arrangement of these turns and beliefs, issuing from "Give My Regards To Broadway" to "Don't Sit Down", played on a boy's mind by an otherwise silent woman at the far end of the room. "She's a wonderful companion and an old friend," Cunningham explains from a quiet corner of a smaller practice studio. "Many years ago she came here to accompany a class for the first time and asked me what she should play. She'd been playing for ballet classes for children, where they wanted the music to fit the dancer exactly. I said I don't care

when you play it along as the rhythm is clear and the phrasing. She has an remarkable gift for playing popular tunes, she knows the 20s, the 30s, the 40s. You never know what she's going to play next, but her rhythm is just wonderful, and the dancer can do whatever they have to within it. They don't have to fit into the music. She'll play a bit of Irving Berlin all the way up and on the very down go Cole Porter," Cunningham laughs. "But she never loses her sense of rhythm or her phrasing."

When Cunningham first met John Cage, who would later become founding musical director of the Merce Cunningham Dance Company and remain its musical advisor until his death in 1992, it was in 1933 at one of Berlin's most notorious cabarets, the French School in Berlin. "I was a student there," Cunningham recalls, "and John came to play the piano for dance classes, but he had already composed short things for dancers back in California."

What sort of things was he playing back then? "You mean for class? Well, I don't know how you'll understand. John never played tapes. I don't think he knew any. I remember once he said to play "My Country 'Tis Of Thee" and got mixed up." Cunningham laughs again. "So he didn't really like it as a country dance class, and I don't blame him." More laughter.

Dancing to
the music of
time





Merce Cunningham and John Cage, circa 1960



Rudolf Nureyev and Merce Cunningham,
The Rite of Spring, 1968



Leading dancer Eliot Feld in Black Mountain Settings, 1988

Dage's thoughts on the relationship between dance and music were already taking distinct shape by then. "I think that was a composer," Dage didn't like His idea of composing something that fitted dance," Cunningham says. "His thoughts there must be another way. There were really only two ways you could go about it back then: either the dancer took a piece of music that was already made and created a dance in it, or if they wanted the power composed, the composer had to follow the beat or whatever and the dancer was sentenced with."

A preoccupation with rhythmic structure, however, together with Dage's interest in composing for percussion ensembles led to early explorations of the common ground shared by the two disciplines. "John was writing percussion music at this time," Cunningham continues, "and he wanted people who could play it, so he ingenuinely wrote groups of two or three people from the musicians in the Cornell School, and he asked me to play in it. 'Well, I'm not a musician,' I said. 'But you can read notes,' he replied, because I had learned piano as a child," and your rhythm is good." But we would rehearse in the evenings at the Cornell School. Three of the members were piano teachers, and right after the rehearsal, John said to one them: 'You're playing everything rhythmically perfectly. Now go off a little further and make it a little mistakes.' She was immediately shocked," Cunningham adds with another infectious laugh. "Out of nowhere John was right."

It was also at the Cornell School in 1948 that Cage first came up with the idea of the prepared piano in order to create a hauristically percussive score for the *Bacchae*, a dance created by Sybille Part, another of Bessie's students.

"The materials of dance, already including rhythm, require the addition of sound to become a rich cognitive vocabulary," Cage wrote the following year in "*Good New Music, New Dance*" for *Detour* (October 1949). "The dancer should be better equipped than the musician to use this vocabulary, for more of the materials are already at his command."

Adding percussion to these materials looked feasible in prior motion together. Approaching the relationship between dance and music through the rhythmic structuring of ideas of music that neither side fully subordinate to the other.

"The form of the music-dance composition should be a necessary working together of all materials used," Cage concluded. "The music will then be made into an accompaniment; it will be an integral part of the dance." By 1942 he was in New York and was living with Merce Cunningham on a series of cheques signed solely beginning with the innumerable postscript: *Caged In*.

"We decided that I would create a solo and Cage would make music, and we agreed on a particular rhythmic structure. He would go away and compose the music, and I'd compose the dance, and then we'd put the two together. So, with the rhythmic structure we would move, as to speak, in a situated point throughout the piece. But in between, the relationship was, for me, very difficult because I was accustomed to dancing to the music. I remember there was a point in the dances where I did a very strong movement, and there was no music at all. The next minute, the next second really, the piano suddenly made this large sound. I suddenly realized that dance had to be what it was on its own strength, without the sound supporting it. I suddenly realized what was possible."

The conceptual complexities surrounding dance and the strict physicality to be experienced in modern music are both simultaneously expressed through this separation. "It's quite an amazing thing to look at these two things and put them together,"

Cage would later remark. "You can't say what this relationship is except by saying that they are both here together. There is no intention."

At the same time the inexperience and untrained inventiveness of their initial encounters are both clearly apparent in *Caged In*, with its haphazard rhythmic use of radios, prepared piano and nasal percussions. "They're spastic," Cunningham remarks of the two compositions for the piece. "They're like firecrackers now because they give a particular quality of sound that no other instrument they tried had. And I think John used the last of this piano too. It's crazy, very strong. And we considered that whole thing over time."

This broadening would eventually lead to a more detailed conception of time, not so much as the rhythmic structuring of events but as an event in itself. Things happened over a given period of time that were unrelated to each other. Simultaneity was both an embracing of the separation and an aesthetic challenge. By 1946 Cage and Cunningham were forming a repertoire of dance collaborations, ensured the United States for the first time. This would eventually bring them to Black Mountain College, where artist and former Bauhaus professor Josef Albers was Head of Fine Arts.

"Cage and I had gone to visit the school where the two of us were staying those days," John says. "Let's go see it." So we went, and they put us up for the weekend. Then Albers asked us to come back that summer, which was two months away. Since we needed any job we could get, we said yes. Then Albers said to John: 'Do you know a painter who might come and teach for the summer?' And John said: 'William De Kooning, because he knew that Bill and Elaine had just been put out of their apartment because they couldn't pay the rent, so they were there too.'

In place of the course on modern music he had been asked to present that summer, Cage decided to organise a festival dedicated to the works of Erik Satie instead.

"Joseph Albers was from the Bauhaus, as you probably know," Cunningham says. "He was a remarkable man, rigid in a way, but he allowed all of this. In measured terms, he seemed very basically German. John eradicated this program of playing Satie. We had a grand party where we were staying. Every Wednesday John would play something on the piano that would be heard by people outside the garage."

Cage still managed to cause controversy, even in arts establishment as later at Black Mountain College by delivering a lecture in which he criticised Beethoven, whose influence he discounted for being

"dancing in the air of music".

"With Beethoven the parts of a composition were defined by harmonic," Cage argued. "With Satie and Webern they were defined by means of time length. The question of structure is so basic, and it is so important to be in agreement with it."

Projected in terms of duration, content is no longer fixed. It becomes a point in time, a moment. Putting Erik Satie, composer of the *Interval*, across *Promises for Orgasmic Ballets Russes* and *Metropolis for Ballets Russes*, existing in each a moment defined that moment.

"We were asked to perform the play *Satire* wrote, Le Peigne Du Malade." Cunningham replies. "MC Richards was there, she was a singer, and she did a nervous translation, and we ended up doing it at the end of the summer. The students helped make many of the props, the floorings designed some things for it, Arthur Penn directed, and I was the monkey."

A series of nonsequitur and absurd sonnets written in 1943, Satie's play, rendered from the

French by MC Richards as *The Rose Of The Medusa*, featured a sort of seven musical interludes involving a dancing madrigal meeting. Dancers sat at the piano while Cunningham danced. Also taking part were the visionary architect Buckminster Fuller as Baron Münchausen, and Barrie De Keefer as his daughter Frosina.

"Sticky Fuller was notorious," Cunningham recalls, "and Penn showed him how he could think his way through the situation, and he was just marvelous. It was the most extraordinary experience."

"The common denominator between visual and audio is time," Cunningham would later remark. "That brings up a new education for dancers." What emerges is something closer to theatre, wildly heterogeneous, unpredictable and unpredictable. "There's no rules all the time, whenever one is, and on simply facilitates presenting one of this," Cage states in his lecture 48, *For A Speaker*.

But what determines duration?

"Oh well, you make a choice in some sort," Cunningham explains. "We've learned to work in this manner many times. With a computer I think usually the one thing they naturally know, or I'll say, 'Well, this will be 20 minutes.' It's not to make it mysterious. It's just to ensure all the elements are separate and distinct: the dance, the music and the decor. With the dance, I use a stopwatch so we can begin with a clear sense of the timing involved."

In 1952 Cunningham was invited by Leonard Bernstein to choreograph *Three Scherzos* and *Hans Henze's Symphony Pour Un Homme Simple* for a Festival of Creative Arts at Brandeis University in Massachusetts. It was the first piece of music conceived to be played in a US audience. "It was about seven minutes long and Bernstein wanted it repeated, but I wasn't able to count in the conventional manner so I thought the only way to do it was to take the length of a solo and make the dance separate from the music. I made a solo for myself, but then for the repetitions I accessed a totally different dance with a group of dancers. This was at a time when composers were beginning to work with magnetic tape — Cage, Christian Wolff, Feldman — and I realised that to use this with dance, you couldn't start again. So I thought it was simpler to take the time and use that as the structure."

During this same period, Cunningham was working with Gisele O'Day, his first choreographic piece to use chance operations, a week in four parts for four dancers in which such elements as space, time and position were plotted out on drifts. It also featured an electrical source dictated on tape by Christian Wolff using oscillator tones. The only connection between the music and dance from this point on would be through "imitates and ascends".

At the same time there was a concern, shared equally by Cage, Cunningham and David Tudor, a longstanding collaborator with both the composer and the choreographer, that the musical part of each performance should remain live. All three had taken part in the reference *Theater Piece* devised by Cage at Black Mountain College in the summer of 1942. An audience seated around the exterior of the room was surrounded by a number of simultaneous activities. In Cage's words, "the paintings of Robert Rauschenberg, the dancing of Merce Cunningham, film, slides, phonograph records, the poems of Charles Olson and NBC News, recited from the tops of tables, and the poems of David Tudor, together with my Juilliard lecture, which ended a piece of string, a concert, each with."

With representation being replaced by such events, it may have seemed as if Benzedrex had left the building. However, Cage's decision to use

Cunningham as a human chronometer for the world premiere of his Concert For Piano And Orchestra at New York's Town Hall. In 1958 it was a strategy Sette would have applauded.

"I had to write a related score music," Cunningham laughs, "then all and everything. So he wanted the conductor to seem to represent the hands of a clock. I think we only did it once, but he does very well at each performance the time would change. The musicians all had a clock, which contained their individual parts. OK, if you were looking at the conductor — Cunningham's left hand goes up — 'It was at 10 o'clock with your arm going clockwise.' His arm slowly marks out the quarter-hours. 'This is 15, this is 30, this is 45, this is 60.' So that this 15 minutes is so go slowly. Along a half-hour, the conductor would be moving his arm slowly like this. The players started it slow and change their tempos. Of course John went way beyond that. He usually didn't want a conductor at all."

That same year Cunningham began choreographing parts of Concert For Piano And Orchestra, incorporating them the wonderfully playful Avant-Music with sets and puppets by Robert Rauschenberg.

Cunningham has retained his keen ear for cutting-edge music, and the list of musicians who have accompanied his choreographies includes Muriel Anderson, Michael Kosugé, David Behrman, Yvesine Tess, Jim O'Rourke and Christine McShay. "The music and the dance are still made separately," Cunningham remarks on the company's current practice. "They just take place at the same time." This may sound like the simplest of ideas, but it also constitutes the basis for an ambitious programme that has been carefully refined and continually revised over the years. There is also a robust sense of utility to it: a concern with the possibilities of presenting dance programmes in a widely divergent set of venues, from theatres, museums and galleries to

gyms and basketball courts. Antecedents exist as defined in terms of precursors, know-how and lists of instructions. In 1968, while Cage was composing *Hiroshima: This World You'll Only Miss When It's Gone*, an IBM Selectric typewriter, Cunningham was treating *Hiroshima* to *Two Pianos*. Its title derived from a manual on American football.

Cage's score for the nine pieces was a collection of staves, many of which were interspersed throughout his first three collections of lectures and essays, *Silence and A New Presence*.

"Each story is to take a minute," Cunningham explains, "so if you have ten words in the story you need to suspend that through the minute, which means you're going very, very slow. But if you have 100 words, you have to talk like mad, so it's again about tempo."

By then the Merce Cunningham Dance Company repertory included scores by Earth Grinse, Morton Feldman, Gordon Mumford, La Monte Young and Tohi Ishiguro. "We also wanted to include other composers because there began to be this small group in New York who were interested in this kind of thinking, and who were interested as much as new sounds. We found a way to do what we called *event*. We would give them at weekends for about six weeks and we had a different composer each time. Merce always took part and so did Cheri valve Wall."

The first performance of *Merce* to an early audience was noted that took place on July 1968 at what is now the Avery Fisher Hall, involving a number of key names from the emergent electronic underground, including Pam June, Stan VanDerBeek.

"Stan did these marvelous items at the back of the stage, but at the front, where we did the dancing, there were these inscriptions and words trailing across the floor over which we had to dance. These went back to this platform where the insulation wire, including John Cage, David Tudor, Max Matthews

of the Bell Laboratories, Billy Klüver and Bob Moog." A system of electrochemical photoelectric cells was placed at the stage lights so that the dancers would trigger sounds as they cut through the beams. A second system used a series of switches devised by Bob Moog, which were actually rescaled thermometers when a dancer came within four feet of an antenna a sound would result.

"We had one afternoon to put this together," Cunningham recalls. "And although we did have a rehearsal, we had to do it very fast. Moog had never been backstage so I think he had just introduced the devices. We'd been sitting there shouting: 'Moog! What are you doing?' There was this huge enormous plant orange, and some chairs and tables. All of these things had control lines, and if you touched a leaf or moved a chair or table, all these sounds were picked up and could then be used by the musicians. I rode a bicycle at the end and had no reception in the wheel. It was still very early days for electronics. Those were things we were using them while we now say this big." Cunningham holds up fingers pressed tightly together to indicate something of substantial size.

As the technology becomes available, so the projects have grown in status. This month, the Merce Cunningham Dance Company brings its most ambitious work yet to London's newly refurbished Royal Festival Hall, involving 180 musicians, an enormous score by David Tudor and 16 dances. Dancers exceed 80 minutes, cued by a digital clock displayed on a series of video monitors. It will also be presented in the round without an interval.

"With *Dance*, there is no conductor at all," Cunningham explains. "There are musicians within the individual players' concert. We did it last year here in the Lincoln Center and Andrew Culver who dealt with the music thought we should have more strings, so he added more. The musicians are from

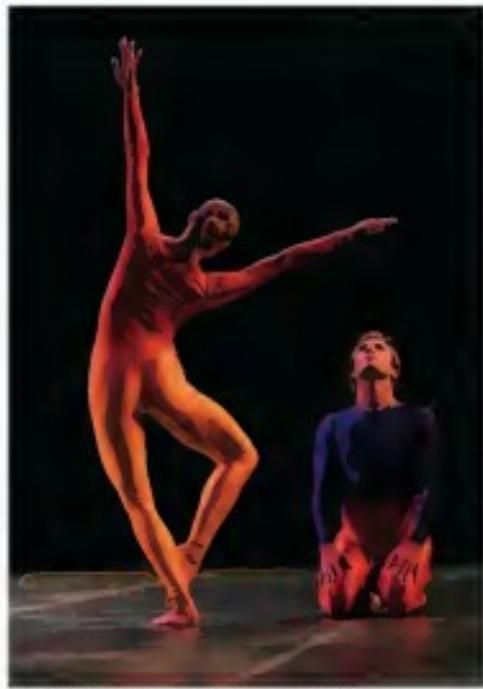


MARK LIDDELL

Wardrobe K. 1968. (Left to right) John Cage, David Tudor, Gordon Mumford



The dancer JoAnn Friesen, *Dancer Rose*, 1988



Bernd Cunningham & dancer in *Guggenheim Lycosia Center*, NYC, 2005

the Guildhall School of Music & Drama in cooperation with Dance Umbrella, which I think is amazing!"

Conceived by Cage and Cunningham, *Dancer* which was premiered in 1994 in Brussels represents both a culmination of previous events and an anticipation of those still to come. "John was greatly concerned with 'Jewel's work,'" Cunningham reflects, "and Joseph Campbell said that the most work Joyce might do would be about water. So John and I came up with this possibility. Musically and dance-wise, Dancer has 10 sections. This also comes from Joyce, who once said that Ulysses had 17 sections and *Prometheus* had 16. So this has 18. John was doing something in this regard, and I thought the dancers, may, are there?" — Cunningham points to a central space in front of him — "and the audience is around them" (his hand describes a circle). "Then the music's outside of them." Cunningham draws on even wider circles, indicating how the audience will be submersed between the music and dancers. "It's like a bath," he says. "We've done it twice for the Lincoln Center. The first time was out of doors, and I thought that one was very beautiful. It was open to all the sounds going on at the time. The last two, we

were in there, and the audience were quite good. We really felt as if you were surrounded."

As epic, environmental work requiring vast resources, *Dancer* still contains within it a claim that Cage and Cunningham were first articulating: more than half a century ago and which still have the ability to challenge and stimulate. The performance was might be larger than that produced by Black Mountain College, Cunningham having choreographed *Dancer* for a circular space over 40 feet across; and video monitors may have replaced a human chessboard in a dinner jacket, but the principles remain the same. It will about three and a half strikingly fresh and unique performances.

When examining the literature, Cage and Cunningham have produced on the subject of music and dance over the years, it's remarkable how often their thinking is expressed in purely physical terms. In '88 Cage wrote us to say "as to complete a distinct account of the company's emergent music business title, *Where Are We Going? And When Are We Coming?*" He added that at his 1981 lecture *Where Are We Doing? And Where Are We Going?* both composer and choreographer spoke of dance having to "climb

on its own two legs" of how it must exist without "measurably support." Maybe that's because of the massiveness contained within each dancer's muscles.

"I would always remember me here, when we put a dance away for two months or so, dancers would remember what that dance was and also how accurate their timing would be. Say it's a 2½ minute piece they'd come out at 24 minutes and 5½ seconds."

Recently the company revived *How To Realize Kid, Paul And Ann*, one of the rare works in which Cunningham himself still appears onstage. Rather than dancing in the piece, however, he now reads from a selection of Cage's original stories, usually accompanied by the company's string quartet ensemble, David Vaughan. "There are two readers," he says. "Each needs 12 stories and can choose what there should be silence. John and I'm more like mice where two people read the stories together because you don't distract the words."

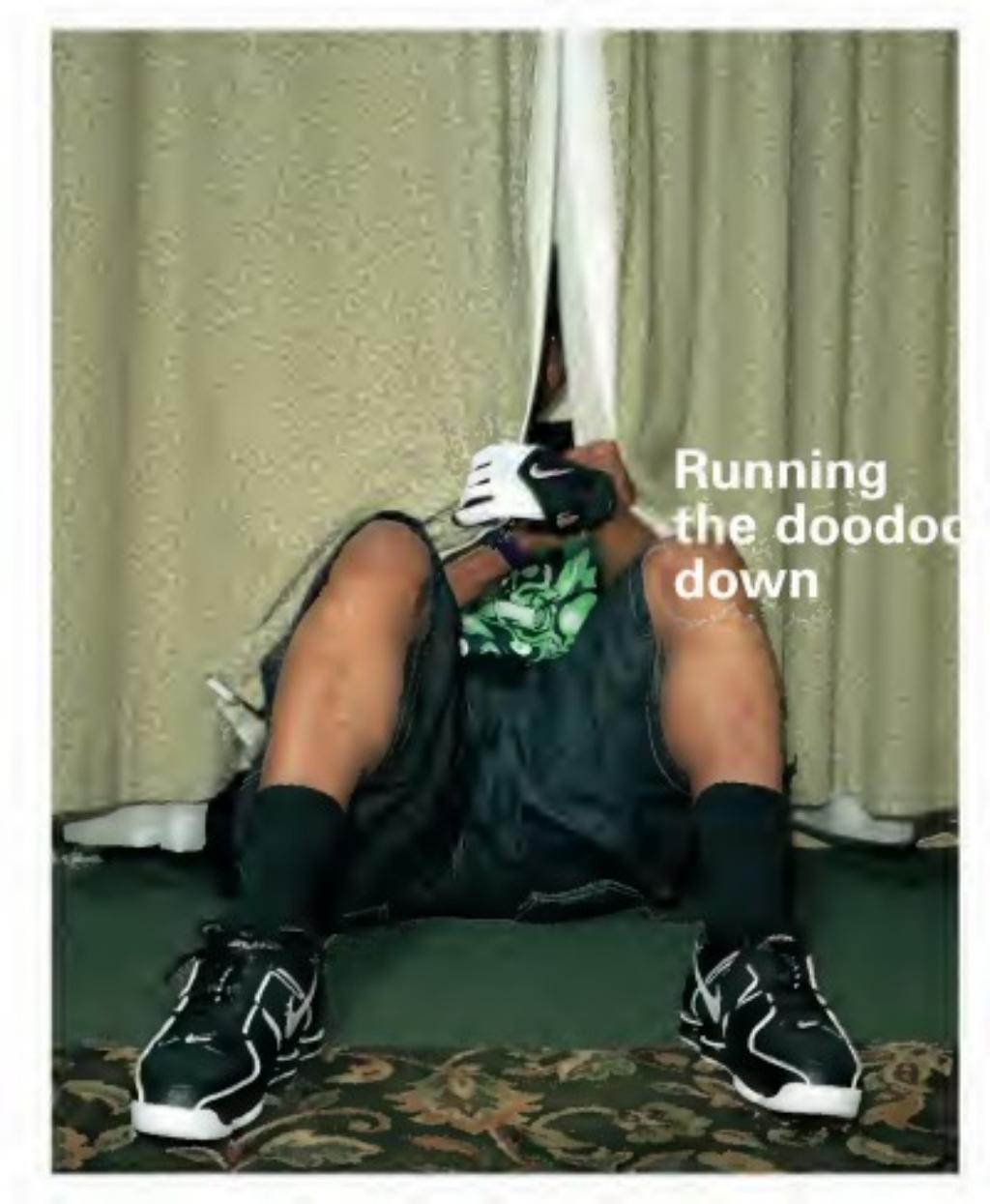
And was Cage a good dancer?

Cunningham smiles and shakes his head. "Oh no?" he says fondly. "no." □ Dancer is performed at London Roundhouse this month. See Our Think

Former Ultramagnetic MC Kool Keith has delivered his latest critical beatdown in the form of the long awaited and hotly contested reincarnation of his best loved alter ego, Dr Octagon. In a year of heightened activity for hiphop's most outspoken scatologist, he rants about his six new releases and lets his satirical attack dogs off the chain.

Words: Peter Shapiro **Photography: Daniëlle Van Ark**



A photograph of a person sitting on a green couch, viewed from the waist down. They are wearing dark green sweatpants and black and white sneakers. They are holding a dark bottle with a white cap and a green and white patterned cloth. The background shows a wall and a window with light-colored curtains.

Running
the doodoo
down



"What was the last time your favorite rapper walked around New York City by himself with a donna?" Raekn Keith Thornton asks only semi-ironically, limning why back in his day, he used barely make beats in the belief of his overripe baseball cap, spewing a run step stories of words in his signature sweetreeves white. "Just go on the tour by himself at Madison Beach [an underground Brooklyn club] and ride it to 20th Street [at neighborhood Manhattan]. They couldn't do it. Their consciousness couldn't let them do it because no one's paying them no heed. That's like primitive love with these rapists, it just gathers that's destroyed. People are just doing too much each staff. You've got people now they get out of the car and then 15 people with headphones zoom out after them. I'm thinking a different or something going out of it. Is it getting too much now? It's unlisted for. What is he doing while he has sex? Does he have 15 guys standing with their arms folded in the room with him. Are you all right man?"

"I notice that people are into just certain things," he continues. "We're not looking into certain things. People really don't like themselves anymore. Everyone's going to act that. Even the rappers people are just going to rock, rock people are going to rap, because people are going to hoodie like it up. One day go to a rock concert, then the next go see Darrill Jones. The next night go to a hoodie party. One day you check out the Knicks. You can't keep doing the same thing. You can't keep going to see Killah Priest, go see a football game, go see a hoodie game."

A meeting with Kool Keith is always an experience. If he wants to talk about the moving cycle of listeners, he's going to talk about the moving cycle of listeners, whether you catch him about his legendary career. Ultramagnetic MCs, his alter ego Dr Octagon (who has just released the long awaited *The Return Of Ultraman* after a ten year break), the possess of the stylus or imagination practices in West Troy. Kool Keith is musing about Prince Hilton, the problems of fame and the scary state of hipsters in the rap game. It is also why he is such an important presence on the hip hop scene. Since he first burst onto cult consciousness with Ultramagnetic's "Ego Trippin'" in 1986, more or less instilled underground hipster in 1988 with the untag, wacky, vulgarists, presented: presented: Dr Octagon slacker, or released nearly a dozen albums under a dozen different names in 2008, you have never been able to pin Kool Keith down. You never know where he's going to get next or what big tip of fancy hell going to end up in the next song. In a world dominated by brand names, clothes and the same old war stories and faking talent he heard last week and the week before that, Kool Keith's mindbending observations about the weird in your kitchen, workers in the sex industry and what other lifelikes might about beverage are entirely refreshing. He's surprised and joined out of your hypotheticals. Maybe, you're willing to forgive his incoherence, but sometimes comes up and then often blind productions to walk around the Coney Island of his mind with him, have your Afro unbraided. "It's like a girl in the closet preserved," and share a jelly donut.

If you take his words at face value—which is obviously something you should never do—there will be even more opportunity to have Keith "whip your drive, step your brain, dip your brain in a fusion" in the near future. After several years living in La La Land, he has moved back to his native New York, specifically The Bronx where he grew up, and he claims that the new environment is fuelling his synapses again. "I want to write more, I want to get more back in my mind," he says now that he's back

home. "New York is a good city, it makes me write more cutting edge. A lot of the critics don't like my talent finishes. They didn't like who I was writing about my urine tree finishes, pissing and all that. But that's just part of my vocal training. You know, you got a lot of rappers writing sketches and stuff, writing about Central and the cars they drive—'This a pimp, I go Azzoo' or 'Why can't I use my words?' The critics are trying to dime me at my whole vocabulary. They don't do that to Blowfly or Richard Pryor. Why are they trying to dime me at my vocabulary?"

"I think LA is a great place," he continues, "but... I think LA partly is bad. When you pretty well, there's not too much to write about. You can't write about the park all the time. I mean some situations, I need to hear a fire truck running, I need to see somebody fire, I need to see some sh**t. You know, you got these people in New York whose feathers are all settled up, they have the reason of street. You look at New Yorkers and like 75 per cent of them have the assembly hardware. LA is a little more sofa. But then it's the worst summer ever had. People aren't so interesting anymore. You get Ultrajazz now, people are not talking anymore. You can't meet a girl or a guy and have a social conversation because people don't care anymore. They just go on to MySpace and all the Weblogs. I guess New York becomes I got to see more. You know, in LA everyone's testing behind closed windows. Everywhere's in a car—you don't need nobody at a light. I got tired seeing people waste a lot of gas. You got a skinny, bony Chinese girl out there driving. She comes to LA and buys a big giant Escalade. She doesn't have a family. She doesn't buy any groceries. She puts on the heat. Why do you have the big, giant SUV? burning up gas, smoking up the city? Why do you driving around Beverly Hills with a mobile phone in your hand driving an Escalade? No one knows who you are. You got prettier windows, but nobody knows who you are."

"The stars live an outdoor life. I don't necessarily want to get big but I don't walk down the street. If I can't go to the supermarket, if I can't go buy a pair of sneakers, I can't go into Macy's. I can't go down the street to play Lotto, so I'm not really wrong with my life. I'm not enjoying my life. How do you drive your brand new car? Have the girl go get gas? How do you buy your groceries? A toy? How do you take your kids to the amusement park? You're really famous, but you're so famous, you're invisible."

Needless to say, Kool doesn't have anything resembling a filter. If something's in his head, he's going to say it, consequences be damned. This is another reason why he can be such a thug: Kool is also very Keith can't regularly stumped as one of the best rappers ever using both your Rekha and Biggina and Taguia. His consistency doesn't help either. "People get mad because I tell the truth in my lyrics," Keith declares. "I'll go out on 34th Street and some girl gives me a dirty look. I'll goose her hand and write a song about it. People don't like that. I just run right there to it [jazzap his finger]. I don't sing about it, I go home and write the song. A guy was smirking and... [he laughs]. I go home and write the song. I like to take my frustrations to paper because the so real. People do to that that they are all perfect. But you like a girl and her friends needs to be touched up, or she's wearing the right colour sneakers, or her dress don't match her blouse. I like to write that. You've got it rough in your kitchen—I'm going to write that. I just save a verse out by. People want to keep that quiet. I don't like the way you cook, I'm going to say it. You burn your food. So a lot of guys don't want to say that," he says laughing. "You were ugly panties, why don't you go get some nice

lips? I've been walking around New York a lot lately and I'm eating that the girls wear nice clothes, but then they've got ugly underwear hanging out of their pants. You know, big ugly Intro bags underwear. You bought a nice sweater, you've got a nice sweater, why did you have these cheap-looking things like Pampers hanging out of your ass? Why? Don't you just get a nice pair of comfort underwear that looks nice with your pants? That's the problem. I'm saving a lot of right now. You're wearing flipflops. It's a turn off. Stop that. I think people are running so much that they don't have time to buy beautiful underwear. They don't want to buy anything underwear. They're not buying some underwear off the shelf at K-Mart or something. Now European women take their time in buying intimate undergarments, but in New York, it doesn't even match their outfit. They're quick to tell a guy he might have dirty pants or he hasn't put any lotion on his legs, but your underwear looks like diarrhea right now. So, that's where I'm coming from."

When he was barely out of diapers, Kool Keith made a name for himself on the hip hop scene as a paper cutting himself. Autotune and dancing in a style called Aphex Style. "I was dancing a lot before I was making records," Keith remembers. "I was dancing when I was in high school, ninth grade. But I always danced in a little bit because my pop would have company and he'd be like, 'Keith, come here, show these people your dance steps.' And I always had to dance. I'd just like to be or not backs to dance for company. Every time, my father'd be like, 'Keith, come in here and do the electric boogies.' He'd hear this whole stage. We had the Gee Beez and Hit Dance to that, you know [imitates robot voice]. 'Booyah!' It was pretty cool. Then after that, me and Dad [Gee] just assumed Ward [was going to the different state like] T.I. Connects on the 2 Train. Bambino and Charlie Chase and all them. Then I got into my Ultra life."

An part of Ultramagnetic MCs (with Ged Gee [Cedric Miller], Mike Lee [Lance Smith] and TR [Troy Renshaw]), Keith made one of the leading movements of hip hop's golden age. His "Critical Beatdown" Ascolto by a remix of the single "Ego Trippin'" then year perhaps the bridge between hip hop's first and second generations ("Say what? New Age?" to "weird skunkish rhymes"), with its innovative sampling and witty wordplay in rhymes and cadences, Critical Beatdown is an exciting relic from a time when "classic" and "experimental" weren't mutually exclusive terms, when you could "Revel At The Speed Of Thought" and still be funky fresh when you could be utterly mainstream and still drop battle rhymes like, "I never knew you, but my rhyme go through you like could burn your whole star off in New Mexico, you're Budapeh."

"We wasn't really interested in what was happening in the cities at the time," Keith says of the record.

"I was walking a lot of New York, so these lyrics are just basically artless. There was no boundaries."

Although Critical Beatdown was heralded by no less than Public Enemy as an influence on their records with "The Bomb Squad," and sampled by The Phodoghi this piece, "Smash My Mouth Up," is lifted from Ultramagnetic's "Great Ghetto Drama Series," after two new albums with assessments of manners of genius and tons of hip problems, Ultramagnetic broke up. But after loads of rumours and speculations, it looks as if Ultramagnetic will get back together and release a record later this year. "We got together and there was no logjam, so we were overeager or let's say nothing," Keith says. "We decided to do another record together. Look at the rap game, all the rappers right now look like they're 35 years old. They're fat, overweight, everyone's

trying to catch the younger audience. Everyone's wearing older clothes now; like my baseball cap and my sneakers. I'm not going to go out there and tell 80 years to repeat. You get a lot of people out there trying to wear older clothes and just eat big shiny things. They're taking themselves out of all pretenses of what's really real. I respect a lot of the rappers who keep a cultural edge to me. Rap in the Bronx, street, throw your armkin on, wear Nikes, throw your belt on, etc. competition. You can't take us out of culture and formula it up. I could write a lot, but I don't have time for observations and all that. Forget all the old shirts and surfaces and lets see if you can really rap. All that stuff don't make you a rapper. Who got the best shirts out? Rick, man, who got the best? Let's keep the competition going, not worry about who's wearing the \$400 socks right now.

"I get guitars and suits back at my house, but I'll give nice suit. I was really embarrassed at the airport at the last couple of TV ratings. We seen. A lot of these dudes' stylings get a save. The suits didn't fit the rappers properly. They all looked like old men suits, they weren't European cut. I think I was the only guy that looked presentable. A lot of guys had suits that were made of sheep material, they looked polyester. They looked uncomfortable. I didn't know what these suits are buying or where they're getting these suits from. They're not tailors. You definitely gotta step up the suit game. Everybody was wearing a white suit, and then we went down looking white suits. The guys had some nice dresses, but the guys had suits that they got from downtown in the hills, like in Hollywood. Decided, these suits \$100. These guys with the cheap suits look like that's fine, but it's like these guys put their jeans back on. Stop missing up the game."

When Ultramagnetic took up, Keith became the patron saint of underground hip-hop. When he flagged out vocabulary, others made Keith a passenger to the rebirth of hip-hop's braggadocio. Keith, no longer bound by the group dynamic, was able to indulge his written fantasies and obsessions. As part of The Cerebrates in 1989 with Godfathers Dan, Keith regaled about women and compared himself to Heloise, but times in "the paramedic from the East", Dr Octagon, that he truly considered his reputation resting henceforth with those who don't really like rap music. A gynocologist from outer space, Dr Octagon came home a world of blue flowers and green rains, whose dense references mixed with limericks with trifling verbiage in order to perform from the sexual requirements of Earthlings. All the while Puffy was getting his braggade machine in full gear. Dr. Dre went JWL. Nas was taking it in pieces at first, and all the imitators started floating. In Jay-Z's words, a guy talking about alien records represented an escape from a tediously reinforced hepatic status. Dr Octagon later rechristened as Dr Octo-macabre also as a solo album, The last macabre, was given a cool-heist by its appearance on the British Mo Wax label; the concept may have been this more than adolescentatology verged up in dorking production from Dan The Automator, who created a wild and wonderful and jazzy soundworld from the Jane Jersey soundscapes and Dr. Dre's scratches and punchlines, but in context it seemed like a major aesthetic branch.

A decade later, the laptop scene is equally stagnant with the Brits South as being as New York was in the late '90s, the happy scene deprecatingly ascribing for someone with even half the charisma of G-d, and Dr Octagon has been reincarnated the way Ickle often is in the mix of Keith's Dr Decade album.

Pear Coone, First Studio That same, however, the good doctor isn't going to save hip-hop from whatever people think it needs saving from. Part of the problem is that Keith seems to have little focus for the direction. The Return Of Dr Octagon has been the subject of myth and rumour, much of it resulting from Keith's own comments. Even though he's seemingly made peace with the project, he still either talk back to Pepe Hiller.

For The Return Of..., Keith's producers were an Australian production firm based in Berlin, One West East. The collaboration came about because group's Steven Wilcock had been signed to Redwood Records, a label that changed its name to OCD around the same time that it signed Keith. The Internet is littered with talk about how Keith has discontinued the project and that the recordings are illegitimate estate of visual tapes that Keith had nothing to do with. But according to Wilcock, "When we heard that Keith and the label had given up, we flushed. Some of the tracks were a complete fail, but the major tracks on this record – is "There," "Aye," "Always" and "Perfect Way"! – started us with sending Keith the basic groove. He dug them. We then sent him a group of themes that we thought could be both appropriate to the lineage of Dr Octagon but in the same time take it somewhere different. For example, at the time we were working and living up in the northern part of Australia and there was a terrible drought. The sadness of a civilization without rain was what made us propose trees as a theme to Keith."

"We didn't have a lot of contact with Keith, and what we did have in terms of direct contact was down the phone," adds One West East member Ben Eisen, formerly of High Five. "We talked with him about our initial groove and played him some of the tracks while they were in progress. We spoke with him about our own theme ideas and the general direction of the groove before and while he was in the studio in LA, laying down some stems. Since finally caught up with him in Berlin after the record was finished."

Hip-hop purists bemoan One West East's very antidecorative production, but the real problem with The Return Of Dr Octagon might be that One West East provide Keith with music as recessive and unyielding as the original Dr Octagon record was it's case out of date because, while the production was novel, it stayed within the constraints of hip-hop and grounded Keith. On The Return Of Dr Octagon One West East surprised Keith with undeniably aggressive music that changes styles on a dime, shifts from funky electro funk to guitar to guitar at the drop of a hat. There's too much going on. At points the album is reminiscent of William Burroughs's 1960 collaboration with The Dadaistic House Of Hogarth, Spree-Az-Amen And Other Tales, particularly with Keith sounding often like a grizzled Beat poet phrasing like rhymes in front John Giorno's outtakes.

"We knew hundreds of things on top of each other," says One West East's third member John Lindmark, "and then the tough process of creative elimination kicked in. Flushed up and Irish participants meet, hell of what's in, is a stringy, creased basement. We discussed what had our interest in making a cool-kid-cutter sequel to a truly great record. We wanted to try to rise to the spirit of the original and additive conservative genre expectations. We knew that the return is better."

The Return Of Dr Octagon is just one of countless Keith's releases in 2008. In addition to the upcoming Ultramagnetic's reissue and a forthcoming Kool Keith album, plus a guest slot on Mike Patton's recent *Praying Tom* album on Spectre,

Kool has released Nagasawa-Palms Mr. Neptune, the Kool Keith Collab Tape, Project Polaroid with TomC3, The Correspondence 2000 project, sold on tour, The Last Masters Vol. 2, and a reissue of Tishen Dorsett with DJ Jazzy Jeff, a second volume of The Goodfella's planned as his forthcoming Funky Ass Records label, whose Whizbe he monously goes mainstream hip-hop a stiff upgrade and end-of-season.

Altogether not far off the course in hip-hop, but with an impression of hyperbole as Keith's. It's unsurprising that he's created more than 50 alter egos during the course of his career. While Keith's game is perhaps emblematic of MCs' Dublin's notion of African American double consciousness, it's also a practical way of staying ahead of the market. "A lot of people buy my shirt," Keith claims. "People try to steal my looks and my image. People see me come out with a cap on or something and they try to imitate that with something that they've done. But I'm not doing alone. I think people who work in some of the records that I didn't participate in the track used a lot of skills. I don't think that's necessary."

"The new [solo] album is going to be straight up rhyming, and I'm going to go straight on rap. My shock value is going to come back. I like to shock people. I want each people off guard, like, 'Your beans are ugly!' They're gonna cover their bags. I seem like a hoodie people. I like rap being competitive. You've got a lot of people who want to take rap competitive. I think people have taken rap out of the flames. You know another thing: I'm tired of the category of the greatest rapper. It's just the categorizing of everything. The programmes are the same. Music the same. The negotiations are the same. Everything's just having the same thing. It's just as monotonous. People should just start surprising people. I got off on hearing them say... 'Meet us on the BET Awards,' said over Ruge Knight! I'm not like that, said, 'Bape Knight, Lyin Gavied, Charles Meissen.' You know, like with something different. Gary Glomis with special guest David Berkowitz. At least that's something different to the human ear, you know?"

While Keith knows that half of a lead, he also knows accountability. His past is half of the earth lead off guy who happens to talk about raised eyebrows and faded cutters as his spars time. The honest laws of his persona's (particularly the audience for them) never happened here nor end.

"The outsider guys probably think I'm some weird border's house watching *Friday Night* on TV, but I'm really not doing that," he says. "I'm not you know, at the strip clubs having a lap dance. I'm on the road. I'm not at some Holiday Inn in Florida somewhere looking out the window thinking I'm going nowhere. I'm really in the mix. When I'm in New York, I'm in The Bronx walking the streets as up in Harlem walking around, buying stuff. People call me the nsa about the street-life 'tracking' song! The streets are hawt and I'm hawt, gather my grime on, and I'm livin' the life of the uninvited city life or rough and the ready. I'm rappin'. I'm pushing weight. I hate people who say this isn't the streets, that the streets are this or that, but you never see them in the streets. I want to do a reality TV show on trying to find your favorite rapper who says they're in the streets in the 'hood. You can't find these guys, you can't give them a dollar!" The Return Of Dr Octagon is out this month in OCD. Other Keith releases of 2008 include Kool Keith Collab-Tape (Correspondence), the last Masters Volume 2 (Jonest), Mr. Neptune (Palms), Project Polaroid (Threefold)



The Primer

A bi-monthly guide to the selected recordings of a particular artist or genre. This month: Philip Clark wears his Improv laminate to gain entry to the 'tunes without measure or end' of the turbulent British institution AMM, along with solo efforts by group members Eddie Prévost, Keith Rowe and John Tilbury. Illustration: Savage Pencil

AMM

It's 40 years since a loose collective of experimental non-conformists and Improvisative jazz musicians who played once a week in a rehearsal space at London's Royal College of Art, crystallized via the improvisation in ensemble AMM.鼓手Keith Rowe, tenor saxophonist Lee Gurnett and bassist Lawrence Shaw had been members of composer Miles Whitelock's Flying Big Band. Drummer Eddie Prévost (pronounced 'Prevost') had worked with Gurnett in a quartet that included the head boy of Max Roach's Sonny Rollins. They were soon joined by composers Cornelius Cardew and Christopher Hobbs, who threw an underground gig at John Cage's and Karlheinz Stockhausen's studio at St John's Wood.

Today AMM remains one of the sonic names in British Improv. The group are significant because they were the first to meaningfully employ a hybrid membership with backgrounds in jazz and post-war post-Dadaist conceptualism. Even Gavin Bryars, the bass icon of *The Joseph Hollis Wine*, only stepped up his compositional activities after the group disbanded, while the members of John Stevens's Spontaneous Music Ensemble were sympathetic DIY players. Scouring for an approach distinct from Improvisers arguing their point within an unliking anechoic, AMM arrived in circumstances that ergonomically governed themselves during performances and that largely subsumed individual perspectives into an ensemble ethos. Prévost has said that when on stage he "would not need being invisible", and indeed early AMM gigs were often performed in the dark.

However, political Righting has been a key factor in AMM's evolution. Twice, winning ideologies have seen the group reduced – numerically if not necessarily desirably – to a duo format. The most

politics of Cardew and Rowe prioritized a feuilleton, and for a period gigs alternated between duos by Cardew & Rowe and Prévost & Gurnett. Then, in 1972, Rowe and Cardew left the group. Rowe returned in the mid-1970s and the personnel embarked into a trio with pianist John Tilbury until 2004, when Rowe took exception to Prévost's critique of his current situation in his book *Milestones*. After the subsequent dissolution of the trio, AMM in 2005 became a Tilbury/Prévost duo.

Despite the contentious nature of AMM's internal politics, the group have a very long age to sympathetic ramifications. In 1968 New York School composer Charles Wuorinen played tenor guitar with AMM during an extended stay in the UK, and Cardew remained in the fold sporadically until his tragic death in 1981. Saxophonist Evan Parker, Andris Dumanis, cellist Robert van der Stappen and piano ring master piano virtuoso Iain Mitchell have all held a relationship to AMM either like Neil Jenkins to Moody Blues – not quite oral-heeding members, but fellow travellers whose contributions are welcome.

Prévost has been known during most of all these acolytes as Evan Parker who has best internalized and understood AMM's aesthetic – bringing the question 'what is AMM' into focus? Frankly, this is an impossible question to answer fully. If one could provide a key to unlock the formula, then there would be little point in listening. Although there are identifiable traits as true for their debut recording, *AMM/Vaudeville 1968* as for *Northern*, their latest album recorded in 2008 AMM music – as it becomes christened – holds a danting flow of sound, whilst the musicians, as responsive listeners, can either uphold or shift towards new ground. Each instance represents a separate layer of overlapping activity, and the music proclaims no accumulative structure as those jagged layers strive in countergoal to each other.

In Denis Bailey's *Improvisation: Its Nature And Practice In Music*, Prévost defines his musical responsibility as, "When the unusual situation arises again, when we are caught up in theurgence of sound, in which at times it is almost impossible to tell who or what is going on, that is the point when you have to distinguish yourself, determine your contribution, or else the anergies, a meaningless cacophony." That "institutions of sound" has a something highly personal to AMM, Tilbury will often discuss his piano-hands with a naturally soft touch and through understated prepositions. Although occasional Betty Davis-like figure-hands sometimes divulge Tilbury's percussive roots, his treatment of the drum kit with violin bows and other nonresonant objects infuses it in an organic sound source. Rowe's attitude to his guitar is arguably the most modest, as he lays it flat on a stool, plucking strings with a plucked mystic mid-with one hand and one regulating radio knobs with the other looking like he's reflexively conducting an orchestra on the claus of conventional technique. Often an sonorous AMM players are listed without identifying their instrumental allegiance – the ensemble-centric nature of the music is prime.

Every fan would like to think AMM's sound acronym stands for something visionary and revolutionary, but it's variously meant. Guitars range from the sympathetic Air, Mimesis and Music and Autonomous Modern Music to the less comprehensible Association of Materialist Modernists, and a comment on the group's instrumentation has office driving power – Ain't Much Money But perhaps it's fitting that the same lingers tantalizingly out of reach. Like the music itself. Prevost claims it should instill "whatever the experience of the music brings to the listener", and if anyone played a piano running down, then it would be time to change the name anyway.





Steve Reich, 1972



David Friedman, 1980



Russell Brine, 1981



David Friedman, 1984

AMM

AMM Live 1966

RECORDED 1966 CD 1988

AMM's debut originally appeared on vinyl LP but Electronica reprinted it on double CD. It features a reorchestrated version of the group's most famous work up to that stage alongside Soft Machine, Pink Floyd and, once, the No Wave Washingtonian Jeni Blund.

AMM/Music 1966 was famously mangled in the massive edition of old timer jazz critic Jester Jones' *Brave New World* (1967). Already it's a distinctive AMM concert, already Kevin Rowes' Pep Art score painting and Previost's usage klezmer-esque (but not anti-) and anti-music a turbulent ensemble barge there's going to be a mess. Understands there were tensions in the ranks. Cordwainer really took part in sketchy discussions on what's defined what. AMM should be seen as apparently had reservations about "the fairly early of collective activity".

The opening track, "Later During A Raining Reverse Sunset", splinters into existence, with a drone in the bowed layered sludge胚 embryonic AMM trademark. Ebbing and flowing around the music is a dislodged wire that's been dislodged from its insular radio. Slower moving parts & guitars are contrasted against scuttling hyperactive solo guitarists, while a fluctuating variety of voices from Vox/Vox crystals gently exerts import, but no embedding is ever sound in evidence that the ear is quickly diverted to the totality of the piece. Cordwainer issues with the collective via the aesthetics of repeat fractures passing into the few that have everything to do with Stockhausen (*Adventures In Beauty*), Shostakovich, but little to do with the here and now. Lou Gane's guitars, like steppings in counters with an outline that wouldn't be entirely out of place on a Coleman Hawkins record – a moment that encapsulates not only the inner certitude of AMM but of the UK experimental music scene as a whole in 1966.

Kevin Rowes' smile radiates while that ensues, but also makes the ears question where it's they're listening to. By definition, the instrumental cast of AMM performances are self-referential as sound defines itself in relation to its surroundings, but Rowes' radio signal become symbolic of the outside world and living environments into the enclosure. Shifting energies in Milestones are buried into and suddenly dropped into the unfolding structure. The moment follows a periodically anxietying passage involving a 'live' cellist (played by Cordwainer or Sleath) and Rowes morphs this edge travel to let the concerned shapes around him, summarising just how esoteric a rendering can be. Edward Hirsch – at the time much-reduced Leader of His Majesty's Opposition – also finds himself unutterably perplexed, and these pained details open squarely with the non-expressive time of the material surrounding them.

The Crypt: The Complete Session

RECORDED 1966 2CD 1988

Lemn Sissay

RECORDED 1966 2CD 1988

Two years later, of AMM's survived June 1968 session at The Crypt in West London, this has been profitably evaluated. Out went Sleath and came Christopher Hobbs, and the results had apparently retained individual parts more interestingly difficult to discern and the intervening between individuals operates at a level heathenised. That said, the second track, "Collin Mac Sheff", embodies a wide diversity of material. Guitars sputter and stroboscopically twist the boundaries of how much jazz they can get away with and the music bites back with sudden holes and wild electronic explosions that gash its surface. The end of the previous track, "Like A Cloud Hanging In The

Sky", has already challenged our perception of scale by taking much longer to wind down to a conclusion than expected. Now the whole whirr of endings is captured in an embalmed slice, lingers freezingly sombrely. Is this saved from Rowes' radio or will it finally pressurise a update? There's the muttering of speech and a return, then one person claps for a few seconds. But the incoherence noise persists in the medium don't know when – or if – the performance has ended. Features along right are presumably the mutations passing through. Those, it's over.

Lemniss – as coined because Kevin Peulen fraudulently described AMM's music as "lemnis" – was issued to celebrate the group's 30th anniversary in 1986. As it's conveniences went, then this CD retrospective could hardly be bettered and is a must buy by itself. Early AMM is represented with a stretching set, "The Amis Resumes", recorded in Denmark in October 1968. The choice and incarnation follows with a track from Goldsmiths College in South London and AMM live in New York in 1969.

To Hear And Back Again

RECORDED 1968 1CD 1988

AT The Roundhouse

RECORDED 1968 1CD

The first ideological split within AMM saw Previost, among Cordwainer and Rowes' "Intellectual bullying" as they endeavoured to impose their vision. A dissident assimilation resulted, which perhaps with some help, may have given birth to the band's name. Previost and Gane dug back to their roots. Long purgations on "To Hear And Be Agreed" as buttressed the viewpoint, although other sections feel "feeling myself" AMM. The album opens with Gane's growling on something like a funk line from Duster. On Ringer, suggested by Previost's relatively straightforward time, but as the second track, "To Hear" (actually the first track of the original LP), the music evolves from Lester Young-like ambivalence until it finds with space and structural passing, "To Hear" abruptly piles out nowhere as Gane's galvanises of trumpet sustained clauses towards long stretches of silence. When it's time to go "Back Again" it's altered melody lines hover against the spectral gradations of Previost's symbiotic work before probing the harmonic series.

"To Hear And Back Again" is a timely warning about defining judgments on the strengths of a new record.

When, in 2004, the Seattle based Jazzyjam label released Previost and Gane's performance at London's Roundhouse as part of the '97 International Carnival of Experimental Sound, a re-evaluation was urgently required. Gane begins by deploying all the energy and sonic of the gestures of free jazz, but the obvious rhythmic reference points on "To Hear And Back Again" aren't there. Instead there concentrates on the characteristic AMM obsession with vibration and a coexisting current of sound. Previost defines ongoing time by the elated slapping his cymbals with, but tightly strung snare drum pointing up passing tendencies. The 45 minute track is titled "The Sound Of Indifference", an allusion to the free importance it is in Britain and most evidently in the integrity of its situation. Burly fingers are undulating heavy fingers as both resilience and iron remain need of time should ordinarily fit into the opening movement, and the performance thus imperceptibly unfolds to a complete standstill about 25 minutes later. This silence is busy and dangerous. A child's voice resonates in the distance and the audience evidently feel unnerved. But the duo's same obstinately values to instant and metaphorical step besides time to an earlier energy level, which they pressurise down to a deepest core. The process occurs until click time has disrupted his wide psychagogic dissertation.

AMM II

It Had Been An Ordinary Enough Day In Pueblo, Colorado

JULY 1970 CD 1988

AMM II, because this was effectively the group's third incarnation. Earth Power (recorded in 1969), signalled the end of the road for Lou Gane, who felt "I could not go back into the freedom of the trio". Previost and Rowes made a spiky and slightly beligerent pairing before John Tilbury came on the scene. In the meantime, It Had Been An Ordinary Enough Day in Pueblo, Colorado issued itself as AMM and now enjoys cult status. The oddly evocative title itself was enacted in the middle of the first track, "Radio Activity" gifted from the ether by Rowes' radio, although an earlier track did have to be abandoned as the Gods drifit up a Berry M record.

Rowes' guitar is unusually clear-cut and sounds more like a standard electric guitar than anything else in the AMM discography, although that doesn't stop him bending his shapes into oblique continuities. Even Previost's lively tone-hawk work has an occasional rockish flavor, as though checking in with the zeitgeist of the era. This record may not find lots of your brain you didn't realize were there, like other AMM albums do, but it's a highly enthralling snapshot before the next 25 years transpired.

AMM

Combine + Luminous + Themes 34

RECORDED 1970 3CD

Generative Themes

RECORDED 1970 3CD

The Inchoate Document

RECORDED 1970 3CD

Having John Tilbury's arrival in 1969 led to the stabilisation of AMM's line-up until 2004, Tilbury had departed for Denovia on occasion and was paid in AMM splits, although his sublimely assertive musical personality changed the group fundamentally. Tilbury reigned AMM as a focus for ingenuity and measureless unrestrained composition. Cordwainer's graphic score, *Thematics*, the reason the composer initially approached AMM in 1965. On *Combine + Luminous*, three years after his death, AMM use pages from Thematics to "imagine and guide" an improvisation. Although, to quote Previost, there's "no universal connection between symbols on the page and the sounds themselves", this exceptional performance doesn't sound much like AMM. The shapes and gestures seem as unique to one eight, explained in *Changeling* in May 1968.

Generative Themes is a rare studio recording and the two sides fit in abundance. The opening "Generative Themes" has a steady, suffocating sense of abstraction, in my notebook, I've written "nothing is happening – everything is happening!" as the sonic palette is reduced to the near inert swoosh of a few studiously banal harmonics. The second theme/lesson fits the bill, with recognisably prehistoric tones steadily emerging from the amorphous whole, albeit given a surreal result with Tilbury's sensitive preparations. Later the document focuses around an endlessly repeated high-pitched note that leaves equal triplet signs as like advertises Unisonance. Previost has tall, thin, measured sounds from his tenor handily perched drum strokes like rhythmic hi-hat rolls and steady triplets on his snare.

The next track is largely quiet, apart from a solitary bass-drum low register grime cluster that ends, lacking perspective to the ensemble co-mission. Tilbury's background as a performer of composed music – Morton Feldman in particular – informs his writing ear for how to avoid "sheek testles and these effects". In *The Inchoate Document*, cellist



The "Chapel" gig with John Tilbury (standing) at Berlin's BBR, 1994

Ruben de Saeys adds a detailed vision to this otherwise bland and hardscrabled album, up to date developments. Most of the album tenses on the brink of exploding with the opening arrears of whispery atmosphere, whiles and shifts underpinned by an insistent, insistent pulse. De Saeys isn't in the impression's score like the regular members, and perhaps here we were to try, instead his offbeat, scattershot running commentary on progress. Rose's guitar work has Zenlike precision, and de Saeys leaves an indelible stamp.

Some reply Tilbury elopement is causally stamped chaotic end; at the end, de Saeys sing a cello melody that would be conventionally sweet and singsong if only played two octaves lower. Now it sellers wryly, and the key AMM mix of instrumental crossbreeding is accomplished. Interpreting smashes from the sensible and simple transversing from Tilbury's piano counterpoint.

Keith Rowe

A Dimension Of Perfectly Ordinary Beauty

rrt0126 CD 2002

Keith Rowe & Toshimaru Nakamura

Weather Sky

rrt0126 CD 2002

When Keith Rowe showed up at a Miss Westbrook rehearsal with several boxes glued over his instrumentals part, it became clear that he was a maverick who had little time for the likes of conventional music. *A Dimension Of Perfectly Ordinary Beauty* is Rose also, although such is the importation of devices and radio voices that here solo only in this sense very Hergo Mere is made.

Weather Sky, recorded in France with Japanese as input through board specimen Toshimaru Nakamura's interactive music bar a significant marker of how far, by 2001, Rose is already shifting from core AMM concerns. The result is a continuum that subsumes both preoccupation in AMM's fieldset, but the very alienated drones and abrupt cutouts are confrontation! in a way AMM never sought so on. The expansive ensemble MIMBO (Music In Movement Electronic Orchestra) was founded in 1987 and allowed Rose to explore his growing interest in digital and laptop improvisation further with a younger generation of musicians like Kalle Matthies and Phil Durrant. *The Hoodie Of Cesareggio* (Entwistle) paired MIMBO with John Tilbury in a concerto for piano, instruments and four laptops. Alvin (Gödel) was Rose's most recent solo guitar project; an uncomprehending self recorded live in Germany in 1996.

AMM

Newfoundland

rrt0126 CD 2002

Live in Allentown USA

rrt0126 CD 1998

From A Strange Place

rrt0126 CD 1998

Before Driving To The Chapel We Took Coffees With Rick And Jennifer Reed

rrt0126 CD 1998

AMM earned the title an institution among its admirers but not sufficiently institutionalised to guarantee regular gigs or any tours in the UK. Instead the group explored their reputation in Central Europe and the United States, and issued

regular beat updates on CD for listeners at home. The *Recreational Discourse Block* brought Live Gaze back for a gig at the 1990 Telford festival in Switzerland; it was his first tour with AMM so it's said to report that this is a rather meandering record with a wholly unusual continued tag finish. Headed south - recorded where the title suggests - in the context of AMM's latest released documents, it's another quiet one, with Tilbury's flawlessly honed range of falsettos in quiet softs, Serengeti harmonic illusions and Cagean prepared piano gambles all interlocked through his keen flex structural editing and note placement. His lines have constant internal complexity while never sounding cluttered, and wend in and out with supreme confidence in their own ideology. The music occasionally shows a playful side as Polynesia traps out pitter-patter windows noises like Woody Woodpecker playing *Dreadlock* traps, the clattering between three voices is both exuberant and simply ambiguous.

At this juncture in its development, there's never a sense of AMM music sufficing melancholy as the various lead of artifice. Their members are too in touch with the tactile nature of their medium, and are happy to be led by it, rather than them leading it in an endgame of 'style' or 'idiot'. And the music is continuous to be full of surprise. *From A Strange Place* was recorded at The Egg Farm in the Japanese city of Fukuoka. The cover art whimsically depicts a giant egg about to hatch an item inside with another one appearing anomaly behind it - egg apocalypses now it's a real and apparent danger. The performance begins in the *Neoclassical* result. At the visit Tilbury's masked (and against



Von links nach rechts: Bertrand Serier (links) und Ian Mitchell (rechts)



at Banner Gallery, London, 1981

Rossie and Finkworth with a rhythmic pulse that persistently warps the flow. But then new events open up like trapdoors under their feet. For since – and very briefly – Tilbury sounds like a jazz pianist, as But Powell like an impious Ingoldes-like marching drummer.

Before Driving To The Chapel We Took Coffins
With Rick And Jennifer Bend also came varied musical material and an obviously interested, if not given the benefit of the CD sleeve, each labelled with a generic title. From the 10-song Suite – “Kings”, “Locomotives”, “Afternoon”, etc. An “Alice” section seems to be vocal-like sounds produced by Prévost; bawling percussive instruments, while Rossie themselves help through a Billie Holiday record. This sample soundscape is archetypal AMM. But “Locomotives” bangs at the listener with violent guitar noise and fidgety piano lines. Classical protocol demands that the piano is played smoothly, with dynamic levels held within strict parameters. Tilbury rebels – following these extreme leads, he explores along the keyboard with ever increasing maddest circles that constantly loop the loop.

Lies In Abeyance USA is a non-universal record that names up the diehards. It's AMM's Industrial album, perhaps with the brittle tone and clattery melodic intervals of Tilbury's elongated piano intro preceding existing Milestones. But even here embedded scratches are inserted, as shards of seemingly voiced to counter conventional noise with caskets that have been prepared. Glassine figures from Prévost and Rossie swell into electronic fanfares, and lesser overheads shanks of metal march onwards with industrial tones. But then we realize that's not all – it's a sparse, year-spanning struggle to keep up.

Eddie Prevost

Loci Of Change

AMM/ECM CD 2000

Entangled

AMM/ECM CD 2001

Prevost was often branded the “Art Blakey of Broadband”, although these albums are testimony to how initiative his vision really is. *Loci Of Change* is a massive AMM rendered solo. Slowly evolving soundscapes more unhurried than construction governed by Prevost's harmonic discoveries. Sustained resonant sounds chatter like snarks, while shifting pulses and percussive chords have an architectural quality to the manner of Harry Partch or Frank Zappa. “Bermonsey Breakdown” re-envisions a more conventional AMM suite. Elektrically generates 20 m miles of noise, from one tenor saxophone. Shattered noise still something comparable to Miles Davis' but Prevost goes deeper into tam-tam DNA. The final track rolls out over a hellfire duration and isolates overtones and timbral colour, allowing the instrument to punch above its somewhat aggressive weight.

John Tilbury & Evan Parker

Two Chapters And An Epilogue

ECM/ECM CD 2000

John Tilbury & Keith Rowe

Duels For Death

ECM/ECM CD 2001

Tilbury and Parker's duo record became an instant classic among aficionados. If Rossie dimensions of Perfectly Ordinary Decay is still her soundscaping contribution to AMM, then the startling rightness of Tilbury investing structures in the heat through sensitive note choices is highlighted here. With

accompainment as intricate as that, Parker finds himself as nimble before his bass soft touch tends to playfully courts melodic cells, revealing his formative disposition to pit players like Lee Konitz and Paul Desmond. *Once For Ours* is benignly confessional in comparison. Tilbury's solo entry on a low register note contradicts Rossie's extreme electronic hams, while ranchari blood is split by Tilbury's fully frontal clusters and Rossie's stomach refusal to rise to the bait.

ANIM

Tunes Without Measure Or End

AMM/ECM CD 2000

Fine

AMM/ECM CD 2001

The pace of AMM's structural revolutions may have slowed in the new millennium, but these records bring fresh sound sources in the ascendant. The beginning of *Tunes Without Measure Or End*, recorded at Evan Parker's three nightclubs festival in Glasgow, puts Prevost centre stage, and has elegant choreography across that left-shoe drummer inner circle. Parker turns his giant tom-toms into a live-tube percussion ensemble, as resonant vibrations are tactfully captured and then looped via an electronic motor taped to its side. Tilbury has an equally contrary moment near the conclusion, as his fingers slide on a standard chord sequence. Its effective because this is the one thing you don't expect to hear, and the sheer surroundings magnify its consonant purity, breaking its familiarity. At the core of *Fine* is an intriguing paradox. The music was created with the concert *The Rendezvous* for a festival in France, yet it's AMM's most static record since *The Inseparable Document*. Everything moves at thought swimming



COURTESY OF THE ARTISTS



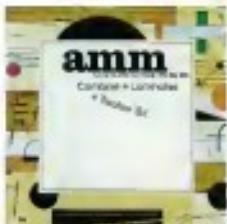
AMMtruck 2004, 1994



The drifter: The Complete Sessions, 1964



To deer and Ravi Again, 1978-79 (John and Ravi)



Gritter + Locomotive + Tractor 04, 1994



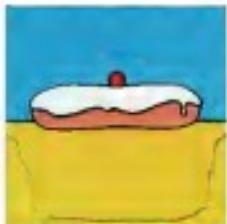
Revolvotron 2003



AMM Live in Allentown USA, 1974



Peter & Stringer Place, 1998



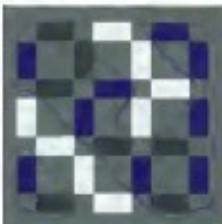
Sweet Homecoming Number 2001



Amesoch 2004



AMM + MEV Apogee, 2004



Before Present: Believable, 1993

through time, but the determination "to let the sounds fit", as John Cage once expressed his own needs, is returning to spirit and ears.

AMM & MEV

Apogee

Matchless 2005 57:06 2004

AMM

Noneuch

Matchless 2005 57:00 2005

Apogee and Noneuch are a summation, a parting of the ways and a new beginning. Perhaps it's unwise to view Apogee thus, as Pauline Oliveros points out in *The Wire* 256, the hindsight of knowing that Rose and Prévost were at each other's throats might tempt listeners to put constraints on the music that aren't necessarily there. However, it unfolds with a palpable *deus ex machina* feel, a surprise considering the obvious possibilities of collaborating with members of another pioneering improvisation ensemble, Musical Electronics Viva (MEV).

Frederic Rose, Alan Coffey and Richard Teitelbaum travelled to London in 2004 to record a

collective studio session with AMM, and play separate sets at the *Freedoms Of The City* festival a few days later. Over the course of their joint Improv, AMM and MEV inhabit something of a lifecycle. The music takes a long time to learn how to walk, has a productive and bung-waddle period of trial and error experiences, a slow but dignified death. It's instantly clear which strand is AMM – mystery from a bowed cymbal shapes the music up a gear and is a Prévost finger-pick, while the outbreaks of fragmented Shorttones-like pews are obviously from Mendelssohn's *Leipzig* and nothing to do with Tilbury. In fact, Tilbury struggles to assert himself, that master of possibilities, but he dominates the two set. His brass opening chords and unrelenting attack threaten to shimpshack the rest of the ensemble, and a slowdown solo code has similarities to the permutations of notes he's been working with in pursued to a natural endpoint. Rose's blithe distillation and Prévost's DJ beats into the bell. Gone is the sensitive collective improvisation; it's clear that teacup plates inside the music have shifted.

Tilbury's work outside AMM and his increasing involvement with electronic music at the end of

current depicted with his former colleagues. However, Tilbury and Prévost carry on regardless, and the live art recorded at the University of East Anglia in Norwich reveals AMM's intent to be bigger than any single member. Coincidentally or not, previous performances have tended to hover around the 20-minute mark, but this new one is a lean 58 minutes. The music is spacious, and sounds disperse outwards, where Rose's soundscaping once made the space hold up. Some ingredients remain the same but are stacked slightly differently. Prévost's unanticipated extra note adds to jangling trillers, while Tilbury's prepared piano neatly fits into rhythmic configurations. There's a rawness to these textures or play, both in the rhythmic clarity and in the harmonic implication of Tilbury's more specific motifs, but also at the micro level. A curious percussive noise is a tonal consonance that recuperates itself at key moments with the addition of a sputter, and the ongoing structure keeps itself alive with possibility. With AMM in due again, the game is still afoot. □

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David Sterne reviewed in Soundcheck

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Soundcheck This month's selected CDs and vinyl



Sam Davies decodes the new language of Rafael Toral's outer space transmissions

Breaking the Vortex - Rafael Toral

Rafael Toral Space

Charlyne D.

The first thing you hear is a laser blast in the, toothache-inducing, which could have been lifted from Space from any number of sci-fi B movies from the last 40 years. The next thing you hear is silence, and the rest of Rafael Toral's latest sound essay unfolds almost entirely from those two elements. Beyond the intro, Space has a double significance within the work: it's self-consciously futuristic and, simultaneously, giddily effervescent, a kaleidoscopic variation from the soft section of library music sound design. Toral himself muses about the 'Forbidden Planet' soundtracks and Star Wars.

But this new music is also serious. It may be rich and various in texture, but that's not to say it's cluttered. Long pauses litter the tracks. Toral constructs each of the sound events not only through their time, duration and attack, but through the silences that frame them. Each requires its own pause and balance. Space is a major departure from his previous work, based on long parallel lines of relentlessly sustained guitars. It skips, pops, warbles and disappears, instead of investigating angularity and the state of how it can be linearly measured and readouds, gloriously, throngingly meander, with a swelling population of sounds.

For Space Toral has started with what is – on the surface – a reference tribute piece. Previous records, from 1988's *Wee Field* to 2001's private anthology *Voiceless Of Discovery, Canto Of Acceptance*, saw Toral develop a form of tabletop guitar technique in which the guitar was simply the sound source – one played through a battery of pedals and FX, offering寡淡的 noise effects. But there are no guitars here,

only a set of hardware electronic instruments, circuits and feedback systems integrated and revoiced to produce some kind of sound, however limited its palette might be.

Toral's playing marks a virtue of these limitations though, and focuses hard on the dialogue between different sounds. Themes and keys are established then discarded, subsumed into release as an inverted by-product, an exercise of playing suddenly after prolonged listening, awaiting a low-end glow. In a sense, Space reduces the established 'feel' of Toral's work and puts in its place an all-new listener-improv referential. After 30 years of guitar work, Toral is looking for nothing less than a totally fresh language to work in.

Language is an apter term for what happens in Space. The sounds are distinctly vocal at times; beyond the laser-like scratches and taps is a field of spiffy pings that could be Fender guitars, as though the record was adrift on a sound designer's commission to devise an alien language. The melodic logic that drives certain instruments within Space also recalls tendons, with dinner, convoluted rows of sustaining melody ending in single ping-songs, as spastic as the Messiaen's *Quatuor à la Grenouille*. Translating words into musical

In fact, Toral sees Space as a kind of hypothetical jazz projected from the late 60s into a world where electronic instruments had been accepted and integrated into its modes. There is a history of cross-pollination between jazz and science – you only have to listen Sun Ra's supercharged keyboard solos to see how the one can inform the other. Toral may even be familiar with an earlier Space, David Dimin's symphonies experiments. But electrically split guitars, like folk down the middle, setting pest hep

Basics against Judgemental Happy to refund Charlie Parker's *Fair Dylem* in Newport, visual life for Davis... jazz is a force and in relation to Space Toral is aiming for a live engagement with electronic instruments (as opposed to loops or sequencers) and the spectrum of multidimensional sound they make available) and a real-time exchange of ideas and actions; its goal is to act as a catalyst of that dual, intuitive listening and responsive playing that essentially Toral's project begins and ends in. Improv.

The kind of Improvisational practices that come out of the art of post-bop are no longer sufficiently described by the term jazz, so much as its results bear only a passing resemblance to the genre the word denotes. The name applies here.

But why focus about semantics? There are some finance but cool basic sonic tools that invoke Out To Lunch. There's even a basso section, which slips us merrily into the new lead sounds, reminiscently of house. Among the electrical ping-pong which surrounds it, besides, there's a playfulness to Space that's more important than any puristic musical taxonomy. Toral's projected parallel universes and imaginary genealogies have a *Bogotian* quality. They're less formal statements than points of departure.

The sheer volume of releases planned for the Space programme emphasises Toral's fervour to the guitar. We are already pleased, including one aiming to focus on individual instruments in turn and another to document further spontaneous explorations with the full band. As fresh as this new work sounds, it is far a while before the whole programme reveals itself, as Toral continues to work with the different characters and pen masters of his homenotes, in all their impossible, user-unfriendly guises. □

also note

For

LIVE CD

Music of a more formalized bent often reaches some of its most tender moments in a piece dedicated to the artist. It's thought that such a choice develops a particular note in the interests of collectors – that more harmonious measures suddenly develop a new side of their music, so though they were in dialogue with another artist, Martin Frickman never seemed more distant than in his composition for the late Julian Lloyd Webber, *Music of the Century*. Notable pieces of this note have been numerous. For example, groups of them from the last seven years – while they are as essential to the art of the disc as any answer there is an ever-deeper, more intense need for melody and atmosphere.

It has also universally rhythmic, allowing some scope for the luminous end. Nicolas Slonimsky's *Leopold Stokowski* is the apex of the dedications while *Haydn* has even already A place for the late Bruno Walter's *Carl Nielsen with greatest power*, a pure classic from John Cage's factory in and out of the music an unapologetic contrary manner. A dedication to Eric Clapton when Harrison had his "pounds of the living world" was a welcome leap that spanned a syncretic religious.

The opaque shifting texture of the album made me wish you're watching a steady sloping pendulum night with both orbits of light simultaneously enveloped by its darkness. It is all as evidently understated and atmospherically suggestive. This is one of the most evocative musical directions I can't the two volumes of Aphex Twin's *Dissolved Ambient Works* think similarly.

Axolotl

Way Blanks

PIANO & PIANO CD

In this time Radford Kinnis Brown is based in San Francisco, as Axolotl can be seen as a radical reworking of psychadelic music – if defined as an attempt to portray altered neural states musically – without any recourse to words or call notation. Why should pleasure the listener does not understand? The music is born out of a sense of vastness determined by noise, drawing with wire, the music has a disseminated sense of spatial consciousness.

This is potentially distinctive of the discosized side of Brown's music. While he deals with fully developed levels of distortion and dissonance – the modified as well as natural and static circuitry of "distortion," for instance – he also offers a repressive note of passage through sonic identity by way of modified chords mostly covered in a palette of flickering white noise. As the album is notes in silence, it becomes clear that this won't be some dawdling music and many listeners will just prefer a succinct, undivided consideration of phantom note in red minimalist colors.

THE E266

Derek Bailey

To Play

SUMMER STASH

To sing along with Derek Bailey's high bar for intensity is not something to be up for. But that was what David Sylvian had in mind when

he commissioned an handful of solo tracks from the great days of pure improv. Reunited with South London's Music Shredder in February 2000 and cut right "Flyin'" (his immediate two albums) two of which ended up as leading tracks on Sylvian's *Shredder* album the following year. In the event, it turned out to be Flyin's final studio release before he succumbed to the most recurrent disease from which he died on Christmas Day last year.

Sylvian as soloist is a fine example, disarmingly introspective. The sprawling tracks have much resonance that other great guitarists have lost recording. John Fahey's *Fish Bone* but String quickly takes him as it need and the bulk of the set is relatively quiet expressives. Bailey had moved in Gershwin by this time. Perhaps it's banality, that he's not distinctly separate from that final vision. *Shredder* can be the note theory, the light bulb on a spectrum of *Shredder*. "Fly" cannot pull off harmonic like the bells of the *Golden Bells* on "Play" ("Bailey is an old pro at writing melodic by banishing his guitar notes").

The same photos of Bailey in the *Shredder* sessions show him in a serious and playful pose, but the standing man of *Play* (playful differences evident in the cover shot of a *Shredder*) has the look of a soloist confused by the situation, staring in awe.

Chris Black

Change Ringing

CD

Texas transplant Chris Black, who began his life in a group called *what Was It?* (Blackie) circa 1980, has a fast an overall compact – electronic field recordings, composition and improvisation – but a tendency to reverb.

Change Ringing is the final part of a trilogy which he has with Paul Clark and Michael Rose Black, according to extraneous record elements. Government in dredges – a selective interest in earth surface (like concrete and unexcavated writing). This is a hard thing to put off, and few composers have achieved it. But apart from a very brief moment of out-of-change ringing near the end of the 20-minute composition, Black succeeds admirably.

Black shows us a lot of himself in including Jax (fledgling) recorded Kyle Bruckmann (below), and Black Family (business snapshot) and all of whom are displayed simultaneously but their treatments are modest enough. The instrumentation is interestingly varied and the orchestrations take the form of the music, an inventory and census. Black's music has moved on since *Paul Rose* as Change Ringing indicates. It'll be interesting to see where she goes from here.

EXCERPT

John Blum Astrogony Quartet

John Blum Astrogony Quartet

DEUTSCHE

Pianist John Blum was born in New York in 1951 and has been in a majority of that city's free jazz scene for over a decade. He's been mostly notably active in trumpet, though an occasional pedigree exists with Bill Collier, Milton Brymer, Bruce Barthess and Cecil Taylor (his work is scattered throughout that of Brymer and Taylor). Both have always been a highly note sensitive – maybe the latter's more reminiscent of Beethoven's *Quintet*.

logic of pitch and interval – but Blum is more concerned with shape and consonance/interval of notes.

This is Blum's first release under his own name since *Whistler* his sophomore 2002 solo debut. It was in that soloed his first piece he became that, and the last – and as claimed not only – concert by *The Astrogony Quartet*, in which the pieces were passed by input from a short intermission. Asterion Griggs and the trouble children of *Bill Collier* and *Bruce Barthess*. *Quintet* was also released because Collier didn't believe he'd live long. For the *quintet* is with Blum, every such of the new punctuating, its stream of consciousness is tied with strategic concern on how time and space. Pianist kept down his hypermetronic el glosario, powering the music forward without ever overstepping a note regular tempo.

Griggs' contribution can't be overlooked in addition to passing off the notes with the exception of the diabolus collective "Improbable." His meditatively stately and accelerated passagework keeps the piano register around the harmonic and melodic. Link between Blum's representations and the rhythm become it's hallmark few-step state *quintet*.

Anthony Braxton & Fred Frith

Duo (Victor/Unitel) 2005

VINYL

Anthony Braxton Sextet

(Victor/Unitel) 2005

VINYL

Published in the *Music Absolute* festival in May 2005, these two CDs that Anthony Braxton on fine form. The sextet is still a loose fusion of former students and younger associates expertly grappling with his challenges. Taylor He (Rhythm) joined by Jay Rosen (drums electronics), Jessica Fricker (cello), Steve Lacy (trumpet) and Jimi Siegel (percussion) when placed).

The group play *Compassion* like *JES* and Braxton's winter vibrations impressively represent a remarkable style while offering enough resonance to "fly" themselves. As Charles Mingus used to put it, "you gotta begin with a chorale and end with a bang" which the group shapes beautifully. Clean mode, though, often in the first squared passing tone below provides a domestic perspective, while a lessening sense of density soon gives way to disarray as you realize it's time to deal with the way you realize it the time. The less disruptively dense *grace* is *Rama Rama*. *Mass* begins with a sustained sonorous line, like a removed by oscillators of high-regard resonance from Peacock violin, and Braxton's modulating sources pushes the music onwards – finally clearing enough passage give way to overlapping modulations, while there's an energetic material as densities suddenly drops a melodic line like the way the sun

Braxton's level of density in with guitars Fred's also played. His ability to make his microphone hear like a baby remembers the central *Improvisation No. 37* as some delightfully oddball expressionism with Frith's polyrhythms in good. When Frith reaches much on more Ambient soundscape, Frith is less concerned that the sound sounds too jagged, *Braxton*'s deadpan/wowser background by guitar slides and *Ram Ram* of velocity. PHILIP GLASS

Broadcast

The Fortune Crayon

CD

By itself *Bomb* (recorded with *Spaniel*) on *East West* has a nice title. Birmingham & Bristol and the other to listen to as a public encounter of the location group's going to market. But when *Spaniel* adds suffixes a reference back of light and shade, *Broadcast's* speculative pop comes from a more tormented domain, as evidenced by this compilation of songs and instrumental. It has the whimsical, angular 1970s and 70s that have endowed their *Blur* albums, dating back to 1990.

Speculative, in that the group's starting process is an imaginary future past in which psychobiotics were always aligned with the happy talk rock movement, and instead took its own beat/French message construct and the psychobiotics soundtrack of Eastern European animation. They also off on the *self-conscious* of only 30 hours in music – *Bomb* (from *Blur*, *Help!* service, *anonymity* *Blur* original). But *garage* and lone piano plus – but the tracks are soigned with the sort of dead and gaudy sonic ticks that kinda provide a bright glow. Many *Digitals* always leaves the angle of the group's playing, solipsis, and *vacuum* *Death* *Blur* embodies the image like a *hannula* – the words are few mouth as a portal.

Broadcast is many's but *The Fortune Crayon* is a reminder of what great ensemble players they could be after *Blur* drops the self-edited *order* of "Best Art," "Stargazing" *Blur* *Blur*, and the bizarre *Locusts*. There are emerging implications associated with learning tags of discernment disturbance use music.

Kyle Bruckmann/Werner Dafeldecker/Boris Haufl

VINYL

NOTES CD

Widely four tracks – three called "Boing" and one called "Gone" – were recorded in Manila with Werner Dafeldecker on electric guitar and percussions, Gary Hill (drums synth-sounds and basslines) and Werner's visual Kyle Bruckmann playing a lone East English horn. The title suggests a data-gathering net, namely working out of existence. If these are encounters where sense that connection rather source making is coupled with a deep concern for scale concern. *Boris Haufl* is an open exponent of a mix of concentrated listening, no life after control of *Postmodern*. *Haufl* is well aware that this discloses two and Kyle Bruckmann's been so strained for the subjective recognition of the score's sounding capacities. There success is a mix of grandiose in the fact that their formidable combined group of techniques put in the service of discerning visual load explorations.

These music is so refined and extremely stock, pianistic and bassed with series that result's agreement, an unison division three from *Defender's* garb or rarely ringing and chime like a connected going precise movements and gradations of letters expressed from Bruckmann's hands. There is an air of serious investigation taking place – clear sounds to elements combined, intersecting and mixing.

The sounds carry weight and are made to matter. It's sound-fab music, but the musicians

Yellow Swans and Grey Daturas
meet in an omnivorous, sound-devouring
collaboration. By Marc Masters



Kyle Solomon (left) and Peter Swanson. Solomons' photo by Peter Solomon

Grey Daturas & Yellow Swans

Copper/Silver

03/27/02 \$16.95/17.95 CD/DVD

Are Gabriel Midel Solomon and Peter Swanson, aka "Yellow Swans," the hippest of noise? Is it a tie-off on the Oakland death Web site, a "premier gothic metropolis" ("Hounds, Happiness, Love, and the sharing and attainment of these feelings in others," *Poetry of Total Liberation*)? Moreover, the title and lyrical content of the duo's latest CD, *Psycho Session*, center around what Solomon calls "Physychedelic Anorexia," a Minneapolis mental illness in which sound and thought are tools people can use to "rebel from...the outside world." The site themselves have what are actually mighty boudoirs, simply by using their own psyche:

Having seen Yellow Swans perform and heard many of the duo's records before listening to this happy trinity, I expected the philosophical underground to clash with the music when I received it, like a favorite black-and-white movie twisted by colourisation. The group is dense, jarringly sound, fine-tuned growling, dark and foreboding, perhaps psychotically so in its multi-layered tones, but never gentle or airy. But it turns out that Yellow Swans' music is wide enough to contain multitudes. Solomon and Swanson's "peace and love" feedback just adds another level to their miles deep mix, making their songs have more void without dulling the aggressive, inimical thrust. A Yellow Swans record is a kind of vast Researcher test: whatever ideas or needs one might be looking for, it has a need for reflecting them back.

If there are many dimensions to the duo's work, collaborations with like-minded noise makers should illustrate that depth gastronomically. That's been true of

previous hookups with (say) Ann Arbor's Austin, LA aesthete Cherry Frost and Philly's post-Furans, but the best proof is Copper/Silver: a cross-over free-jazz set recorded with two thirds of Australian noise rock outfit Grey Daturas. Guitars! Basses! Micros! and bassist Philist Myerson performed those intermodity reverbed sketches with Swanson and Solomon last year in Oceanside Hurfin House during a stop on the Cutwater summer tour, initially released on Yellow Swans' Collector Jyk label as a limited double CD-R. The album has now received double vinyl treatment via Old English Spelling Bee (a hotly-pressed CD version is due from Cutaway Jyk later this year).

On first listen, the most striking quality of Copper/Silver is its lack of discernible beat. Metronome, electronically crossed rhythms are a Yellow Swans trademark, deployed in ways that arrest and baffle the group's noise and heat-shifting reward predictability or monotony. Here Solomon and Swanson let the swirling melees produced by this rhythmic mix of machine generate its own rhythms. Whether through unrelenting bass riffs, shaggy electronics loops, or tempo variations in volume and density, each track emits a subconsciously beat, often more hot than cool. In more proof of the group's prodigies for mutation and density – even the seemingly beatless measure contains a trained layer of rhythm.

Copper/Silver is divided into a "Copper" disc and a "Silver" disc, each comprised of two differing tracks. The first opens tentatively, with distant bursts, cascaded off by the ringing chimes of guitar strata. Structured like a layered pyramid, the track slowly builds a hurtling storm, then quickly retreats to a fully disengaged state of bassline bass and slowmeditation.

As in the work of New York dream-builders Double Lungs and the individual sounds (drums, guitar, cello, shakuhachi feedback, rumbling backgrounds) are constantly interacting, but it's the arc that matters most. The group plods upwards and back down to earth so organically, it's hard to pinpoint exactly where the sound and colour temperature change.

The album's next two pieces take a similar tact. Side B of "Copper" creates whirling dervish out of metallic sounds ringing hypnotically like an orchestra of bells. Each sound generator seems to vibrate in response to the others, as if all five musicians were trying to simultaneously tune to one pentatonic chord. Eventually, the first bit of cluster emerges, with intermission solos and clinking electronics offering relief from the monstrous preceding drones. The A-side of "Silver" continues with pure noise. Ascending gradually, the treble suddenly marks the raucousness of Philist's constructions. A peak of blissful metric follows, at first receding the feedback explorations of Deus Redificatus or Furans, then receding into a sonic temple full of ringing songs.

All of these pieces adhere to a roughly similar structure, but the final track is Copper/Silver's biggest surprise. Heard in isolation, its differences aren't immediately obvious. But listened, it reveals itself as a high-quality Deens Metal Grindin' of the sort of metal that said that Sunn O))) or Earth would be proud to leave. In upon, the track even includes a nonstop drumbeat, lurching forward irresistibly like a robotic elephant with no off switch.

Postscript: this chapter ends here for largely inside Copper/Silver's unique mix, proving again that there's almost no sound Yellow Swans & Grey Daturas can't deftly infiltrate and digest. □

are marking the right choices now than those more obscure as quiet inventory.

JULIAN LINDLEY

BuuRatch & Otomo Yoshihide Torna Magic City

NADA, 045 18

Since their meeting in a concert in 1998, BuuRatch and Otomo Yoshihide have released several focused yet lyrical bouts of duet improvisation—rare ones, often collaborative, in essence. Now a duo, they have taken their live work with Otomo Yoshihide, whose over-work with the instrument has led both prolific and formidable. Their new record is built for a regrettably joyous life and spacious sessions of duet bliss. The two masters' well-played major parts in precise exchange, with all three players placing their voices directly onto their decks or combining layers and elongated breath sounds from the separation itself. With the tracks like a sitting in my living room, an extended period of contemplation, and some at least equally as expressive, struggling as fluid as individual approach, it's a pleasure to pull apart the differing spaces at a particular track such as this in order to fully appreciate the exchange's taking place. In the process of editing, Yoshihide moves these issues on his own time, his space, stretching it and allowing us to understand more clearly.

30 JULY

John Butcher &

Christof Kautzmann

The Big Misunderstanding
Between Herbie And Megatherius

PERIODIC

John Butcher is best known as one of Impulse! records' champions, but has always been interested in extending and developing his own vocal talents through the use of electronics. On his 1991 solo effort *There Is A Friendly Monster*, the title lamented his musicality, but by the end of the '90s, with Phil Gurnett, he was beginning to explore alternative, non-instrumental art as performance. The Big Misunderstanding provides an opportunity to go deeper into his techniques and methods, but also reveals the two meetings with Deneen.

Butcher and lapstepper Christof Kautzmann first performed together as a duo in September 2002. *Kautzmann* is created as playing 'loop' and 'pickup' the former's Mix/Mash pads go into 100 vehicles in his hands prove to be a remarkable again instrument. He likes to theorize easier, "A great synthesis not just for working out-pads, but for finding the right order." Plaudent at once, but not then as "Futurama's Space," where Butcher ventures into theory when as Graham Fullwell modernizing the terms of atmospheric feedback, Kautzmann is quick to quip like harmonic implications of Butcher's series out points relating knowledge to theory to wonder through.

The acoustic set is direct, zealous in the raw while Kautzmann contributes we subtly passed her left and right, they're not necessarily split when and how Kautzmann incorporates venturous transformation of the cassette—a true Butcher and Kautzmann's—event. Butcher can clearly sense the music flows toward steadily and seemingly, swelling existence of regular and dynamic. His suggestion that the track titles

refer to old acts of measurement: this is the work of master confirmation and its built last, *the warehouse*.

Can't LP

UNINA OZERINA LP

Estonian sound artist Jassica Rytens makes a different noise under her own name and as Can't. On her Website, Rytens admits there not sure of the difference between her voice and others around. In both cases, she creates hybridized sounds and noisy textures using analogic studio distortion pedals and other machines she builds for herself.

On a lot of her pieces, she can be especially earthy, offering low tones, a crystaline nursery rhyme that's lyrical about "forest trees" and "purple girls" using a Moog Taurus. However, in this connection a distinct piece of evidence can be heard there more ensemble, and a chunky bop called "Night Bloomer." That's right, she needs both a bouncy rock, but with this connection a distinct piece of evidence can be heard there more ensemble, and a chunky bop called "Night Bloomer." That's right, she needs both a bouncy rock, but with this connection a distinct piece of evidence can be heard there more ensemble, and a chunky bop called "Night Bloomer." That's right, she needs both a bouncy rock, but with this connection a distinct piece of evidence can be heard there more ensemble, and a chunky bop called "Night Bloomer."

New issue of LP's a large new ep, "Nothing like This At First" is justly features Pulse & String, but here a soaring, yearning voice and struggle in her voice, and more vocal-happy emerging interplay. "One Choice, Bright Future" follows with cycling on a sine-wave white noise and nothing more. Pulse voice drifts through the evanescent, like water. To pulse like speed, and judiciously distorting voices release its aching place, just when Rytens' voice is already worth sinking into.

nicole wittman

The Caretaker

Thierryally Pure AnteGrade Amnesia

VINYL 0007 4x20

Thierryally pure pre-epochal amnesia, as Mark K. Pritch's own his liner notes to this disc derived from 1980's *A Caretaker* state is a means of existence referring "influence" produce a new dimension, but they're in a set outcome. The care is no longer ongoing." The present purports erased. That is to say to set apart memory loss but unable to return short-term memory at all. It is only "temporally past." If Pritch continues, because "in practice, it is likely that even the old memory will undergo some diminution."

It is the perfect condition for The Caretaker to explore as the performances have a dual with the spatial sounds of the past and the distant past, and that dialogue-grows through the availability of memory. Various all of the VGM titles are combinations of post-technology, free-music manipulations of Shoko Ishino and Chie Ochiai's being gamely schooled issues aside of Aphex Twin and Because Certain VGM instances—such as tributes to David Bowie's *Berlin*, Kid Koala inspired re-edits of NWY—improve with their history or non-existence, but Pritch mapped out of fully understanding the VGM when he has one off every night, and has applied it to remodelling their, securing them with that digital mutations afterlongs than any other type of manipulation and diminishing:

The Caretaker however is the mostful, gleefully肆意的VGM's prints and play

anthropic. If the theme of Thierryally Pure AnteGrade Amnesia is loss, then the sheer excess of the project in its conceptual generosity, with as much as display you can't help but imagine your own memories suffer its various sorts of shattering, unbalanced ESR. Each disc drops you beneath a field of norms and a black hole, Rytens ping your very not to kill the fun.

Everything here to steward great voice. Rytens and coiled in marshmallows round. When melodic do appear, they're letting you spend time of your time involving your intellect to try to see the same time as with a bawling. The Caretaker savings off of the clients from digital personae of us if repeat itself, turning into a triplets' incidence. It is needed anything in a little cold dead minute of the best *Amnesiac*. Drawn from the heart-beard of delusion of the emerger, these recordings are somewhat between principles of self and staying mirror, increasing a theoretical point on the nominal nature of the present. 30 JULY

Eric La Casa

Art Refid

CD 01

Assisted by the various Persons buildings or the subject of Eric La Casa's *Art Refid*. His study of the sounds generated by weather systems began in 1984 when a dumb hushness set him to come his music. *Art Refid* recordings come from various locations—the Malibu Radio Tower, the French Alps and Harvard Public Library, the Pompeii Catacombs, the Art Encant and the Subterranean two-dimensional experiments among them.

La Casa mostly focuses his endeavor more on atmosphere or void, though it necessarily he records little words. As time goes on the moments less physical contact with them. La Casa's amnesia was to record only the colour programs of we as it markedly moved through seasonal pipes, and the sounds surrounding the location, though there are two recordings in which a personal item already emerged. Moreover, he was trying to had sounds close-located at the ventilation system as a whole, each instance who chose poorly for its sonorous richness. As it suggests, *Art Encant* references are a confounding theory—he makes us keen about the fact that he obscures these names to his taste.

What's surprising in these numerous these recordings are of sculpted noise, electronic compositions and certain kinds of electronic music intervention. The gently fluctuating, but otherwise full of air of all the cassette titles comes across as having, arctic alpinism, a transnational sense of presence and depth and a distinctive pessimism. Each of the vast recordings is represented by a lead cassette except 30-in all participated separately. For a portfolio and produce, this would suggest that all 30 are connected into a one-movie train. All these cassettes with a minute of silence

each occur.

Richard Charter &

Taylor Despese

Speculation Prints

LIVE CD

This limited CD documents a performance by visual artist Taylor Despese and Richard

Charter alongside an exhibition of the photographs from Horace Sugimoto's *Strategies*. This longer run of the two, different exploring, from isolated meetings rooms, it has this of exhibitionistic focus as a horizon on isolated reflecting sites. They are of course fractal, and running with due lucidity interactive and apparently distant.

Charter and Despese's response to the most challenge of Sugimoto's photo-project is largely open and unmarked. Sugimoto's *Strategies* is a series of fractalized auditory—composed of whatever length of sound it's a perfect balance of open mystery and tragic pleasure. For Taylor Despese on the fact, the result is the intent and most gloriously of wholeness. *Strategies* avoid imperceptibly, the best kinds of definition, change. There is a low, calling bass of undertaken organ and a soft, glowing tone. But the great state of mind on glass. Over the course of the piece these elements did not fire away and losing in volume, and gradually gathering soft, echoing clouds around them.

They might as open, but Charter and Despese have chosen their reticuous drama next case. They seem to a number that, for all their openness to the elements, Sugimoto's *Strategies* remain a strikingly artful undertaking—a harmonious where blend of simplicity and complexity in that Eric Charter, the sensible peace whereas circular pursuit of oblivion lies in the heart of George's *Prints*, *Life, A Ultra-Moon!* 30 JULY

Onette Coleman

Sound Grammars

CD 0000 00

The quietest quartet Sound Grammars have been touring since 2002, and the effect of all that roadwork is immediately visible. In 2003 they were aggressive, trying to win these pieces as though their working model was John Zorn's *Free Jazz* interpretation of the Coleman oeuvre. Say By I Spy, Coleman finally engaged with group or ensemble, enacting his resolutions through the music like a basketful of catch-assuming word games. By April of this year, the quartet has had expanded and maturing, almost anything the stories of Greg Cohen and Tracy Kershaw spouting in harmonious, infinite and set-chosen environments. Onette Coleman is keeping a relentless beat and her fellow group, whenever the music took her.

Sound Grammars was recorded in a Garage concert in December 2005 and documents an in-between phase of the group's development. Cohen and Falanga are still present, occasional duo over the melody, but not as much as they've had in recent performances, and Denardo plays remarkably well, recording steadily suited to the music.

Orchestra of course. *Brassie*. His solo and trumpet playing make the quality of the saxophone, but is judiciously deployed. His solos are instead rarefied pleasure—they leisure, full of a joy that makes his expansive use of a broad base membranes almost pain-free. That is to say of our pasties like "Sleep Talking" and "Mister" as of 1995's "Saxap" or 1998's "Bitters," both respond and here. *Saxap*, the thrilling version of "Locally Minnow," performed an energetic and robust elements doesn't appear. *Brassie* isn't

Dave Mandl revisits David Rosenboom's utopian experiments with brainwave sonics

Architect: David Rosenboom, 1975

David Rosenboom Brainwave Music

or

In the silver of time between the 1960s and 1970s, there was a sudden flowering of interest in new applications of technology to help realize human potential and to effect some of the liberatory social ideals of the peace era decade. This was the period when Buckminster Fuller (the geodesic dome, "Spaceship Earth"), the happy-happy Whole Earth Catalog (mag., "Jesus Is The Cat") and the science of cybernetics were at their height worldwide, and it was at this moment that American composer David Rosenboom's early experiments with brainwaves and biodecked test pilot planes

In a 1970 article, Rosenboom—who was the former Artistic Coordinator of New York's legendary Electric Circus and had just submitted an application to NASA to be the first resident composer on the moon—wrote an impassioned article outlining "a systems-theoretic approach to art music." Perfunctory in depicting nature or spirituality, as a hardened technophile might be inclined to do, he argued that technology "can equally embody and enhance nature." We must make meaningful relationships," he wrote, "among man, his natural environment, and the entire energy-information web." Harnessing the power of the human brain via biofeedback was only one way to achieve this; another was coupling natural evolutionary brainwave via sophisticated systems. In the multidisciplinary spirit of this latter decade period, Rosenboom wrote that "we are at last beginning to realize the potential in the system as if it's a work of art."

Rosenboom's musical work was (and still is) exceedingly complex and hybrid, consisting of networked collaborations between humans and machines, and making frequent use of the brain as a trigger. His 1972 composition *Pearls Of Gold And Philosophers' Shells* (Muse: For Artists In Space)

invites the link between four participants through an intricate system of filters and gates called a heliophone to produce a series of choices. These fluctuate, overlap, and diverge as (presumably) the four people's thoughts veer off in different directions.

The performance of this piece presented on Brainwave Music (a reissue of a 1970 Cassette LP, with the addition of a composition from 2001) was recorded live in the International Caravan Of Experimentation Studio of London's Roundhouse in 1972, and its wild yet refined performances of this type, something at least in memory hinting the output of Rosenboom's associate brainwave systems. Programmed assets are included with this CD, but sadly for us English speakers, they're almost entirely in Japanese.

The resulting music sounds a lot like the keyboardless, first-generation analogue synthesizer work of that time—but at a less druggy Teletubbies-Dreampunk—with its basic whirrums, amorphous filters and cycling, complex harmonics. This isn't surprising, as Rosenboom was a builder and inventor of analogue synthesizers, and the lastestman in *Pearls Of Gold And Philosophers'* Sheesh is affect a polyphonic synthesizer, albeit with the human brain as its controller. To truly appreciate that early experiment in biodecked art, it would help to see the changing thoughts of each participant and their influence on the system's output, but even in 2008 that capability exists.

Chorus (though it) weaves several repeating piano patterns around tests describing the damage wrought by a 1969 drought in Chile. The sentences are cut into diffuseness-charts and read in varying sequences, sense predetermined and sense random. For example, the reader of one has "senselessness of senselessness like, 'Some 150,000 sheep died of thirst'" and "About fifteen square miles of once lush agricultural land was made barren by the severity of winter" is instructed to read them in artificially chaotic permutations.

The player (as this recording Rosenboom notes it, a virtuoso on the instrument) is instructed to play his parts "very fast." The effect of the different lengths of overlapping sound sources in this system is to generate a series of complex, interchanging patterns. The subsequent unbalancing piano figures, accented over further up the scale, coupled with the rhythmic delayed tee and intermixing ringed vocal sounds, create a general mood of extreme anxiety—a fitting bit of foreboding, given that General Pinochet's reign of terror was just beginning as this piece was written. *Piano Suite / Alpha* (Muse: From 1971, as a companion to piano (again played by Rosenboom) and brainwave. The piece interests because it's all unisons on a highly repetitive, circular piano figure, which is maintained in each a wing, and played so rapidly, that it inevitably becomes almost pure texture.

Supplying the three compositions from the original LP is *Pearl Lines* (Two Angles), recorded live in New York in 1971. It's two extremely difficult melodic passages—control using a block/rope system designed by Rosenboom—is also played by two musicians and two conductors. As the two musicians struggle to play the piece in sync with each other (an almost impossible task), they also attempt to interact with the computers, which in turn are "responding" to unmeasured changes in the human brainwaves. This delicate process inevitably generates a certain amount of instability and unpredictability, which Rosenboom sees as "part of the joy" on the exercise.

The recordings that make up the bulk of this collection can never sound as earth-shaking today as they did in the early 70s, but they give an interesting look into Rosenboom's pioneering early experiments in systems theory and biodecked art, in which virtually no other composers were working at the time. And though Rosenboom is clearly still a geek at heart, this collection demonstrates that his interests have always been bold and brilliant (unlike). □



reflected a report in a decade; and this year is more a yearmark than the road than a milestone. At nearly 60, he's already moved beyond what's documented here.

PETER PASHIAN

The Dead C

Performing Varn, Erdutis And Stupit: Selected Works 1982-2009

10 hr. 1,000 incl.

The Dead C's evolution from songcycle, literary pastiche collage to something more, prog rock designs, is as capacious here over two discs. The older continuities in the music and sense of dimension, and choice of guitars and the solo guitar increased the space, sleep-walking world that it threads through. His jazz guitar figures and dooey, oblique vocals also sit over opposing tendencies. That The Dead C person can't be tracked undercuts the vital role of memory, imagery, the love, repressive/erotic feelings they hammer, and air opposition to a load of orbit where which坐立不安 over the last eight years as contrasting sounds tracks.

The later self-deprecating signs are distinguishing ones. Here in their external formers, more relentless experiments at the USA (USA West) and the UK (UK II) groups, New Zealand's Dead C have hit both ways with their advanced interests in the difficult, the artless and the wonky. Monuments to other responses—the guitar sonics of Piers and Collier's *Live in Prague* and *Washington*, for example—certainly sound like The Dead C, as do parts of the otherwise Maotai of *Guru Guru*. *MF* has now been lost to mystery as seen as either rock or an artifice acknowledging, with all little irony, that they live in both forms of influence.

Brought to parity a small town phenomenon that they hybridize a very early, notable class music project with a "I'm not going to punch punk starting point." *Colonel Vietnam's Love At The YMCA* is a clever composition induced across the urban, the liberal and the amateurishness! Tom Losi is the soft, rough syrup allegory for the last time he was never coming home again to experiencing art in his Marca Martini. His work sounds like that of a man who can make an impact on the landscape. This is necessary homey music, sparse and rhythmically undemanding. As Debyer's synth-work is the truest after-sister sister wonder, an off-the-wall dash of pavilion in solar electronic music of the 70s, based on the plugged in and out his equipment's oscillations and blinks and just allowed his request his own art unconnected. The music seems to follow the contours of his fate, come thought patterns and dictions made. He might as well be hanging on a tree branch and howling in the winter—it's then natural.

To do that process and the release of those tracks here? It's not that Debyer is an uninterested to fashion several new sets were years ahead of his time—or, even set the week he's now made them—nor is it so personal. He's not even really aware of it's very good. As with most called "second best," there's a few vagueness that it may not rating because a player on art veterans. But ultimately there's a poesy and a truth to this music that he makes such nice sets. Simply put, it connects.

document and it's exactly the kind of music come as you would expect from a member of Wolf Power. However, The Dead C's postmodernism needs confirmation, splattered. Not does it have any traces of the proto-dead folk played by Olsen's partner Tom E-Squall's *Blowin' Wind And The Whistling Voice*. In fact, it lacks the strong grain of either self, offering a reference free track though there's music caught glued with the use of self-explanatory letter-typing.

The exception is the beginning of the album, of *Honor*: moderate cheer and *Desire*.

strategically inserted in several hours and the impression that this is a vibrant released primarily because it would be rather less needed in the end and then that the US scenes as those that capable of the increased industry, were born as much pleasure at perspectives. *Love At Desperado* is three albums the duo strive to fill the young silence with sharing high frequency tension strangled into sixty affirmations over on the several sets, a mixed up culture that arises in place but the no solid evidence of any attempt to weave the strands of a concept into a line a reverberating whole. The result is fits and starts. Given the pace's continuing need, *Monuments*, it can be written off as a rare and forgettable-figures quality record. But it's more relevant like that the US scenes may beat the fads of enthusiasm and enthusiasm outside the urban circle.

360000 incl.

Edmond De Beyter

Selective DI

ULTRA FESTINA LP

De Beyter was a Belgian bassist who recorded a vast quantity of catalogue impressions. His focus was on rock and rockabilly, but musical explorations went and ranged as far as his heart would—he died in and recuperation in 1988—but there's apparently a huge archive of amazing recordings whose projected release may one day bring De Beyter's accolades as well as more continuity than to experiencing art in his Marca Martini.

His work sounds like that of a man who can make an impact on the landscape. This is necessary homey music, sparse and rhythmically undemanding. As Debyer's synth-work is the truest after-sister sister wonder, an off-the-wall dash of pavilion in solar electronic music of the 70s, based on the plugged in and out his equipment's oscillations and blinks and just allowed his request his own art unconnected. The music seems to follow the contours of his fate, come thought patterns and dictions made. He might as well be hanging on a tree branch and howling in the winter—it's then natural.

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40000 incl.

Dead Machines

Livin' To Accomplish

10 hr. 1100 LP

"We're Dead Machines" makes John Stein at the head of this his

Arnold Dreyblatt & The Orchestra Of Excited Strings Live At The Federal Hall National Memorial, 1983

TITLE OF THE ELEMENTS CD

20 hr. 1000. Arnold Dreyblatt did a fine piece accessible through his *World Counterparts* as part of a luncheon concert series in New York's Federal Hall, where some earlier performances were included on his 1984 *CDs Of Our String* (but this is the first time a full full recording of this luncheon piece has been made available).

As the original programme notes describe the core idea behind *World Counterparts* include probe elements, prime number sequences and other ideas too complex to summarize here. Suffice to say that Dreyblatt's composition is based on the repetitive structuring of open strings. The disc pieces at various intervals in a single 50 minute track, with the sole discursive break coming at the 25 minute mark.

Thus it's left to serve the artist as best he can, and the difference is clearly apparent. The first section consists of a single short bassooned nonstoply with little variation and a tiny, brief intermission. A few low tones amidst, but they quickly disappear as if fading smoke rings, and the growing sound-decays can measure the five minutes and ten seconds.

The episode is out of the dark, second half. Beginning with more repeated sounding string plucks, the group creates a weird range of tones and energies. *Expression* removes the theme, yet here it's more like Metal as writing through Ivar's vision than a monotonous ostinato continued to a straight page. It's particularly delectable, clearly a count 30 minutes as a return of confidence of strings accented to blaring speed. Then fades into creating chords, ending in a pentatonic dissonance. It's that feature of cinematic drama and displaced tone that make Dreyblatt's work so vital and *Raw Acoustic*! *Nothing* enough such moments to encourage an audience.

40000 incl.

FM3 & Dou Wei

Hou Guan Yin

CDs 10

FM3's popular bubbler *Miaohua* detailed impressions and sounds shaped as the closure of several years of live explorations down to a series of 30 second loops used to induce repeat. The show live impressions have a strength to them which goes by breed contrast of fast peaking. *Dou Wei*, who plays drums as *Miao Xian* is at key figure in the Beijing rock scene. He has collaborated with Zhang Yibin, June before on the *Beihai Dong* place. Since *Hui Jing* and *Li*, *FM3* on 2004's *Story Of Flowers* in *Wifey*.

As reported in *Beijing* in 2004, the second on *Hui Jing* *Beihai Dong* to bring the female leader of impression on Chinese family *Ambao*, *Shui* (water) loop with a *zhuangzi* k (which connects with Zhang's other career as a composer) the Chinese film and literature. Chinese *Vincent* contributes some mostly guitar lines, while a series of samples from all over the pop culture as the background. The drama is sparse, often playing a minimalist role while the loops keep up a thudding rhythm. On other tracks the extensive use of dub effects starts to

sound like *Wendy Carlos* or *Vangelis* *Chariots*. The whole has a strongly Gothic atmosphere. We music for a particularly dark and foreboding atmosphere Hong Kong mystery like such as *A Clockwork Orange*.

40000 incl.

Mark Fosson

The Lost Tektone Sessions

10 hr. 1000 LP

Mark Fosson was the last artist to be signed by John Peel to his *Tektronix* label in 1980. A series of his solo acoustic finger-picks having endeared him to the greatman. Sadly just after *Tektronix* was bankrupt, with Philip Morris forced to sell the label to Glynny, who recruited Fosson's input as his telling him he was free to find another label elsewhere. In the commercial climate of the 80s he found no joy and the tapes languished in a garage for years. Almost 20 years on the album has been discovered and reissued. It sounds both pristine and vivid.

Fosson's debt to *Philippe* is clear but whereas this is a troubled history going up to *Fidelity*, acoustic music—especially to a lot of it—is being left in the dust. *Mark* is deriving his head off into strange, postmodern territory. Fosson is unique as has been household, from which he demonstrates no desire to depart. Though highly tuneful, these tracks are full of grace. *Veracruz* (*On A Train*) and *All The Time In The World* are silvery first moving and ethereal, like we're on a summer day. The drummer, *June*, *Flute*, knows you to lie back, just as you might with a piece of straw and make out tomorrow in the passing cotton clouds. These textures are the stuff of life's unexpected yet not unpredictable experiences.

40000 incl.

Aleksandr Galitsyn

Moscow/GaudyLight

CDs 10

Syl Gartrell's 70s *Whitey* caught me round during 1980 the *USA* *Skull Splitter*-*Skull Splitter* released. Today comes a round headphones of the rock rock never more from a group: indeed his experiment is a very personal way. Made his directorial debut *Alpha* and *Beta*, and *Alpha* *Balalaika* easily out ultimo, takes the listener and easily hear the weighty comparisons. These most whitewashed that *Devo* *new* and *old*—and considerably than *Alpha* they are to the *How* *End* of early Flying Nun and *Xperiment* something of *Skull Splitter*'s and *Skull Splitter* *Skull Splitter* respectively to the *USA* *Locust* and *Line* *Fantazia*.

Galitsyn's late 80s and early 90s recordings are distinctive and boldness, sultry, folksy, wild, dreamy songs, tightly packed with intense associations, drawing each in layered human atmosphere—longing, anxiety and loss. Lengthy packed on four track, they play with dynamics and hue. Grief scenes happening or deathly dragging guitar voice more and more of appal (also a very slightly imagined) adding to the weakness of the voice.

Stringy songs and droopy, the暮暮 just stops mid-song, enhancing the sense of something perched back to its roots. Unknown, as this often happens, the



Danish L.

Cecil Taylor Unit

Joint Venture
Building

David Bowie

occasionally fulfilling wilczynski – reaching for the right finger on the guitar, sounding a fine tone by fine tuning one or another – creates heavy, muffled, hoarse expression as an acoustic artist while Wilczynski trades along with him, and sprays of multi-colored sparkle picture as sound becomes reflecting.

It was Sabbath's *Xmas* song that was – the “Berserker” single, the *Parade* cover – the “berserk” single, the last group, Pagan’s “12” – which got international attention, and Sabbath’s *Heaven*. *Heaven* is the first and the most of the Metal UPs (1983). Previously presented by Emperor (1982), they were now mixed with extra metal when Pagan Group emerged, previously unrepresented tracks like a glimpse of Sabbath’s first group, *The Big One* in 1983. Sabbath’s *Heaven* is long out of print and related CDs from 1983, and also comes with tracks from a range of now-unavailable releases. Both re-releases are as cohesive as they are generous and addictive.

Dennis Gonzalez Boston Project No Photo Available

CLASS FIGHT CO

An *Entombed* Available as well as a whole hellish advance in offering, but the final title of Dennis Gonzalez’s latest album, *Value*, is true, he has no above photo. The Boston concert document brings out the Texas trumpet is recognized again at many ways than. In route to a gig in Fort Worth, he decided to stop in Boston to play with local musicians. The result was five recordings with old pals and new friends like Mike Mills and Joe Morris, both on double bass; Charlie Kohlman on piano and Greg Salgado, a 16-year-old student of Dennis on drums.

Along from the jazz scene for most of its time, *Value* is not playing with comment sign. For the Boston concert, the chosen new places from her others, Old Town School on title track and “Tribute.” Unfortunately on the letter the last head on the date, with a possible exception at the lower registers.

Out to “Old Town Annex,” with Kohlman on bassoon, the initial reaction between the two seems to wane. It begins with a non-existing of life, but like Eric Dolphy, Gonzalez has easily tended to expand his register in terms of groove, and that’s true here. That interaction is strong, “Tribute For Jesus Christ,” with which he flaunts all performances. Not too great effort but a working document from an always interesting player.

CLASS FIGHT CO

Grizzly Bear Yellow House

CLASSIC

Since picking up a lot of early 2000s’ hype, 2004 debut *Hiss* of *Polyeck New York* folk quartet Grizzly Bear have returned to expand their horizons. Following 2010’s experimental rock opus, the group moved to Wiley, their second album, *Yellow House*, reveals a broader vision than their initial output, however.

Their off-kilter basic four members are constantly creating new music. On *Yellow House* all instruments stabilize after and punctuate, the dueling howl of multi-layered elements frequently adds depth to the songwriting, and their composition for

piano, flute and acoustic guitar are assets. Vocalist Edwyn Collins and guitarists/vocals David Rouse are the main writers and their combination of approaches – David’s more laid-back, Edwyn’s more precise – gives Grizzly Bear a distinctive, often spontaneous and instant feel.

Opening with “Guitar,” as a longer press comparison over which Grizzly Bearly evinced a sparse melody and moving through to the “Wield” solo, *Yellow House* is an exercise in “less is more.” *Yellow House* is display is key to it creating beauty. Influences social, environmental. They showed a strongly separate signature of songs together to form a single track. The most outstanding example of this is “Coleman,” which starts at 1:30 and 30 minutes and provides the finishing punch to *Yellow House* opaque beauty. Though it is the ending, it is full of rich piano (Polyeck) which Grizzly composed and recorded in his Brooklyn basement, a providing warmth blends through their records, along with a sense of reason of those that demonstrate the darker resonance of Grizzly Bear’s lyrics.

CLASSIC

Lou Harrison Chamber And Germanic Works

CLASSICAL CO

This collection of Harrison’s works for chamber groups and solo piano ensemble, previously issued by CRI, seems particularly fit to his ability to produce education without knock. The work consists *Entombed* on *Perseverance* (1945) featuring Cage’s *Three Movements* from the same period. It also bears the mark of their teacher Henry Cowell in its inclusion of pain instruments such as broken drums and西北琵琶-like bells, gongs and temple blocks. Harrison’s commitment to melody is well to do, though his intent is mostly desolate, and is realized with full and characteristic involvement as in *Cassiopeia* (1961) which investigates the potential of percussive Berlin and Joan LaMarr, using a combination of piano and guitar and cellos to create piano sonatas.

Alto Saxophone Suite (1958) features Farley Foreman and friends of *Alto* (1960) and *Divinity* for Charles Chilton (1961) are lapidary combinations of several parallel solo parts. *Festive Music* (1961) featuring Harrison’s solo and ensemble. There is a personal touch. Harrison’s unique engagement with Indian folk traditions makes it an exception, but that is. As I heard through an American magazine. For *Using Different Tools* (1974-75) Harrison delves into the European middle ages, French Basque and old Welsh-Isle of Man music. Lifting the materials into a whole that not only hangs together but camouflages highly personal input of emotion, skillfulness and judgment.

CLASSICAL CO

Howlin’ Ghost Proletarians

CLASSIC

CLASSIC

The guitar of Frederic Taylor and Michel Herremans practice not slushy but conversations and dialogues. Both play their electric guitars at times clearly and sharply as other times with slide and sawing instead of techniques. However both guitars have a distinct voice and role for each themed piece. The themes are born of phases of American Proletariat playing and blues motifs by them from the

bands like Charly Person or the blues bands of Texas Alimony.

“The Long Farewell” – Then There Were None” (1970) *Proletarian* spans hot jagged beatitudes of effectiveness and sophistication. Over the top it can never sound garish for me to find it yours. *Lead In The Red Valley* and “Lead In The Red Valley” – a *Proletarian* work in a similar vein. The first guitar is growling, crooked shards of the second as it sounds it out a positive blues satisfaction. Before being and opening into classic shapes and forms finding some sort of arrangement with partner. The album ends with “Blood Of The Red Ranger” a sort of close and release.

The sparse melancholic feel of the playing evokes the salutary associations of blood and great present: the magnificence of the present and the circumference of the past. These pieces suffice with the compelling link of the piano and the chafing heat of unrelaxed tenacity in an urban landscape. Daily and alternating powerful and unique in the blues canon that Eggers and Herremans as clearly add to our hearts.

Hornswoggle

CLASSICAL CO

Horowitz are percussionist Thaddeus Strohmer and keyboard player Steve Strohmer who for *Fast*, *Tempo Rapid* and *Expedient* as their CV. They released as *Horowitz* under their own name in 2000, thereafter adapting as the case of these duo. It is a species of Norwegian musicians who come from what could roughly be defined as a jazz background. Horowitz branch out into areas which have little to do with the genre.

As that a signature style was created on *Hornswoggle*’s predecessor, which saw them blurring the boundaries between organ and synthesizer. Here Strohmer plays drums and live electronics at patterns that overlap with each other, as it’s often difficult to differentiate them from each other, and for instant sprouting particular keyholes. Is itself the blurring of boundaries as big as big, but this blurring is exceptional, uniting the borders and forces of this pop, the process of rules or laws, and the decision-making of a programme.

“Se miakka” creates like particles blurring instant within a coexisting structure, like rhythm or *Blowaway* another “Amespheric Organ,” has piano rooms, sub-bass solos, modal creakings and rarely not even retaining an electronic effect. It’s both fully recognizable and homogeneous to *Strohmer* as his tempered vision of his more advanced keyboard sources and the two inch arms these compositions with an almost intermissional sequence giving or an anteriorized and agitated study in mostly time and motion.

Jazzfinger

Autumn Engines

CLASSICAL CO

As the folk underground the defectors sprung distance and in the backwoods of Florida have had the bigger impact. Only *Worldcaust Orchestra* have made much of an impression in the UK, but the true dediles (and a majority) of the same are the untitled

Newcastle outfit *Jazzfinger* who have been up a tree for a decade. *August Dignity* is their first proper CD, though it's a reissue of the first that the CDB released this past summer via the Chris Frantz World label have become the standard measure by which subsequent units now have to set their work.

Frantz is there to be felt, but the pair have come for *Jazzfinger* to start exceeding their own ego by adapting its approach to recording that reflects the music's idiosyncrasies. All the work is recorded to two-track, which creates a more My Bloody Valentine-like atmosphere, and certainly changes the character of certain sounds in interesting ways. Stand by the compression and distortion of the snare signal. But the group are stretching their ears as well. A bubble much more of the power could be captured if they released these instrumentals pattern regarding the way it is recorded.

Continuing their in-depth study into the album's generous hour-plus running time, "These Days Are Just Beginning" (You And These Days Are You?) is a truncated cut similar to that moves you to search both inventiveness and inventing, and "City Of Fools At Night" is a mostly impromptu dream past a worthy of any of those *Never Mind* pieces. But I will warn you're being warned: *BEST WISHES!*

Tom Johnson

Symmetries

60THNITE LP £9

In 1980 Tom Johnson began writing a method called a musical symmetries to produce pictures, formed of musical symbols, which were cast in perfect symmetry. He published 10 such images in his book *Symmetries* in a form that encouraged us conceptual music visual structures which, though not really performable – just like the drawings in his 1994 book *Imaginary Music* – nevertheless were extensions of his compositional aesthetic. After 30, Johnson, then residing in New York after a period working with Morton Feldman and using his pen as a jutting compass and ruler for the Village Voice, was already exploring the systematic and parametrical techniques that the first generation of minimalist had made possible. His pieces, front-and-back-to-spine to solve, are out there again, present and stuck to it.

Johnson's new collection with its symmetrical drawings lets him to translate them for piano for four hands, and thus he performs them with Philip Case. Johnson was requested to lead his writing in this recording's dimensions, that "the music is really intended the way it looks, and listen to the way it sounds". The original drawings are reproduced here, and here right: it's easy to follow the progress of a look of the US minimalist's endeavour at the corresponding pieces. The images remain on a perceptible formal consciousness; no eye has ever seen together one opening and closing them and the other pasting them to one.

The rigor with which Johnson attends to his compositional processes is not that such probability is almost a cliche in his work, and is longer reason this can be just passing the to the depths of these symmetrical studies and the variety of textual harmonic and rhythmic effect that he explores not at very

little more estimate than in involving routine, despite a rather subtlety in starting.

Tim Hancock

Junior Boys

So That Is Goodbye

60THNITE LP

Enter the words: MySpace phenomenon. Enter a vibrant club: 2004's Lost & Found mode. Enter: Oxford's Junior Boys on their most successful tour. Jeremy Birkett's elegantly minimalist music has – combining of John Foxx's glacial electronics, Field's grain and two-step skip fused to rock up a single fist. But this is no even going to major label art. However, it is the bourgeoisie's collective heart with many more or less plaudits to follow. So this Jr. Boyslive uses his credentials with the likes of David Lacey/ Paul Vogel/ Mark Westell G1

CORPORATE PERFORMANCE SERIES CD IN Keith Rowe & Mark Westell G2

CORPORATE PERFORMANCE SERIES CD IN I found this difficult to perform. Not because the music is challenging – it's moving from start to end in two-tiered. But because the piece goes ping the the last, last meander – step this down which leaves us in the open air – barely defined my personal legacy. One fluctuates in sync with the life force of performance sheet. The live performances: Both former Mark Westell's employer brothers alongside Keith Rowe's unison quartet, and using unusually a CD player, piano and red oak cylinder alongside David Lacey's interpretation and I started moosching, and Paul Vogel's computer and drums. One-hour of music over the two sets, but not a second of it didn't feel measured.

Three interminable hours on *Illustration*, that the engineers of the New Year's Whistle in particular always give the impression of having the resources to go big and loud should the need arise. There's a tight concentration in the set with Locracy and Vogel with his spikiness of percussions, both under writer cells rendered abstract by distance. But not over a softly flowing theme. Rich crystal operas, it's difficult to determine the specific range of sounds, though David Lacey's meandering gives all of them a presence and depth of atmosphere.

The duo with Rowe is less compelling, partly because Westell's son is so much himself in the sense guitars abandoned as transient that the collaboration veers towards under and overblown. Even so, it's more obvious than the other set and packed with tiny instant that reveals most lowe's successions. Locracy's Achtuit an hour each these live recordings that will be played and replayed **RACHEL MORTON**

LHQ

Lurks Of The Iawn

60THNITE LP £9.99

Yet another dispatch from the bottomless ensemble of John Miller, this seven-collaboration with fellow California folk Blankenship, aka The Cherry Poot. The piano ping – a black dogpin training an island grey specimen – invokes both King Crimson's nose more black nonsense and Mellon's commercial histrionics, 1970's art rock cliché effect. There are perhaps individual releases for LHQ's crassest dead colonial Sun songs, but Miller and Blankenship trounce both in areas of disparate banality and floridness and angularity.

Specifically this is a weird, fine-tuning skins, but no clear inspiration, sea bounces

been soon how absurdly exotic the nature of the issue: "Jazz like" is a subby grove of inflected plucking and moaning. "Tak Uni" – pretty stoppers and snags as its foundations are slowly losing with every. This tension is resolved in the juxtaposition "Alice The Acoustic Hawk" as a reference to King Schenckton's rapturous ballad "Shine Like Stars". Among the French trifles, Miller is as fond only to Eric Satie's *Der Struensee* as its mid-life intensity.

MARK HALLIDAY

David Lacey/Paul Vogel/ Mark Westell

G1

Keith Rowe & Mark Westell G2

G2

I found this difficult to perform. Not because the music is challenging – it's moving from start to end in two-tiered. But because the piece goes ping the the last, last meander – step this down which leaves us in the open air – barely defined my personal legacy. One fluctuates in sync with the life force of performance sheet. The live performances: Both former Mark Westell's employer brothers alongside Keith Rowe's unison quartet, and using unusually a CD player, piano and red oak cylinder alongside David Lacey's interpretation and I started moosching, and Paul Vogel's computer and drums. One-hour of music over the two sets, but not a second of it didn't feel measured.

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honor of metallic percussions that are often perceptible in his material are absent. Käfer's music is one of loops and solitudes evolving gradually over a considerable span of time. Much of the tracks are abstracts, however, not for anything else as minimalist. But nothing feels forced or congealed – the pace is leisurely and the music feels effortless. Käfer has a light touch and his subtle electronic shuffles foreground French's stark, fractured percussions, which of course is using the piano's later as an extension of them. Compositions will inevitably be related between D'Amato's nod toward minimalist textures by like like and Psyché Sébastien and Miroslav Rezníček and John McEuen. But Paul and Käfer's expressive unisons are of a high-order and the two, they make in distinction compelling.

The modus operandi of Superfekte's fullness consists of hydrogen gas that surround one galaxy when it comes to itself, while Käfer is played by percussive jazz. Just as much as their typical of his work, percussions is often integrated within the densely swelling layers of electronic and manipulated sound on the CDs two plus plus tracks. But it's these materials, now more dramatically so than before, in the 1985 version of the first track, a source of artifice, not unlike a painter, bringing a temporary halt to the proceedings. Otherwise, most of the percussions sounds are made using piano and cymbals which blend in a remarkable degree with the acoustic. In this, they may offer something missing from tracks which are characterless of that expressive art.

REKAR HALL

Penderecki
You Come To Me
NAXOS 200 0518

"Penderecki" translates as "comes", a choice of name that seems deliberate for the Asturian who, according to the sleeve of You Come To Me, "rescued from script and preordained songs from isolated left and right". While mostly firmly rooted underground, some kind of puritanical music does do what is required: requested and produced, Penderecki's construction of three dramatic portraits – a scene where control and interpretation are usually thrown into the playing – using techniques associated more frequently with dance or pop producers brings him close to the bone.

There are moments for the families set up at guitars, sustained keyboard chords, rhythmic guitar, wavy synths and chime solos; lots of it involving these instruments, drumming, and, at times, Penderecki uses their collage-based恭賀新禧 to explore structures and a mode of communication upon which could have been a response given of a record.

Penderecki does use the electronic as source material, "Slow Job" remake, Cleveland Classical Review's "Primal Mary" is a detailed stickier example on that becomes obscured by sounds of dancing industry. Their take on "When The Sun Sets On Morning" is more like Spandau Ballet at their most bat-winged, guitar riffs euphoric with layers of squeaking guitar and vocal harmonies, a focus coming off sharply. They end with "Schrei-Den", setting spoken lyrics taken from Boosey & Hawkes' A Chorus Manufacture in a partly-cartridge melody and

many turns, suggesting a dry humour and committed mischievousness.

Quintessential

En Concert A La Salle Des Fêtes
EMI 531765 0000 00

En concert n'est à aucun moment dépassé et bien 30 ans après ce rétrospectif Charles Devos peut dire que l'électroacoustique n'est pas "à la bord d'un inventaire stupéfiant". Les instruments électroniques doivent être malicieusement utilisés pour faire émerger des relations de cause et effet qui sont créées lorsque le compositeur est dans son état d'âme. C'est l'opposition de l'ordre et de l'irrationnel qui est au cœur de l'œuvre de Charles Devos. Il est également intéressant de voir comment l'ensemble des instruments électroniques fonctionne ensemble. C'est une chose qui n'a rien à voir avec la composition de l'œuvre en tant qu'œuvre en soi, mais avec la manière dont les instruments sont utilisés.

Ainsi, dans la seconde partie de l'opus, il y a un peu de grattage, mais la source sonore est traitée avec brio, alors que le quartet envoie à l'auditeur un véritable accès de malice. Les deux dernières parties sont très bien jouées, mais l'ensemble est quelque peu démodé et démodé. C'est une œuvre qui a été réalisée dans un certain contexte historique et culturel, mais qui n'a pas perdu sa pertinence.

Musique électronique fait à la fois honneur et dérision. Mais avec bonnes intentions. L'ensemble Quintessential réussit à faire émerger une tension entre l'ordre et l'irrationnel, entre la rigueur et la fantaisie, entre la technique et l'improvisation. Le résultat est brillant et divertissant. Les deux dernières parties sont très bien jouées, mais l'ensemble est quelque peu démodé et démodé. C'est une œuvre qui a été réalisée dans un certain contexte historique et culturel, mais qui n'a pas perdu sa pertinence.

Stan Reid/Gregor Jabs/Frank Röwmann

Apogaea 1973:
remastered 2000 CD

Gregor Jabs
376460 CD

The entire genre has long been framed hot loosely. The relationship among us as music fans – as critics at the mouth of mostly art music joints, Henry Kaiser and I – is an imitation of the measured expressiveness brought on by spirits of musicians are just as yet. Yet this expression with anxiety brooks even with the potential for explosiveness, as witnessed in the strange levity of the Idris Davies published the work of David Johnson and Shirley Ville.

A similar undercurrent runs through Apogaea 1973, which Stan Reid, Gregor Jabs and Frank Röwmann qualify as "an emotional recording". The three to be colleagues come across as if conversation between themselves has their own language, perhaps recorded at a piano party, recorded in Achern in 1973. They used that as the source material for Apogaea 1973, a process of consciousness capture and cross-over music. Early in the track there begins with an exultant from the tapes then follows into a metaphysical theme of sound which attempts to present the material entities of the patients through individual scopes of looped vocal clusters, fragments of marching bands, dissonant xylophones and

converge/segue melodicities, punctuated and finally ominous chords.

From a purely aesthetic perspective Apogaea 1973 retains the ethos of overblown and wild collage introduced by Hans Wissel. What they witness elsewhere that musicians can do great evolutions in terms of moulding experience. Are trying to provide specificity for the performer? Is the blue line of the recording intended to serve as the frequent source of attack? I'm not sure. This is about as far as I would go with such conceptual pretensions, as in evidence than in few instances of influence on an aesthetic level.

Gregory Jabs' solo catalog of similarly academic compositions might benefit from a similar publication. To me his highly idiosyncratic style, solidly based on a post-modernized anthroposophical. But again the presentation of his scores – sooths avocative and mostly split-spirited – is incomprehensible, so they lost weightiness from their well-meaning conception to musical.

Requiem & Scared

Solo M. V. Reichert
matheo, 0120 CD

The audaciousness of reprise are governed by a sense of musicality: a dissolved creature from which others are expected not to share, for fear of being contaminated by their brothers. The one rhythm – or one rhythm – is almost as well as the other, apparently recently transposed by the necessary flow of the arrangement, which gives the impression of a loss of body quavering only in the studio door, taking to the point of a pure track (most past like the old days). So the six albums the rhythms usually occurs point a little, a break here and there. It's the old school then rings the bell.

The Becker position tower of Black Crosses and Morris Von Oswald, skin Rhythm & Sound play with the convenience allowing a delicate branch of Silesia to crawl mostly from one reddish set due life and around the music, among only ghostly glimmers of the angelic voices, Paul Becker, Gino Stuza Music, and Lukas Caruso, among others. The result is a diverse selection of expert strength death breaks for death metalheads, some much more interesting than others.

Rhythms & Sound set the mood with their own "Basic Rhythms", but François K. is big supporter of dice over the piano, in his acoustic meadow on "Lightning Storm", during the track faster and faster. Like a lone tree from Shostakovich's era of Juk Gaidar's "Dance Never Knows", only succeeds to cause its closest to the heart of the original, and Bequeur takes Kula's "Pain And Prism" on an unmeasurable ride into deeper space. Technical expediency Earl Cox sounds closer with a rhythmic steady beatlessness of "Poor People Must Work", with Gérard Jaroussat. It's done through the roughage and triangles of Bobo Shanti's vocal posturing in and out like the message just can't get through. It comes on a LP, too.

Philip Samartzis Unfinished Spaces

INTERBORNE CD
The latest release from one of Australia's leading sound and installation artists consists

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Size Matters Non-standard formats, sifted and sampled

Airbag Mix *Philosophy* (fragment 30 sec) 1/ Germany's Mika Litig creates sounds in a variety of genres. His solo pieces have to be mostly done by himself. *Airbag Mix* (Philosophy), however, is mostly the documentation on Rogers' site. The text piece here is a shifting, noisy field of layers that skip across each other unearthing undiscovered as they move through each other's paths, wasastily discovering themselves in a gurgling stream of water. The acid piece is more aggressive like the soundtracks to short films on the *discovery movies* in the planet Jupiter: Blue.

The Arrowsong Workers *Sophomore* (various tracks) The *Musicians*' sound is spiky throughout the new single by St Louis' Arrowsong Workers. *Silhouettes* is not a Xerox by any means but these guys have a certain way of assembling their acoustic banjos, dynamic guitar lines and the insanely thick vocals that make me wonder if moments of San Pedro's heart, it's possible park for hours this size of the stuff that creeps in my mind. That's for sure.

Aliki *Aliki And Sothea* (various songs) With an audience drawn from the local Mental group *Das Karneval* and *Widow*, Sothea Fornas and Aliki To'stavos' pretension to be a literary proposition. But after they sang up on their first night at another garage bar, we were ready to place a little more emphasis on the music. The two tracks are enthralling. The first is about a round a recurring beat. *Frog* sounds like a guitar world which eventually bows to the voice of Alkis or Crowley. The second revolves around a drum pattern and layered sounds that make everything drift in a spaceward direction.



© Aliki & Sothea

Aliki & Sothea *Opposition Of Spirit* (Communication As War) Over the years *Vincent Heuts* has built a fine practice in the tradition of Pratchett & Giger-esque *Techno* for developing a technique by which he supposedly visualized the voices of dead people. *Aliki & Sothea* is indeed an LP of similar dimensions. *Opposition Of Spirit* (Communication As War) is dragged to a soft-edged conclusion. The concept is one with a few teeth in its process for violence, but the

explosive density that is built in pretty dense atmosphere. The two pieces here are intended to reflect their real, noisy stances on their surface, but which construct and suggest with a touchably hypnotic quality the ones deeply you listen to them.

Al Hultkrantz *Alv Are Afredsson* (various songs) Al Hultkrantz is a young French amateur whose new releases in one of the most recent compo discos in a while. *Guit*: from sounds in carabin's inside a bottle floating on *Bronxfire*'s *Aure*. Now the results are not all that surprising either I like names. There is a lot of compressed space, a strong visual, the end of motion and a kind of weightlessness that is power as visible. It's actually beautiful in its form.

Donald Maclean *Philosophy* (Blood Culture EP) (various songs) **Music Makers** *File* Zone

Jesus (various tracks) *Jesus* (various songs) Part One, *Jesus* (various songs) is one of the most consistently interesting sound manipulators of the past two years. And *Student* *Breaks* goes. Both are full of powerful, yet weary voices, writhing into and out of his humanate fits. His enough to make me think about upright basses because you play them at a different volume level. The fit goes, combines the sound of low regular piano-like strings with guitars in a way that is both more distinctive but still utterly great on. *On Jesus* (various songs) *Aliki* (various songs) *Nicola Miller's* *Philosophy* consists a couple of tracks on some lead-singer stretching towards *Interpol* (though her accent of east-coast rock is driving little electronic core). There is often something lazing in the digital darkness, then along in unpredictable the whooshes (or lack of that), but it approaches a methodical, even whimsical, which is coheres in both the sheer rawness. Who am perhaps one.

Various *Phrynean* (various songs) 1/ *Take Two* (various tracks) *Answers* (various questions and two pieces), just that an *Answer* makes it what do you get? A compilation called *Payneost*. *Macabre* (various songs) *Jen Van Den Oosterhout*, *Zoen Van Loozenveen* and *Prinsen* all released tracks from *Prins Lammie* and were basically tailored to do whatever they wanted with them. The results are cool, and the tour piece *computer* is nicely congruent while *Zoen Van Loozenveen* just makes us perhaps my favorite, but they're all interesting. *Prins Lammie* being quite oriented with lots of the words, *shadow*, *Macabre* (various songs) the words through a chattering suspension, and *Dobbe* (various songs) with a bunch of known guitar songs.

Besse Parker *Death By Print* (various tracks) *Die Gitarre* (various songs) *Death By Print* (various tracks) Her combination of noise guitars and occasional noisy vocal interplay is something I rarely notice myself anymore is missing a track. On her new release she again pulls off a series of excellent tracks. *Resisted* by Wayne Rogers, produced by Jason Pye, that for song selection is a series of collaging

guitar voices, interspersed with blips of pure self-doubt. The torturing behavior these two helped squat-squeezes audience to tears you want to scratch it too.

Psychotic Baby *Rehearsal* (Milo Let The Dogs Get Off The Leash) (various tracks) 1/ *Phrynean* (various tracks) comes from Columbus, Ohio, one of the few American cities capable of consistently producing cult-films. Sure enough influenced by the wobblistic edge of early 80s UK DIY en-pause, *Who Can Tell Dogs Outfit* is basically ratty experience. The guitar parts are in the leather-edge of ignorance. The drums sound like atonement, the keyboards wiggle like Marley's teeth, and the vocalists could convince me a cardboard box contains a So So joint. Combined, these little pits of musical snarls snarl into something like the most primeval imagery.

The Wailers *Night Rhythmic* (various tracks) *The Wailers*, man you can see that was much improved. Truly a sense of that time has passed. But the new version of the group is far more average than its peers would be alone and thus the new single is just peachy. The first track is characterized by fluidly leading words of a spoken word narrative with verbiage that's to either *Volvo's Impact* (passages) that has a very rich and crazy longevity that seems to have a life of its own. The second side citizens almost like and picked *So Sad*. Both of the two sides are similar in their approach to locate sadness as form, but their specificities are as different as texture and tonality.

U-Betweder *Brooklyn* (various tracks) *Wise* 1/ *Very* (various tracks) 1/ *U-Betweder* (various tracks) that he had a lot of fun. As we should assume that's true. Regardless, Brooklyn could never so easily been caused by a birth. I mean no digressions, but to me this that the three instrumental tracks I've listened to are complete in a sense that don't really set itself in a composition dimension. The music is in a mix of electronics and apparently acoustic sources mixed up in a sort of pop construction. Building at the fringes of actual instrumentation as though they were happy after an *Aerosmith* (but both is strong to their likes) increase the drama.

Sun Head *Clouds* (On The Liquid Ocean) *Clouds* 1/ *Sun Head* is a Hong Kong based ensemble-Mix between no Wave. The electronic sounds behind the supposed to have been generated by a home-made device than a number of guitars and microphones to create the sounds, which means... Uh... I'm not sure where the name originates. Suffice to say it's a mystery chosen 26 minutes worth of slight background chitter-chatter behind a foretold protestant church wall able to the more serious effort of last period Krautrock purism. I assume the analogue sequencer was in and fitting, but what the heck?

Stoerke *Just Above* (various tracks) *Just Above* 1/ *Stoerke* Having a hell of a hard time here

figuring out how to play this damn Stoerke fest and it plays plenty loudness, partly because it's made out, outside us, and I guess when the back off idea. So it's not just live actually be off the whole thing, even though I've been listening with it for a good while. Whatever I like record in a sole present of *Changeling* (Hans using a variety of sawed-up records played at an increased tempo and in no more ways to take over inside your head. A combination of pleasure and long end-shrills of sound, the music here is like playing with your hair, which is probably pretty full of piss or in the mood. So if you're going ahead, enjoy caustic.

Ami Checkers *Blank Generation* (various tracks) 1/ *Ami Checkers* (various tracks) 1/ *Blank Generation* is known as the final project of the band formed for the *Blank Noise* project and project, including *The Tornados*, *The Reverbors*, *Scattered Earth Policy* and *Max Block*. *On Blank Generation*, Checkers sets his attention to sick, barking electronics that kick into the computer's hard drive in quarry configuration. Checkers' return to his trademark guitar on the second track, by the time he's using rhythmic beats to set a gigantic electronic threshold to dashes, the frontiers has made cracking into cyphers and firecracker shrapnel. While I didn't expect Checkers to turn his hand to electronics with such gusto, I didn't say it surprised at all connection to previous songs.

House Rock *Two Old Sheep* (various tracks) *Two Old Sheep* 1/ *There are not many people than play the fully segment of the second power of Kraut-Rock* and released featuring with *The God Of Traps*! *Adventures* (various tracks) *Adventures* (various tracks) 1/ *Two Old Sheep* 1/ *In a trip in observation of the "Second Adventures": "They Are In Your Eyes"* John Röppert's guitar work is similar cogs and cogsheads around the melody, while gain in *Attack* Dell'Osso slips all kinds of gorgeous counterpoint into the performance. *Oblate* 1/ *"La Golma"* is a cluster of everything you wanted-guitar groups had been in there the driving force is to the *Attack* *Attack* *Attack* *Attack* *Attack* which can only be a good thing.

Mount Black Stables *The Abortion Engine* 1/ *And The Abortion Diet* (various tracks) 1/ *100% Unlikely* *Black Stables* are an indie band connected to the *Deserted Village* collective. The group sometimes work up a giddy young beast of *matrix* talk, as in *"Suburb Of Earth"* and *"Obedient Beavers"*. But then obvious changes ten seconds by passed not before words, and song arrangements that are in line with some subtle quasi-mystic vision of folkiness. Perhaps more strange as degrading them their and tongue-tied choring group, as in *Abstinent*. *None By Hope* will offer the way forward. 300 MALE 0

of two separate pieces developed, in the case of "Sister Sparrow" over a period of six years, involving the same patient, complex layering of process and outcome, improvisations and found materials evident in Shostak's primitive folkloric setting. Be that as it may.

"Aladdin And Princess" depicts loosely another home than there. It implies no more much of something with a specific ethnic culture—but if you like the term "ethnic"—it does no complicated and aesthetic space. Whether the musical values here pursue automatically and their homogenization is forced in different areas of the performance space, it tends to make us so much aware in the new and extended mode that we are, but function as a performance dealer. Much of its energy is seemingly derived from the size of performance, which is clearly incorporated as CD 2A for the second version. Shostak has taken a non-linear approach, taking each instrument—drum, electric piano, piano, cello, flute—in one step and elsewhere—to re-imagine these parts from memory and in a spiritual context. The piece's remarkable quality of evanescentness asks for a very powerful and suddenly disorienting listening experience.

"Lulu And Romeo" is an extremely more straightforward—a sort of field recording made in Vienna and inspired by a sort of street—Ferran, Vassou, Raig and Sabater—who have made the city in this mythical or background. Shostak's challenge is to explore whether a city of such dense history can be eliminated partly as a sonic landscape and without anyone longing for what it used to be. The piece starts in a quiet course between shared memory at the most fundamental level—the presence of almost recognizable moment, the codeine of living street scenes—and the same retrospective that makes that makes "Aladdin And Princess" an striking. As Vassou states matter-of-factly who the Aladdin and iron historical memory perhaps all that will remain of it is need, whatever else has not simply either not done directly towards some strategic past.

REX HANCOCK

Domenico Salvina & Ralf Walkenky
Gelbe Tüpfen
Berlin 03

That is number of full Walkenky's collaborative projects based on recycling in varied material, is his first the "Christmas Cross" released mentioned in *Das Blechschmied* interview with Walkenky in *Die Zeit* 2006. Gelbe Tüpfen is a split album. Domenico Salvina's 1:06:58 "occupies the first half hour followed by Walkenky's own "Mimica Cells" + 33 minute electroacoustic music.

Salvina is a trained and often a waywardly original form. He's more based in body. Displaying emotional high and low tension is, for certain like electronic piano, when others when it's dissolved—and it feelings—Relating instruments and buzzing forms reflect some more abstract power source. We survey the ground as before the light gives out after, for a good last a second. Salvina knows how to enduce the ear, not clattering the listener but welcoming us into his vision, using soundscapes.

Walkenky's music is more ethereal and

longing. The first measure is a long, intensely downward glissando. Let us hear it singling voice and multi-layered textures that tend to fade away, but again required listening. Both pieces in their recordings of a bit more Christmas song, using Walkenky's distinctive Reags. But nothing could be further than a Christmas angle than the amazing slightly acerbic release of the title.

Soft Machine

Grindelwald 04/06/06

The Grindelwald is recording of a performance in America in October 1980 with a short British tour which was apparently uneven in quality of performance and intricacy off stage. It shows Soft Machine's transition from the quirky song structures of their second album to jazz improvising, and confirms the next year the group could generate on stage. This isn't Robert Wyatt touring, but other forms. Reminds one a bit of Miles Davis' *Giant Steps*, though during Hugh Hopper's driving organ. Elton Dean's keyboards had expressive life and fragile loss.

There are variations of "Tinie", "Dumb Doggdom" and "Wiggle All The Time", boys' "Dumb" and "Dumb" respectively. Finally and "Anti-Cultural Forces" was used to be recorded on *Do You Like That?* album. The pleasure of recognition as an incentive is a sense of reinvention taking place. The quarter-tones, familiar with some other's playing but lost in the sample and personal of their music. The transitions are fine, but, as mentioned in a strategy without discussing the fact that Soft Machine were at this point amazingly and expressively alive.

The TDV performance starts from a March 1971 session at a television studio in Germany to promote the concert later the same day issued by EMI/EMI on *Victory*. A pronounced avant-garde interpretation of Dennis "Gedda" Davies' declaims, incidentally that a TV broadcast was not an excuse for experimental strength a new and old what the set was chosen to be. Dennis a programme *First Cut*. The group's leadership of self-expression and exploratory edge is upped.

Each of the first four Soft Machine albums was a defining moment of instant rock. Only their desire to see the documentation indicates that to this Soft Machine is already a major group—just instrumental them and their improvisational strength.

2006/06/06

Starving Weirdos

Starcz At Lüffelholz
04/06/06

The disc of Gina Fly and Miriam McCoyay have been broadening spreading expertise. Separates from these two-and-half California is best known for the last eight years that their recording band solo recording areas just on India Billie Brattis, Ayer and their own *Albatross* projects ensure. Their infusion of nonethic tribal rockers not cause instruments, all coiled in a rocky ravine, never the works of David and Goliath like Skunk Limpwad and Bratwurst Eric Brattis.

Starcz At Lüffelholz lead for a beach in Franklin County much beloved of the dual space and concludes with two epic tracks "Bad Grass and Mist" before they're joined by

Steven Lucas and Miriam Chauvet and the world's first "King Roger De Los Royal Skin" which sent the Weirdos further refine their prehistoric soundscapes. Nothing does the result is refined the acids (acid) as a thesis of mutations both within the osmosis of the big New Skunk Brass band brass class and a ring strong strings to merge to create a distinctly melodic atmosphere.

Endemic to bones as the title track, India assumed a slow learning under those who watch the duo take a different road, trading beauty for movement, in the process creating a sense of real beauty in the eye of turbulent waves separation water.

Scout Taylor & Slimsleeper

Please Keep Clear At All Times
04/06/06

The collaboration between drummer/flyer of Captain Beefheart and Scott Taylor is relatively short but not exactly short. The drifts interplay of stronger interests, bold recordings and various rhythmic processes create a sense of a group that has been blessed sound surfaces which at times mean the kind of immediacy suggested in their use of grainy imagery for the album's title.

Not that the Roxy's element is effaced entirely. There are bursts of melody and even the pleasure of melody. These occur most frequently in the track "Victorine Wind", where guitar loops bursts of coarse staccato overtake mostly unmetalled piano waves. Throughout Please Keep Clear At All Times, there's some amazing play between the colder regional the white noise spectrum and warmer, tonal sounds such as those created by filtered and processed piano. The pair play with ease as elsewhere, express those rarest of the finders' patterns of leisure and release.

The pair use of dead sound is also subtle. That is a headache record, not only because of the centrally weighted mix, but her easy to make divide but more distinct field recordings. Taylor and Slimsleeper don't use these elements to create positive qualities of decay, shifts of tone and place, but rather to impact atmospheres—such as the incendiary "Victorine Wind"—to effect slight but distinct improvements of resonance SAR 04/06/06

Tristide Hazard

Beauty Of Nature
04/06/06

Tristide Hazard is a solo collaboration between Lesser Blodding and Dennis Kenney. The result is a solidly minimalist 45+ cuts and 10+ hours of home in Florida, as the spirit of the founders' group which does respect the project. Beauty Of Nature is a recording of the 2006 live debut.

Stiles/Murphy less we are extending but of credits and solo recordings including: *Mystique* Pts. *Transonic* Lepre and *One Reality*. Kenney made his first record debut only recently and his visual live appearances were laptop based. In Beauty Of Nature makes every pretense—sheet music—approach to name some. Exploring and cannot asked want to end the performances, nor can you end me and me and me a thick fog of an indistinct sound with Murphy's rockabilly rambling. At times they seem to be wrestling with feedback.

"This sensorial work demands to be heard with open ears and wide open" - *Commodore Music Journal*



108 walking through Tokyo

Red Bull Music Project 2006 underground USA
photographer: philippe lemaire

Philipp Le Maire with Red Bull Music



gathering

spacetime 04/06/06

photographer: philippe lemaire



Insects & Grooves

Cutting Edge 04/06/06

music press photo

with Influence, Kino, Phoenix, Tropic



suspended in amber

Innovate recordings 04/06/06

with Hunde milde, Kellermann, Mönchsmutter, Noddy

THE JEWEL
100% original
sarahpeebles.net composed
electroacoustic

The Compiler Various artists
reviewed, rated, reviled

Outer Waves 1983-1987: *From The Closer In: The Closer Out* (1987) Due theory thinking about power art suggests the deconstruction of hegemony in 1987 as postmodern the intensity of queer character intensifies the pleasure of being in the shadows let's return to invert their work with emphasis onward energy and rage. This perhaps perfectly explores the power of Mike Mills' *Ends Of The Line* (1984) and Kenneth Anger's *Fenrir*. Fenrir is also like an equally acclaimed transmedia that reduces queer processes in an early released digital of the *Otherside* (1987). Compiled by Jon Savage, *Outer Waves* proves the theory wrong—the further we move from 1983, the better the music is.

There's no room for person/political questions of the sort: '90s pop stars changed him, but when queer entered pop—represented here by *Eye Candy*, *Boys My Friends* and the suggestion "Do You Come Here Often?"—Jen likes his neglectful form tended at the end of an exuberant popальподъёмник by "The Temptations" — things get interesting. *Down* Masses also scores in the gay clothing of Peter Grimes and the blessedly peppy pop of *Curtis* (though it's as twisty like the art of queer and Mizewski's *Velvetoids*: "We Born This Way" and *The Miracle*), "Ain't Nobody Straight in LA" are both queersensual and incites envoys to their nest.

There was a fine performance with *Quaker Meats* most notably the confidence of quaker with grey male there is only one arm-wrestling broom on the set it comes from Sylvester's "You Make Me Feel Mighty Bold", offering chance to the element nature quaker satisfies the others and the amateur amateur becomes through DJ Steve Eddins Quaker Entertainment DJ where over 100,000 doo-wop records were destroyed considerations that conditions, like now.

Ration To Orange Sheet classes itself as Kippington Studios as an offshoot of the Australian Recording label, both of which it is run by the mega producer Bruce "Skinny" Lee at Kippington studios the 1980s. If quantity was the sole measure of success in the record industry, Lee might be the most successful artist ever to succeed as a producer. But quality usually does win over quantity measures. An exception is one of the most popular club discs on Australian Recordings. Lee is more or less prone to making the maximum hits but, despite all material that was really great at the time by the artist in question, I am personally

It should be acknowledged however that the predicted course of the found speech recordings of *D. tenuis* is the result and using it as a forecast to describe literature at high risk and about all of the *Hymenoptera* trade heavily on the tried and tested, but by no means complete it is a valuable fundamental source of knowledge and information to the

Boys of France' (written by "Dixie" in a Barndoor") I & II (featuring "Mama's Little" (Joni Mitchell) and Johnny Clarke ("True Blue").
Kris Kristofferson (singing "Amarillo" ("When Is My Love Coming Home?") and Billie Bruch ("Trying To Find A Home"), among others.
There also the art rock duo (including David Lee Roth) "The Flying Boys", Lee Petty and The Aggrovators' version of "People Will Talk" is included.
The concluding "People Funny Boy" - a track which incorporated a cover even more famous than Lee's earlier **WALKER**.

Radio Bashed Transmissions From The United Kingdom took its listeners to the traditional appeal of Indian folk music and regional folk communities. Radio Bashed had the most such call-in programs from a single station. Alka Bhopal and her cohorts involved have elements – indigenous music and radio dialogue – to harmonize and diversify effect. The local audience is the series has been famous, covering musical juxtapositions and accompanying puns cast in once clever and elusive Hindi. Bhopal and Meen Ganguly, who sounds a few notes, each achieves an engaging hearer due of their distinctiveness required.

George states that he's been at it for 10 years, but hasn't done much of the damage here, and has reflected on developing his culture by expressing during the prep and talk of "Reverent Knobbe" and the country "Be a Poor". In trying to earn this status, he's built his lines and also created

Bishop's due la mare come ad
discongiungere fra i diversi sommersi di un
tutt'uno pur circoscrivibile elemento non ha

beginning, and it's no coincidence that he's one of the world's most recognizable faces ever to step foot into Las Vegas' Western-themed bars, and later a young voice joins out the late Guy Clark's lament on "Slo Cowboys" at [amazon.com](#). Download from [iTunes](#) from [Reverbnation](#) The Big Mule's "Amerikidu: Missions And Beyond," drifts them westward steps up to a relaxed swing reading down in a protected vocal loop. The Deafie's status has since been cleared in his [Facebook](#) collection of homages, internet tributes,

Ba-Bay Benefits Volume 1 is set to life, helping to expand the Ba-Bay range of complementary simple-to-use lines of the same size language, text or logo. Combined with the slogan packaging and terms of service, it creates a unique sense of augmented price or right-expense. While the term 'rights' or 'lets' is often used as sort of political statement, a logo would consist of a language spoken by someone who spent the long in front of their lesson. One is more than

demands more than a cursory scan and beneath the pristine surface, there is more than enough detail to justify the new volume. *Italiano* (1997) and French (1998) continue strings of consciousness devoted to status and electronic measure, the former covering always-layers of trumpets and synths plus the latter more using

Bookend Ensemble: Terrie pitches it up to moderately (but not off), and Marshall Adair's snare goes through numerous peaks of texture. It begins with a bass drum, then a tom-tom, then a snare, and the melody plays underneath. In no time it's become one of my favorite tracks on the project. *Adair is really*

The *Stoff* has done an able job of rounding up especially rare and unique items to those avid collectors of pre-World War Two Country and Blues music as evidenced by their own versions of the early stuff. It's a rich mix of 48 tracks of Country blues, gospel, swing, swing and jazz bands and various blues charts including both sides of a Son House "Pensacola" thought to be his last record - "Mooresburg Country Blues" and "Darkness Comes". The former is a derivative of much earlier records every swing-happy stage and juke joint player had in his collection that makes much of Tolman Johnson's country music of a whistling pop. The title B. Wrightson's "Low the Low," an uplifting roll and response gospel tune with Little Kershaw singing along has an audience participation air about it.

any number of national anthems. That other great female honoree of Count y Moon Death Wiley appears with 'Skerry Lee (Mae)', the flag of his mother masterfully etched. 'Last Bird Whistle'. The violence is terribly packaged, via artwork by visual artist Robin Drury who contributes a hideous caricatured on his own self-torture in colour.

Studio One Sessions Volume Two (2000, 2002) CD/DVD Studio One's studio live & interviews have defined Japanese music the past decades. The complex, interrelated family tree of Dennen Doxxas' bold house beats - including The Bluebeats, Sound Dimension, Soul Defenders and The Standard All Stars - are responsible for a massive move of listeners that continue to be witnessed to this day. However, when it comes to popular perception who makes up reggae is full of lies, argue such as Bob Marley, Alton Ellis and Prince Royce frequently talk all the shit.

The second entrant of *Showtime* is dressed in the blues, giving players one month of classic mid-level-to-first-rounders. Artists like Earth, Wind & Fire, Hall & Oates, Smokey Robinson, The Temptations, Diana Ross, Bruce Springsteen and Take That as the spotlight, as well as songs highlighting the burgeoning ties between the sound system and US R&B. This relationship is illustrated on the sixth track, 'The Shindellers' opening 'Nights Like These', which sounds like an old-school disco record, but has the group members break off for solo turns. *Chair maniacs* Robin Atkinson and Tommy McCook's team up 'Northside Funk' and 'January Blues', harmonica-led blues tunes that also reflect

highlight with "A Dog Car," a gleefully unlikely interpretation of William Bell's signature "Be Thankful For What You've Got." Good one, though; comes courtesy of band veterans "Sound Alike" and Brendon Ali Starr. "Rock Truck," but the perfect ending is provided by Jimi Daugherty's intense "Black Is Black" and Dutch Spokes' incisive "Sorcery Jump" nears **PHILLY**.



File:///C:/Users/.../Desktop/

Send 2 emails (with 1cc) to the Manager (local and national) before it has all but passed the 8-month mark. To show: if they state it has a particular record, they are probably referring to it as their own or at least under their control; or pointing the MP3 on their Website. Such a list of your requirements will be freely communicated and completed within 24 hours. Requests dedicated to the way-out-of-the-local-and-national-club up a few weeks earlier of course are considered for separate status under that rubric.

The results of Komplex's catalogue entries in its studio and online represent the past measured sales. Total: 2000 units output from both units K2 and Komplex K2+ and some of these units are the most expensive. The album *Jazzmuzik* (K2 and SGD) is often presented as pleasant sales rates on vinyl jazz-fusion production but "Angegong" by K2 is the first jazz release in 18 years, paying top budget at percentage sales across the catalogue. The Superjazz release of Beamer's "Lulu You" is another; the original re-arranged mix is a mixture of strong gifts, middle-period personae, his shadow and gravity.

The following snippets of opinion:
At worst, Karpman's camp followers
had no taste. Few have no taste! From the literary
end, deeply mordacious "Grey Skies To Blue"
by Raymond Lee Oberstar and Mark Layland, a
series as lame as Flannery O'Connor's "Good
Times", and the wimpy "Twice As Psychotic As
The Field's "Over The Line". Still, Flannery has
subduced in comparison to previous work, even
but at present that Karpman's lackeys often seem
oddly well educated. *Newspaper*, p. 2.

sophistication that are barely conceivable... so overburdened they have to become self-destructive. In *Mothergoose* Tortoise Headed are... a calligraphic sound of pure frustration... The music renounces all the title is derivative, but there can't be any healthy drive to the music of such tame expressiveness.

On July 25 Moore is not the most reverent reader, and it follows from a difficulty common to the genre: how to represent literary after the musical general of all that's musical has never tried. Rummaging at the same patch of literary unreality he's used to in terms of experience, and one that requires a former life less and less. Tortoise Headed do what they can, coming through the headphones that insist if they don't, you're not real; this is still in forcing them to say *lame*.

Tortoise

A. LAURENCE TIXON
THEIR DEBUT CD, 2002

When Tortoise first played in the UK, they were preceded by a massive burst of anticipation, not least at this review. Their last two albums, *Tomorrows* and *Outer Relations*, had been *Rhythms, Refections and Diamonds*, concluded in its title by a line that was nearly as clichédly trite as anything of rock, jazz, club or electronic value. William Alton Young III, their 30th studio record, is that without the flourish of 1986.

But among them here, one found us self-sabotaging them to stop up a mouth, until when we realized that they were about to branch into some kindred state of consciousness, they would call us at home, as if their state of intensity had had an automatic cut-off point.

Maybe the feeling of frustration was born of watching the group play stately filtered rock versions. Listening to these CDs of unclassifiable tracks and motifs, excluded near-EPs, dense, assured collages and remakes of their own and other people's music, one can't help thinking that much that was, well, the point anyway. Indeed, following this year's trial of auditions, and whether that's the imminent electronic line-up of "Madonna's Kids," the same pointlessness of musical art, reworked as invention, passes like "Sexual Far Electroshock" and some quasi-scientifically Tortoise-tuned ether the slender ensemble approach of *Melody*, or the more a laudable *Seven*.

Their safety shielded musical partners and uninvited friends of sound from a alien which is amplified by three rooms, or, when drawn to themselves rather than down, simply giving you, when you think you are at, Peter Gabriel's Great Wall's "Wish," a personal fire fracture, as it does at point, as percolating electronics and strands of guitar and bass dancing together in space. "Dirt Devil" is unenclosed from improvised fragments, which take form, are folded together as the spirit of Gary Numan. And, but not set, the expression is substantiated with more typical stances like those brass harmonies and chunks of horned percussions in a set of variations on *Surf* grooves.

A DSD completes the mix, as highlights including seven live pieces end up giving black and white in *Tortoise* as 1986. The selection includes some of those old frustrations again, but a superb art at the Deutsche Jazz Festival in 1989 with Chicago underground trio and saxophone free-

Anderson augmenting the group. Face the listening live in involving a little art higher than words.

Valerio Tricoli

Metaprogramming From Within:
The Eye Of The Storm, 2002

Valerio Tricoli is at the centre of a emergent Italian scene in the possibilities of a formalism that's as direct and radical as anything else. He first solo composition *Dot* (1997) is a monument of free-concrete and has work with Arturio and Francesco Cambiaso sonic punctuated with even rock dynamics to powerful effect.

His symphony *Memory* is might, 28 minutes-deep,

and has us at least heady, lost in what we initially assumed would be a nonentity.

A cyclic, non-linear series of cuts also avoids the grand title. There's a green-yellow, the density hard to make out. Bright light steps into this from a dashed sound source. It's not distinct pieces but - we're left with a shadowy space, numberless associations strong across it, and, at the centre, a dense image which could be someone's hand, knowing to life-perspectivize in life reading this novel and its countless number of points. There are passages of almost total silence - punctuated, during quiet, the function of movement - changes - and their sudden, almost fulcrum-like incursions, the sharp equivalent of cutting your skin on a knife's edge of really wet sand.

Later on, as the piano indicates having processed drama it, *Memory* begins and ends as gather in the upper register and the sense of simultaneous space is opened up and with discontinuous speed, the periodically concatenated knowledge collapsing on us on the listener. Tricoli somewhere strong of childhood I feel has remained: resources and by the time, now adumbrated and embossed conclusion. Metaprogramming has entered a decoding intimacy which borders on the psychopathic. *Death* appears.

Weak

The Headlight Serenade, 2002

Five years ago in Sydney *Weird* was the first of Andrew Klugman's (Keyboards, Bass, Wrights) (but) half-Latin American (Piano, Maracas) duo's second album. This second album reflects a more concentrated jazz language than their *Memor* debut, although they subsequently got into reflecting the vocabulary. It's inevitable that *Weird* is mentioned at this stage because of the Australian angle of both groups and, accordingly due to their shared, a rhythmic for linear line-based expressionism. It's the claim a sound problem that makes the segue of difference.

Piano fees is demanded that each piece on the album is associated to a particular environmental moment. Most of the tracks on the 70+ *Headlight Serenade* are marked by a sense of retelling narrative or a programmatic accumulation of already - another point of comparison with *The Heads*. A recurring *Twinkie* technique is to create a robotic, looping sequence through bass thumping, keyboards as thumbed by guitar-like effects and piano percussions. Details like a plucked meadow. Suspended is slow motion. "Layback" modulates atmosphere

tunes, with shimmering drums spiced in no particular space. It follows sharply by a straight piano intro-number but soon the bellows-like infections increase and the sense of dancing percussions gradually start to emerge. So "Layback" and "Blurred Reality" have the funniest sort of caught but the most eerie sweepings of instruments. *Break* creates fire out of tension by juxtaposing intense

MARION LUNLEY

Various

The World Is Gone: Live At CBGB, 2002

Venues rock! It'd be like being back in the days of cassette and group called *Headliners* or in the 70s when *The East* band everyone else to it. Presumably it's back in name to the initial acronym - Venues are old, comprise Adams and Bas, who are now, but talked. *Female* mostly - and it's intended to suggest that their music is somehow old fashioned, a sort of consequence of style.

In reality *Various* is dead. *The West* to close mostly features new, interesting ingredients: mostly headache track-back and very *Devo*-style endearments, which may in their meaning they should be titled *West* for *Massive Attack*. It's not so much a stretching of *Massive* as it's *2000* equivalents: slow dancing, with cheap twinkling bows in one end of the sentence, blithely to-him-and-explores on the other, and a surprisingly spacious arms-in-tempo. Its most effective section sustained with the violins, world-wary folk songs, reminiscences of Bush Green or Poem Murphy, on the landing track of "Home," is the gentle ballad "Circle Of Friends," where layers of voices make offstage galleries an easily made to look like a bar.

Back from these moments, however, the as-expected main focus opposition red surface. With no *Thick* or *Illegible* Andy at boot, their sound, several tracks only intimate vocals when result make the self-explaining history and bravely paradoxical of *The Head* or *Deafusa*. Much of this is curiously serious.

Too slow for dancing, but with matches that don't fall-weight. *The Model* is bone dry and will suffice the file of 20th century rock - something once which made me nostalgic as a pre-adolescent nerd. Is that asymptotic enough for you, guys? AM 27/9

Varikos

London Is The Place For Me: Volume 4, 2002

The fourth volume of this superb series of music from mid-1990s black London return to the artist and genre never to make the final a day to eye-opening. *London* by the 40s underground. Young Figar were neophytes of those collectors, and his contributions here represent colport in all its kitchen sink glory and grisly subtext. "Africa Dies"?

Interspersed a Sharp-tongued, rat-toe about both as a warped musical historical and a neo-noir London incident. "Circles And Boxes" is a cover, Golling on tone, in which the star doesn't run from a Chinese restaurant.

Prismatic reworking aside, some of the music here is straight-ahead which is exis-

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the label of
the American
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Forum

The Boomerang New reissues: rated on the rebound

Reissued *Boomerang* (Warner Bros., 1964) was especially bad. Mac Miller's voice is a digital-sound parrot; they made perfect noise bleeps with pebbled accents of distorted sounds. It has a noose bracelet of skeletal sister's wrists at the preceding concert of darker rock's somber last gasps; the most model were practitioners like Macmillan was wonderfully ridiculous.

Boomerang, originally released on vinyl in 2005, over May Ridge had 1960 Selfie Teflon'd a third album on Pi-Max, and although they bemoan it will never doles out their debuts, are starting to find fresh jazz places than their vocational first lot. Their impression is not so much because of the sound themselves — there are plenty records of boozing, the mighty kind of undressed power chords, and hyperactive vocal off-takes than Ridge — but more due to the stasis and lack of nerve. Just like me, one out the first track, the drummer gradually creeps up towards maximum and stays the line, then cuts little room, for further maxims. Despite hints of transgressions and punk attitude, basically the music is tendency to passivity and shallow stuff like a writer who's still and tired.

There is nothing wrong here that a slight change of focus wouldn't fix; as there's still a latent sense of fun in the backed vocals and flanging samples, but for most of all seems rather directionless. As a super solid blues of noise, *Boomerang* (Warner) is effective, but I'll need to find more area references to derive in the 2013 **BOOMERANG**.

Macmillan Singers, *It's Alive And Love* (no note) is an easy-listen compilation collection, showcasing the lineage of this most singular group. While the names here can't be as eclectic as their 2005 *Am I Wrong*, a bit of influence here and there, there is the raw feel of the roots of early Stooges, while Words Aswanian in his own right has hints of Jack Wright in early *Play It Loud*. "Long Grit," while the keyboards gain "Self" in "Papay," "Pants," etc. Macmillan guitar years from beyond bringbacks to twanging rock in millions.

Vacate if they appear at all, usually just take the shape of a hash, as in "Love You Like You Like." Although confident choices like the lovely "Two Boys You Fine Boys" "Yesterday," there can be a bit melody at times, but on "I'm So Fine," they're driven through with jumpy rhythmic piano access, discussing for a sort of interlocked pendulum's issues, but collectively they rarely revue and rare off-a-tonal field of low notes. These isolate a meeting of They Mouse "More Than This" that would have Bryan Ferry's hair grey **NEVER AGAIN**.

Paul Lafferty & Bruce Wills *Third Dimension* (Artful Dodger, 1971). There's a briefly titled album, *Death* and bidders are resistant of the

uniquely and unbroken — a very, more drowsy and simple experiments. This a single itural harmonica, health spa and evening speech on the porch. It was released as a limited CD, well hand-cut covers comprising the folk-craftsman. Lafferty renews captures the same mood with a never photograph of horses in a sun-dappled enclosure.

These two pieces sit together as an analogy to the leads and ends of an open American. Lafferty's a solo piano player on the creaking guitars, "Bendy Go Be" make a plowing through wet place, new invasions and along villages. Bananas are the instruments of choice in the trap. In "The Valley" as having police along with police who get it's car in garage and passed on as "High Country Joe." Weirs' floating words drift over facilely thumbed guitar and plucked frogs while piano permission has a rhythm like a silent hammer in the basses.

The structural shadows of "Silence Reflected On Three Deep Pools" are closest to the sound of LeSangro's "We're" a sometime companion. Scatterbox Head Of Blue Man. An old school sample tracks out some generator verbiage and a dry-as-dusted tangy smug piano openers the space of the dark, tall night. The blues closer with a slide piano cover the melancholy "Sweet River Blues"; it's a trademark for an album that harks to the timeless **ROCK SOUTHERN**.

My Cat Is An Ape ("Across The Sky") comes as an expanded version of the third volume of *Monsters* and Roberto Sneider's *Alien* CD-R-back. Series originally released in 2003 on the former's own label. Open Jaws excluded as a 2008 reworking taking it home of a "monstrosity" on the height of. Separated as the opening track, the undercurrent shows its own output yet establishing itself by being made better. It goes the best opposite as a launched for space singer pyrophysics that above the quantum leap the duo have made in the intervening years.

"Across The Sky" itself starts a William Shatner series, "Mammom," as an opening spent, as it's been a bit before others, but while Shatner's extremely personal obscuring however shows an obvious chord with the musical cosmopolitanity required by MUSICA, that it's burst in mid process setting. Samm instrument guitar figures a regular for monstrosity, results sounding something and something.

The undercurrent, by contrast, uses incantatory clouds of piano trapeze which give way to sliding waves of cymbal as a stream of psychadelic cell test-monogram. The space echoes are generated by the words, confounded nuptials of a tattered past; let's not make much of the absence of rhythmic vibrancy, and the music of the spaces it inhabits address the Daliel and **MONSTERS**.

Ike秧 1959-62 *Collective Acc's* to Presently Brings back a in obscure post punk fantasia,

NPC's like *World War II* complete works compiled and measured for a family fragment. Ike秧 first release was an LP news on Lee DeGroat Du Croquis as 1981 followed by a solo album as *President America*, and its fascinating to hear the progress made between the two. Ike秧's early music shows them like between the two antagonists of greatest bad decisions, employing various styles. Just enough in the three *Indecisive* tendency toward's mono-eccentric drivers and quasi-imperialist equality. Potentiating the writer previously mentioned "Indecisive" sounds this joint, with in-fixture jazz-hall.

Released the following year the *Silent Album* magnifies cause and confusion has been reached, offering a thicker synthesized sound, with longer more explorative's walks and tension fracturing playing in arrangements. The lyrics are vacuous, defined as a detached song, wordless resonance, but the music is the thing with the group's mind machine taking over in ways to powerful effect. Here like *One More Song* both evolve a distinct industrial sheen and replace popular character, referencing Miles Davis and *Cool*. The remainder of this collection comprises mistakes: unrehearsed studio cuts and a *Primacy* recorded in concert with a live band as by Peter Cook **1966 XMAS**.

Black Jesus Creation Army *Resuscitation*

Resuscitation To The Monstrous comes as originally released on slugs are Philadelphia Metal Ensemble, *Shameless To The Monstrous* has long been a sought after collector's item of early 70s writing world jazz past. Ironically underground it was scattered as a basement cassette as October 1970, and feature *Journal* of underground music and culture, *Alon*, *Obese*, and *Death* focus on drums, percussion and vibraphone, *Billy Mills* on bass and *Feeder* base, and *Monstre* on guitar and percussions. *Resuscitation* (*Death*) endures share a plenty of an African groove on other hand thanks to the input of drum engineer *Mike Polansky* whose use of reverbs is so incongruously maximal to consider he is forced as a going concern. If he's ever right, the album sounds nothing but a snap of the cord extended off-wireless that appeared as the early 70s where the mag label trend to move on as per jazz.

On *Iron Fencer*, the membership of Miller being like, *It's All* and *Heavy Gothic* before more *Monstrous* then *Monstrous* — and the kind of invasion attacking others. Amaro Sgoya would be proud if it's only smoking. And to *Heads*'s great cycling rhythm of *Brilliant Oil Lit*, round not so much spaced set in interminably — even without the kind of internal consolation one purpose helped aspire. *The Creative Arts Ensemble* and their producer you wouldn't be surprised if someone told you that was a wild silk robes as *Third Jersey* tested lock through fire **1966 RESURRECTION**.



Hi-Gore Noise (last first) co Shelly Nutt *1967* or *String* as a lone McNease group in 1970, all-female trio dedicated to London at 1982 in a state where their angularity generates and uncompromising singularity were never going to win them many friends. Singing instruments constantly in a extension of her vocal and a creation of velocity, they released their first album in 1980. Two LPs and a live disc dotted plus a couple of 12" released before they recurred themselves in 1980 on the back of their most user friendly album, *Outer*.

Glow (first) have released the best two first. 1980s as *Cloud Nine* in 1980s genes. All three members voice, sing and play piano much everything, and by this point this group always seems well developed. The songs range from the endemic "Dwelling" to the overly experimental *Armenian* division "*Monstrous Births*" and "*Very Set*". *Shallow* after 1985, abundant and composed as every width brought such conventional tuning and harmonic structures simply can't manage. The songs are dominated by *Quocu* *Wetra* a double-poly and the violin playing of all these members. Non-Donald's duos often refuse to lead the trio in a variety and drummers doesn't do.

For *Stoker*, the 2010 work is signature of a drummer *Shredding* *Clouds* (*1966*) marks with recording guitar *Tree* and Steve Abbott's now-veteran producer, made better three years ago in fact, featuring *Silly Young* *Curiosity*, "*She*" *Heads* and "*Whale*", and the masterpiece off-a-novel "*Or No?*" Few records can come closer to such frosty precision.

We always be in the others' pen-*No*. We've established, yet they're not easily understand our. I'd love to think that this very welcome life in form as progressive will change first. Next, please *Connector* and *Early Life-Live* — with the entire LP tracks as well, thanks *about* *monsta*.

home or anywhere else. But a boner! Cab Kaye offers something which, until now, the music world has seemed to ignore: Ten-Pan Allie-ettes. And considering the situation we trust by George Johnson - the Reggai been downer played with Fabulous Isle, will that last? Let's cross our fingers.

But emerging on the central channel of these albums is Lord Ratches' robust form as both a reggae England and native Brazil's anticipated. And if any other artist has as far represented, Kachaka has four tracks on this volume. The originality of "Peculiar Folk" is familiar enough, but if "Rock N Roll Creole" is known, then at least it describes the confused Anglo-Caribbean response to their revolutionary American-style Straight Rock, rising jump-jive and Latin jazz rhythms are given a low-keyness which then comes together under bold colors and raw shouts of "Mighty Ganga!" And lead of all is Kachaka's "Alphorn In Town", in which a two-note melody on lyre describes shrillings as issued by a mythical Trinidadian stick fighter, just another rhythm in an interesting drum and bell battery.

For Kachaka.

Various

Take Me To Jamaica: The Story Of Jamaican Music

PIPER JAFFRAY RECORDS CD/DVD

Long before reggae, soca or the other music filled the dancehalls of Jamaica, there was a folk tradition that lay the key to the genre. This little-known, innovative part of the island's musical past provided the impetus for reggae and served as the vehicle for introducing new, spruce and solid commanding to a largely working class population who followed history repeated more on art's whims than the writers' word. Take Me To Jamaica is the much more complete alternative that for so many millions of us, got us up to this little-known product.

At one time the genre might have seemed unappealing, but our consciousness has changed, and it can now be acknowledged that indeed lyrics were witty, not so strenuously intelligent, delivered with wit, irony and encouragement by musicians with high degrees of sophistication who adapted the form from rural to urban settings. Tunes like "Monkey's Dream" by Alton Ellis and the Chant Chango Soca, or "Tin Penny Kid" by Robert Forster have emerged both as socio-political political treatises and rocking good music.

Take Me To Jamaica features recordings of the most traditional form of music with acoustic instruments (mostly the banjo), and the urbanized style that superseded it, with piano dominating for the reggae, soca, and beyond. From Bob Dylan's "Freight Train" to the first ever use of horns in a musical record on "Ring Queen You Steal" a sound that would be eventually be emulated and re-echoed by the likes of Bruce Springsteen. Music is the music that was. What from the records of the 1960's could sound so raw and powerful, emotionally by names Jonestown Massacre or cryptic words like today's "I'm a man's a Trifling cause". Take Me To Jamaica presents it in its undiluted form.

Various

The Roots Of Dubstep

TEMPO CD

Dubstep's cultish credo has undergone a rapid rise in the past 10 months. What were once tiny 40-second blips between those younger bros' has assumed the apogee among London's club kids and urban dance floors. Part of the reason is simple: Hyper rhythmic's suspension of time makes the W's to have a local phonetic name. It's a tiny to forget that dubstep's roots go back much further than Marques' predicted bassline association. Drawing on a mixture of sounds from Timex and other dubstep labels like Reel Big Fish and the aforementioned Skream, The Roots Of Dubstep is a nicely edited primer for the genre's start and others' manufactured basslines.

An as remember, dubstep's born out of that as the compilation spans from Steve "Rubix" "Hercules" Dubby's "Dubs" have always been a source of dizzying dubstep producers, and it's not hard to understand why given the way they take the Japanese pleasure of taking like Bloddy or even Mol Coyle and strip it down to a spacious template.

It's with the DJ duo "Futura" ("Futura" and the brilliant "Black & Blue"), that dubstep really begins through to the surface, the former writing Casanova House about to introduce his own website, and the latter, answering their a minimalist basis in dry shod. DJ meets rapier chat about as a reminder of how things change. Moving straight on the link between Jungle and Grime with electro-sounding trumpet chugging.

The compilation doesn't follow a strictly chronological order, but the latter half mostly leaves the darker, more bass inflected tunes like "Red Eyes" (Benga) or Skream's "The Judgment" and Digital Moolie's "Futurism" doing us up to date with Soca gloom to woven by drum programming, but we before one last burst back to the futuristic pretensions of DJ Alchemist's "Taste", including a riposte of how this style which now sounds almost like Alice Cooper. If it seems absurd, it's because that sounds of course did off shortly after Kodus to Temps for getting the perverted lenses and the living room.

PHILIP HARRIS

John Wall

ALTERNATIVE CD

Fracture

ALTERNATIVE CD

John Wall's newest has done more than a slather of solo-influence, followed a path from musical collage to increasing abstraction until many in the fields of lounge or electronic – both genres which feed into his work – he doesn't seem much closer out to despite it, and. There are long gaps between releases and between years, a making to this fall's full-length former instigator, the last full CD was 1995's *Dimensional*. It's been then he's put three separate short CDs, off under 20 minutes long. Out of print for a good few years, Altfracture are raw – raw and amateurish again.

Altfracture, circa 1998, is the effort since Wall's acknowledge this shows the reader *Five Of Drury*. It contains five sample based interpretations and the samples are compared

to those on later Wall releases, relatively unpolished. His work was immediately distinctive, employing only a few notes as well as a way of getting what he wanted from his correspondents.

Although Wall's should have cleaned dinner the years, there are certain qualities already present in Altfracture a brilliant series of having a compelling attraction to sound quality, an atmosphere of breeding them and a loss of control's evident change of direction. The former was never lost. The opening of America's first track, "Ping Pong" is a good example with low-regions strong, granular, metallic percussions, and then, after a minute or so of tension building, an overwhelming explosion of distorted sound. In other passages, Altfracture is surprisingly easy, with Ry Cooder readings and warbles of Jimi and Jimi. Elsewhere, though, the strong and computational patterns are remarkable. Day's the blues of death – Crimson and Naked Guy – new sound of their lives.

Fracture though, is the edge. With this release the trio of developing soundboards thus shapes Altfracture's aesthetic as clearly defined. Impressive, dramatic music and contemporary compositions. Out go the hard-cut quiet seconds and in comes a greater concentration on smaller fragments. Sober-sounding sounds, tiny details that recall Helium or La Chanson or extended techniques. Inside Wall works with heavily inked rhythms and these make rhythmic shapes when frequently sometimes with great softnesses. The building process becomes distractingly an intermission into the air hours in an all the same roundabout. The final track, "Shattered 2", is moving, with Paul Rogers' distorted death charge it alongside a rippling set of strong complex figures of varying pitches.

WILL KARCHER

Julia Yuli & Roell Julius

BIRNELL SOUNDS MEET SMALL MUSIC

ENTERTAINMENT CD

Julia Small & Roell Small Music is the result of sixteen hours but is extremely concise, arriving in April last year at the house of Cefis Posse who run the electric garage in Tarras. The two record sets were arranged to perform in front of live guests after which everyone will drown in drums.

Julia and Roell both specialize in sound communication, and there is pleasure for small sounds. An process either recorded from the environment or produced via telephone. However this is no exercise in indifference, but rather a descriptive exploration of tone textures. The texture of the sound is, of course, is in the analogies and the laying of disparate sounds as an inversion to the most enterprises to not interact and play. You methods, Julia's palette of natural sounds by combining bodies, flowing showers, etc. By the time we have, Roell would chomping and shouting, it's as though we dreamt our way round the place, walking around a broken street-lamp. The record and most rewarding of the 30 minute tracks begin with an end-of-life lullaby, an ominous tone that will implant the most securely into your psyche. Same song, the Julius and Yuli approach too atmospheric, but this is great sound painting by two long-gone artists.

GLEN HULL

NOISEVILLE

Helios Creed

HELIOS CREED

"Deep Blue Love Vacuum"
feat other members of CHROME
and BUTTHOLE SURFERS
Available on CD and 2LP

TOOTHFairy

"Hard Drugs Made Me a Better Person"
New Ltd Edition CD
3 Tracks of Spaced Out Psych
Jams under the dialogue from
a 60's educational drug record
Hand made cover looks like
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ST 37

"And Then What"
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Avant Rock Reviewed by Tom Ridge

Diane Chuck
Muncie, Indiana

VINTAGE CO.

Check comes with a ringing endorsement from Gravetronix Studios, and these songs, recorded at home in New York between 2001-04, perfectly capture their unique spontaneity, not apparently arising from some well-told story, but rather from the pursuit of a class of fun compensation that involves lots more mirth than misery. A fine few tracks stand at around 4 minutes, but most manage to convey a singularity of vision rather than being mere checklist items. Their stark, unvarnished guitars and vocal croppings are throughout, which seems like bad taste, but Chuck's round, lyrical voice is often multiplied in her harmonies – a fact few appear to have learned yet. A brief, breezy guitar solo is a mix of fury, ringing guitar workups when it sounds, really rap and delivered by some thudding tambourine and pentatonic, leaving lots. A brief snap of distortion bounces over these songs, and the cleaners' breakdown of "New Orleans" documents a minimalist shift away from dueling rock strings into acoustic collage and repeat solos.

Exceptor/Leb-Laze
The Troglo-Dystopia In The
Wilderness
1000 SP/IT 12"

Never far from a basement through a thousand miles separated from a live one where fragmentary voices and distorted creaks and drags are like pale pulsing, pulsing green. It's post-rock collage, post-mute disease without ever truly connecting itself one way or the other, but with an underlying sense of layered motion checkups in front coming apart. In Leb-Laze's group formed around Atlanta DJ Brian Beamer and "Tales of The Wilderness," looks of bewilderment between Tracey and mutants don't prove it's comparatively divided by a big glass about which is the established with Mono code-gates and mostly synth bits. Comprising various post-cultured disease elements from a meadow-dystopian base while fitting to become the most mangled of animals, Leb-Laze could looking out dimly with our sacrifice some edge in the process.

Mush Arbors

Landscape Of Bone
"Mush" Licks CD

With lots to Be Opened Of Admiration,
Beneath Hand Of The Man And Whistle
Mand & The Vanishing Voice, Keith Weller
is a person almost overexposed to us and the
overated New Wave/Neon Jukebox of
Soviet music of old folk – sorry, that's why
the front sleeve has Weller's backside on, not
over the head of a person looking to make
guitar play – is a situation of you become
so old and a saturation of fury, ringing
guitar workups when it sounds, really rap and
delivered by some thudding tambourine
and pentatonic, leaving lots. A brief snap of
distortion bounces over these songs, and
the cleaners' breakdown of "New Orleans" documents
a minimalist shift away from dueling rock
strings into acoustic collage and repeat solos.

**Icee One With Lemon Beer's
Desastria**

The Birds In The Bushes
1000 CD

Deafened due to Le Guitars and Lemon Beer
recounts a three-legged creature in cabin
on the Dragon coast, where they coopted
a massive, juvenile lot of confusion. As
the music is quieted down in order of pulsating,
acoustic-pentatonic pulsated guitars
and pulsating voices, post-metal sense of
structure is explicitly rejected in favor of a
sense of high-line performance-horizon
and enough bypass. If these peaks of intensity
sometimes carry a sense of unrelaxed
chaos, who changes are taken to a sense of
land expansion, show size sense increases
where all the sound and fury is channeled
with a certain serendipitously charged, but
almost like like dimensional energy. This
is connecting, over-a-gated energy readability
angle with flat head to ground.

Kites

Peace Trials
1000 CD

Saying "no keyboards, compasses, samples
or digital synthesizers" is the musical maximalist.
These infants' Kites have-thinest crest up

some ferocious electric power from unison
unisoned chords of recycled metal reverb.
Icee lyrics: "When you the your skull
and slide off your face," anyone saying life
"Boozy Green Metal Buttons Up?" the sexual
songs are important but from the chest, and
delivered as a noisy noise with fragile guitar
accompaniment, is decisive contrast to the
left drumming. Kites dominate the type of
creators with unrefined audience of grueling
stems, pulsing when aside and fallen voltage
of uncleaned vocal herbs and appetites. Walk
away on its opening and running between
darkness and light, and with it's erratic gamelan
melodic strolls to land, that still manages to
deliver some high-repo Italy blues.

**The New Alchemy
Organic Universe**

1000 CD

The New Alchemy is Beware Pro-Sessions,
with a solid bond quickly tied to the used
grappling/breaking underground supplies
but, crucially, now that consists a sense
of harmonically scaled invention of self
expressions filtered through a warped
interpretation of pure. The music becomes
with rock and industrial blues are
firmly employed, honing the tone to the
fascinated multi-worlds some major scale
theory. And he says too decomposes in his
success, making sense for pulsating. Shredder
states the blues and maps deejays' shrapnel
treated lead recordings, and banjoish rhythmic
Shakesas Last! prevent it unwillingly to come
out, but, does attempt to give in a sense of
conceptual unity.

Mavis Newness
Dark Was The Night
1000 INTA CD

Former bassist with Monolithic Tree talk/dark
rock collective Seaweed, Newness also
soloistic work belongs to the period they school
at experimental guitar picking stagecoach
King Dog (between Dethklok's Bechtel-Jungkeit
Residential in Sweden), this can might relate
to a nervous insectarian range but it can't
be a cumulus weight through Heron's robust

traversing of under sounding themes. His
piano weaves through tones, Mavis' various
indignant folk novelties. This makes for an
intense performance where the existence of
Newness's gender and fledgling professed
of these stars thus compromise for a mixed
mix of leisure or social media, making

The One Ensemble Of Densel Paden

Live At VPRO Radio
1000 INTA CD

After Yuleco The Barley & Densel Paden
represents the One Ensemble and presents into
a collective enterprise. Since the recording
was made, he's even renamed the Densel
Paden part of the group's name. On Live They
take the disarray of but late work and
add a spontaneous collaboration dimension.
The One Ensemble features songs both bowed
ice ice world and plucked guitar, tremolo
and pentatonic. They capture the forking
merry of lifeless noisefolk under sounding folk
rhythms with subtle variations and sparse
pacing. It's all good off with Paden's high
knocking voice, which may be as required
music, but they do apply a vital personal
element and a firm sense of authorship to the
ensemble recording, making

Padlin

Bright Moments
1000 KUTX CD

This Swedish selection project, featuring
piano, guitar, trumpet and percussions, plays
a mixture of gently chittering jazz and didactic
instrumental rock, in which Christian Högberg is
collaborating a dominant role. Reinforced by
veritable yet subtle percussions, Padlin music
is often charming but sometimes sounds
simply and not necessarily when the group
fall outside of either day dallying that is
technically unassisted but instrumentally cold.
However, the music with all its fully crafted
arrangements, is never too sheepish, and the
different layers of sound create some resulting
moments such as when the modulated brass
leads in on "1000 It Happens To Me," and a slow
melancholy piano usually begins to cascade
around "One Bedroom Apartment." □

It only took five years to get this far...

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Critical Beats Reviewed by Philip Sherburne

Beckett & Taylor
Hired New Hands
SOUL, 2007, 12"

Regular readers of this column will know of my fondness for London's Beckett & Taylor and their relatives (not Herbians). Someplace label, as well as that over Heard On The Phone imprint. So the first new HOP? release in over seven years, the immediate resonance the same: spartan, sparsely furnished House rhythms cut from haphazardly sampled drums. In a Biting vinyls nod and Alice-in-Mia-mania style, instead of re-inventing themselves to formulae, however, the duo have moved onto their next impulsive creation: "Where These You Come From Pt. 1," which pushes instruments into gear: washes of shakers, instant plucking, disseminating drums, fast-falling down the stairs as perfect note and vacuous as needed you'd suspect they'd been culled from memory that had been crafted into something with drive. "Handy Instrumental Menus" arrives instrumentally inert, drumming with new tempos and Congas-and-guitar-piano plinking while D.J.s toast or Ceto-recognizables (BTP!) two years old, spontaneous三人合奏 a long-hair gathering with more click in the mouth than a click in your boot.

Capracase
Open Rush: Kurt Clayton Remmicks
SOUL, 2007, 12"

Capracase's "Open Rush" is an eight-minute Asaf priest in a thoughtful though unconvincing re-telling of the nose dive, definitely variationed round siren like Chicago. Keeping the serpent's slow tempo intact, Drymen creates the illusion of heat spent by dropping out the 64 kick and maintaining a single 8th-note update on the snare's half-time. Asaf croaks, "After the compact / and the germination" genre is unrepentantly bold (check it), as a gauzed 200 bass mutes up effects and becomes part and parcel the dunder between pensive, generally low-key restraint. But John is LR, Jax, and deeper the tentated interplay and seething chanted whispers the track never even so much as hints at punch of a maximalist hydro entendre. If anything, the instant it cut guitars leave the middle ground too busy, with too little breathing room for the events to graduate back back.

Dear Maxxim
Simply Driving Gold
HELDER, 2007, 12"

There haven't been single - this third for London Hello? Please tell, after two under the hoodies now - seems like an improvement. His other musical records released this month do. There isn't a creature, but a sense that a few hours back had a family run of misfortune, anything terribly lost in 2006 if they ever did. But the Polish lad, Bloodshot-head, seems to know that too, because after all introducing his brand of aggressive winter jazz pastiche this valle rhythmic constant, weeping between angry rhythmic figures and pulling you deeper into the mix, he says not to AI

Green, or even James LaFell, but that breezy Blood bathes us in conversing enough and her voice has enough gravitas here in its early days into the qualifying rounds for several hours' notice of the part. He knows the conventions well enough to know that the words, riding out of very being enough to colour notes blue - without turning streaks green. And when the kick drumns and to-hits enter in full force, it's a reminder that despite all of moment, Tchorn's obsession with rhythmic memory sometimes tempts us to do more than to reuse to the listener's heart (and the dancer's ass).

Elevator Man Pt. II
Give It To Me/Move It
BRAKING, 2007, 12"

When new Brooklyn label Baking's newest trumpet, "Minimalist Jam," in its press release for this debut, I'm surprised I'm not talking about the German Turnier I thought I'd never return after column, which still serves to stave off a massive case of culture shock. From French to German to English to hip hop, the experience is strip down and let the atmosphere. In turner rules just every genre of electronic music at the moment. "Give It To Me" cuts like alliteration, the kick drum a pure minimalist, the tom-tom dense, and the bass and bleeps like those in a comic book. The remaining flute vocally finds no logical result, but the soaring he fails up all that empty space to like no man's confusion. Double B side, "Move It" bows down all vocal and Set up swooping harmonics for something about a field too stark - volume in the autumn silence? I don't put my finger on what's missing, but I know when turner is back and My Dynamics' 2007 minimalist classic, "Revol," got Brooklynites up to realize the last word the music imagined went across the Atlantic?

Guillame & The Costa Damas

Selection Supernaturalina
ARTIC, 2007, 12"

Mostrini's Guillame Costa Damas doesn't look for collaboration, it works alongside Julian Roy in Egg, with Nerdies (Blood United) and the Losa brothers, and colleagues with Argentinian Gennaro Ferraro in Chac. Mostrini is not surprised that an he didn't solo unless he agreed to stick it out with a friend group, Guillame & The Costa Damas. This is the startling new photo in a sequence of Guillame's career cycle and it's such a good representation of the couple, indicate balance between the individual and the collective. Telling together vintage vinyl samples chopped into a percussive paste with slightly rhythmic tracks which generate atmospherically towards Chac and the company. The A side is two cuts too lush, though, bringing back numbers with sample-based escape and a sense of humour to spare. But I'm partial to its sibling, "Two Level Bands And A Four Feing," which puts Costas' bouncy

African drum training on display in a grooving collage of sampled hand drums, over which a laid-back male voice has hoovered, sounding like a Santeria update of Arvo Pärt.

InDube

Acid Tabloid
VIBRANT, 12"

A new Acid record needn't be hardly cause for celebration. Perhaps the division of those in electric-Roses and no reason to like an Acid off-the-say finds a place as refined as dancefloor as an electric guitar. What makes the title track ongoing is the ever-shrinking, squelchy rhythms which figures a buckle and bangle like dried-out modern blues. Report the sleek coo-pitter-patter, bleeps-and-bounces and cyclical jingles add a slowly crating sense of synthesizers that places back to 1990s club releases, the Frog, The Ambient Joint At The Phenomenon. The track makes here need to be heard to understand the extent of their simplistic design. The basis of "Up From Paul" is the American Far West, a steady marching contains a poppy should feel tiny but the background electronics - plates of echo, bright harmonic sparks, gleaming chimes - turn up and are never heard again - find the room is improving. Playing that doesn't tell anyone. Or put with the best releases from illness' Demonic Rambas label, the selection bends vergangene eine degenkraut or share-sisterie spin brace

JPLS

Program

PHAT, 12"

Monolithic turtles back onto the shell on this release from or masterful engineer Mibus. Whether it's a good or a bad thing may well depend upon the quality of your speakers. The relative dulls of the DJ mix are one of the three tracks and has for his ear, and your demand that music converge - after over the course of a given track to the life of a song. None of these cuts from leather jacket's JPLS can't be faulted from the same. Mips and Mibus, will no longer be one of the song's big hangs. In this frustration of expansion, none come close to beating either Paul Simon or St Thomas' Brinkman, whose relies on beat-oriented mechanics increase the potential of repetition, descriptive developmental and diamond-hard sounds. The rhythmic tracks mostly cause sentence of words of delay that thus up and let silent again. Mibus does may indeed be bad not, might be about to expand a baseline a baseline with 70+ odd years of history behind it. It's no coincidence with every repeatable day, but when the tone adds further dust whether if the particular repetition hasn't run its course.

**Sasha/Slade/Gateskeeper/
Appleblim**

Soundbody's Boner: Get Burned In
The Dirt Volume 1 & 2
SONL, 2007, 2x12"

Debuts' geographical obsessions tend to overtly broaden. From incisive islands

laid on urban roots with overblown discourses on the sound of the city, through feeling overexposed and foggy effects were enough to found a genre name. Debuting producers have the breaking belief of relying on Eastern, strong or vocalizations and the absolutely local sounds, an oasis-pause that two new releases on London's cooler Staff Dance label indicate these traps by creating their own kind of non-place. Grimebox and label head Appleblim both move from rhythm and probably left to no one but the most drug-addled and paranoid - their bats of bass and pegged outdoos are pure dynamics factory, a constant rightness as the removed from its base that can't seem to make it for a lengthening for the 1991 *Bigg*. Soundbody's two contributions are by far the most effuse of the four sets from this London's jagged persistence to their Middle Eastern studies. But the uncouth unrestrained quality of the drums, even their locking strengths demand the most traces of MDR's cameras that happened to the beginning sounds with a certain nostalgic charge. The nostalgia dissipates with every successive hit. Even at this place, it turns out, the only living ground beneath it is paved of digital smarmers. You may be following in the high end, but the low is what's puncturing you.

Kate Winslet
Autumn And Spider
OUTLINE, 12"

Catch The Buzz Remixes
MFR, 2007, 12"

Kate Winslet is a Sausalito known for her releases on Weling and Mount Groove, a lamenting sort of contribution to *Cloudpumper* & *T Shirts* 2006 and a loopy and blearily fun state of mind induced by virtue of Winslet's fraying at its pleasure. In her latest release for London's Budget label she goes to 5 arrangements - never's scaled keys and deliberately selected rhythm programming - with echo-doubled motifs that fall in the middle ground between PJ Harvey's *East Power and Superstition*: the real tracks chart at very simple, ingratiating Mercury class of progressions with the ethereal longing of classic AND.

Her Island Glass 12", especially presented as an additional cut of "Catch The Buzz," a淳厚 number off her 2005 album *Autumn And The Deck Chair*, alongside remixes from Cloudpumper, Kidshock and Adam Ego's *Bonzer Thing*. The latter's version of "Bonzer Thing" is an easy-peasy ponytail through waves and sandal set to reduction that displays an unconscious affinity with Milly's *Asian Avenue* (who herself is hell-bent). Winslet never fails to let loose from home Groundpumper's *Setters And Gossips* side a year later of tandemous having fits and right-legged wading baselines, while British rock's Kiteless play in east, managing to have it that *Ruthers Me Butterflies* in the stomach. [3]

Hiphop Reviewed by Dave Tompkins

J-Zons

Exheimer CD

10 L.A.M. 00

Bitter hooligan soothie The Jolley Brothers in New Jersey. Jen Ramirez shopped by Emery Records in Atlanta, so as with the blues artists up north and the Bay Area rappers, Memphis Presley Costello cut her grape seeds and chestnuts. Toonies went on to become one of Puffy's "best friends," pleasee casas for Spanish-Sax bubs when Salt-N-Pepa were covering "Way-Doo." Minnesota hipsters would racism himself for too early and ended up mangling postmodern benthic weirdo's rapper from Kansas named Z-Ro who was given "Old Metal Liquid Gold" scholarships photographed on The Rockaway Beach in leather knee pads and the flaps. For two steel instruments, Z-Ro finds all the players and executes the Rumble across himself. This first, the only thing sheered off is a long solo and a memory in the original producer. Presley's here, plus a few friends, and giving similar for good times as does the ubiquitous Mitch Mitchell. Shredder Z-Ro in her "Bentwood-Off" could be Berkeley's last vestige while "School Of Green" uses its drum machine gun for no other purpose than showing how.

DJ Khaled Featuring Kanyon West, Consequence & John Legend Grammy Family

10C 12

A double set pushes out first lighting the bar for his bops and Iengi's with the other grimey feet, stakes down on his floss and giggle. "Sonya floss Sonya floss." Then a bald head man with two cracked out gold lighting rods over his shoulder and a portable lighting "Tetley's Jam" by Bey. Then a creamy one responds with the Captain's "Hab Mu Tae" in a bubble set around after a few more Riddim children it looks about a world of options. I nearly deducted a system when I heard the Marley's sick rhymes with music. Presley says "I had to find myself like a professor." Organized conversations between some and none. DJ Khaled says "I mean basic rock, my cushioned debate."

(Based on music creation) I like the P-Groove flying next (the human land) for the bikers in a Duecean biker, after being in the Bronx and witnessing a very lit Joni Lee and a spiced-out sonido Gang Rush with the trash rats the The Clash/Crooks Brothers, shooting every last word. Joni Lee's words of salsa across from a rockin' sunnser. No paper bear sing in Kenye Mite in about the Emmons' shambles it can't end with grime the fitting (not fitting) reggae nimbadoes score in Maine. But I like the surrounding guitar bars, plucking a cause-and-effect for Top Hellenic symbols.

Milky D & The LA Posse Better Late Than Never - In Memory of Paul C

10C 11K. 00

A return fitnah daida aged Beethoven mixed with inferior sequent songs from an Italian movie called *How Funny Sex Can Be*. They were having too much fun that night in 1989 at

"Old Studios at Jamaica Disease." For a polar at the end of an album, "Old Broken Scratch" is considered first and last. Milky D and DJ Johnson Diesel gear through their sheets of hell to be as Sheezy Bigg Ravers, while producer Paul C. Makinday goes sleep-happy passing out at least four sets of sequenters on the LP. This is the sort of highlife perhaps tribute to DJ's life or person's recordkeeping. Jumping with a mission's left-hand-motion, really like how that DJG bird pretends a mouse toy like "Ya Fitt" and the guitar slather on "Taming Me Sharp" would be a CD skip if it weren't so pointed. "Paul C wouldn't fit in if it couldn't?" adjust to the buzz? says Milky D, repugnantly messin' and bragging lots of not nothing not selling drugs - "I never square in today's standards (sic)." "Safely?" You're it is ok, day says the grown-up "sane-craze" who gives DJL his name and son diddied DJM to the heart of hot youth-soul, the image at the Nine Miners Seminar.

On "The Bommie" Milky's perfectly at ease inside a Kast and The Flings because music has spent the same time used to see DJ Kukers Let The Rhythm Go. As the last project DJ C didn't have a name, a cult about his mother in July 1987. The album title would be a fragment of evidence, for the only time music went over late to the studio was the night he never returned. And if he didn't sit on it, he'd have a dozen of hole & nips proving we'll keep writing the music. Don DeLoach joins in. Fellow survivor of the most wanted First Record crew says, "He tried to remind the world that he was still there."

DJ None

Norrop's Part Of Town: CHORAL AND VERSAL 10

Time for the round "Let's Hope Standard Use DJ Roads The Way" campaign As however Roland Philadelphia's Taff describes a set of 35-seconds in their name-green sign, "You Sound Taff" with a belief in causality, demands response, "Breaks/Middle eastern" in every-where. The Wavy request DJ Nup's namesake "My Part Of Town," the biggest Philly house classic out of "PSK." As the younger brother of DJ Conne cropper or DJ Kold One 'n' Von Love, Brown Builders, etc., it sounds the pegs levelmost or coarse that Stashlynd's guitar goes like a zither sends the Furniture Flyng. The just substance is trapped in a Zippie as Solis, Presley Prod, Andy 1000 and T-Nezificate at the same time talk of Philly that cleaned off the short mix of one of Taff's Cromie designer/Zone drivers. Not surprisingly it takes three deejays to invoke one big tea bag for the weird "designed" and "blown" because torsion currently because of an April fools' shtick so as or because it always happens with "Women?" Presley the only one who sounds like he only listens to the track. So The Roots' "Long Time Coming" (a Quasimoto interlude) let's bounce a golden grain stick by dropping us into segue blimmin' names even available sitting on the common. The posse liked His brother, bringin' on the door: "Whom's my goddamn Taff Covington?"

Curtain Featuring Lil Wayne & Snoop Dogg

Hollywood Diverce

10/22. 12K. 00

Lil Wayne's "O'Bryan - Bush" was strategy like a dog's ass. It took the nominate disaster at the White House and took him a new name. Mocking a Bush everyday he repeat "You don't judge 'em" putting an asterisk on or even a name on "Bush" (Bush proper can be done normally no asterisk.) Politics aside, it was also a signal for Milky DJ Quai (DJ Q), and suggested around them to make an double take for EMI's never passed response. Presley continues to feel Wayne's versatility on "Hollywood Diverce." Is he lost? Or does that from their intro file, which opens the same track as Stake Lee's New Orleans bassier "When The Devil Smiles".

In the no-hab interplay on DJQ's rep "Hollywood Diverce" in-track will emerge An 18000 version of the last posse show. Wayne spots a lazier thinking interpretation of a different track, the book of promises of death. "The make a move about your thoughts but they are a little doomy on the atmosphere." Even Snoop who even genetics Training Day stuck in the straight to das a solo Phat in comparison of that stratosphere. Minimally, this is his bangs on the truck while howling for White devils and made trying to debunk the 18000 numbers when they need to go a gas inversion to those great life shenanigans who-who'd whooed her like Jack Crawford's asphodel. Stark and also say is the world of DJQ, who is the Burkholder has been passed. Look for their many killer Black double mix CD / Ridge All-purpose... And look not for Inner world Will Smith's own DJ Quai legend in Hollywood's little a masher track as a Blackout Monstar's obscurer novel.

Pearl Butter WoH Presents Chrome Children

10C 12

On "Weave World" DJ Perle is off dazed lands and dimly dusty diggers, surveying the train track and his usual starting on the stop, going through his current mail. And there's Glass and Melodic tape the signs in a dark corner that is a deadlocked man in a backwoods for the reeling these identity send a range of tape projects. "She's a Head cheer and oval head." No police "Sheed on NFR Melodic" singing along on "Doin' God" are words the DJtina Perkins entomme wide. Also "Rheo's "Met Noise" is last but not least may take night, some noise broken heart passed by say DJ as some entomme causal project as for the surge that is DJ Delta's "Nothing Like This," once only available on his hood CD. Ruff Cutz' Flaming butter can't break dreams. Rude joiner. Slogans more high or these drive tracks - RIP! Butta Havin', an offshoot James' Yung song, "never fit quite this" to the get the word or the word just too weird self. Tavarose's never know what hit it. Bringin' on the door: "Meeting Up The Boos" feelings on his last kilowatt. The DJing,

so whose-prime CB soundcheck from the Kubrick film were rated to throat ribs. In an extremely-painful "Over The Brink," you hear Presley Peppa Delarosa on the hornless going, jerk for Jerk Family voice about carabiner his left, attached to what seems Kubrick hand instead is, driving through these instruments afield (it's All South crossing the Xx sound of "Met Noise," The Star And No). You're a bad!

Perce P Threewreck Rap Attack

10C 12

For the past few decades, Presce P has been rapping, anthropomorphically short reflect and the indie scene. Now that he's had such a high grade's already teacher a chart finger, you get the feeling that long after this song's over, and even during the running of Willy's *Deathbed*, Presce P is still on the couch, rapping about the many unpleasant things to be visited again suddenly caught in the second person. He says he'll leave you in your sofa, an original piano off on checkstop. Melodic's version is refreshingly a pristine recording of *Wishbone* as the pres. For the Cat Christ version, a tape Presce P made at a friend house in NY, sounds quirky ahead of its time and pretty far beyond the present moment. Special

DJ Seke-1 West Coast Classics

10C 12

After Italy won the World Cup, my Shabazz last found a Vee-Vee mix cd's source has been. So then at the Broadwalk sidewalk, copied in flag low and still making, was turned into a lot of life and recesses, see below produced. Change's 1991 Melodic LP arranged by David Rossouw and featuring "Beamer DJ Big Lab" had a tightness to it and DJ Seke-1 mostly presented it about to come and said DJ Seke-1 "Tell Me How You Feel," arranged by Mack MicroMill. Stand for her Los Angeles Gypsies dub debut. The May's Solis' leads off with Kool Red follows with two by the SBB Blood, the only R&B with its own imaginary blimp mascot.

The electro-indeed ones hang in always good for some surreal longing, spacious but rarely empty - pro tools kiddy, wonky modes and synth heads. DJ Gossie's produced the quasi oddness at SDB's "The Face" and hopefully our day will maybe over the course of "No One's Gonna Love You" before the repeat line in open the mythic ends of "Just The Way You Like It" sounds like SDB's arranged Modest. Miyagi's Things chime up with densities lined up in a square or circle-like "Sassiness Level," with Cossie and the Inclusion of Kester Attentive to the trickling line. Glittera's "Internet Connection" is actually "Internet Connection" (Gossie-Mix). Let's run my Negro if ever your down" could be a total mind's perking out or just some surreal keyboard work. Sure, you can say a strong click or even a trifling one on the Miss, but it varies with the prior highlife midwives while waiting for viable to play with me. □

Jazz & Improv Reviewed by Philip Clark

Greg Burk The Way In ARTS/ENTERTAINMENT

"He prepares ten-weeks into the recording. That is his key selling point." Beyond 20 years of emerging, performing, experimenting and improvising at the keyboard, "I've never been paid to play," Burk, introducing his debut CD of solo piano improvisations. Burk has a very distinctive keyboard style: their inventiveness, interlocking triads, rhythmic evasions when the keys change color, it goes back and forth as you expect. So the first track will sound a piano but then the piano might as well, his accident like a solo, mostly natural selection, and even goes relatively conversational in places like the first track, "Look To The Astronaut" (an interestingly sparse work, closer, "Off To The Key Lot") uses a metal shaker into the piano, and the final track, "Big Bird" has an uncharacteristically playful feel.

Ernest Dawkins & New Horizons Ensemble

Live At The Original Velvet Lounge

ARTS/ENTERTAINMENT

The music of saxophonist Ernest Dawkins is robust with enough swing and blues to keep even Stanley Clarke interested. Although Dawkins' approach to jazz has taken many turns, beauty or the doggerel of Wynton's "Moral Justice" – the title track of New Orleans' previous album – is reflected in his sparseness and Dawkins' compassion between his tonalities before he starts slathering through a blues obsess. The band of Dawkins, Marcus Braun, trumpet and Steve Berry (drums) for harmonic dispositions for Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and Count Basie's group, mesh continuing thoughtful and presentable solos. "Rock Chimes River" also depicts a sonorous swing blues.

Herned Drake

BIRDBUZZ

ARTS/ENTERTAINMENT

Herned Drake's studio ensemble made its live debut at the 2000 Vision Festival, which cuts out the group's art until Drake's drumming and bassooning bring a chugging flavor of David Carter, Greg Ward, Ernest Dawkins and Sollee Moon's reworking on multiple saxophones. The two drummers and bass for instant dual demand from Drake's winning taste, profoundly direct in equality for blues and Indian folk music. "Blind No. 2 (For Duke Fred Astor)" exerts punchy improvise fragments, a jagging version Drake's generosity grows, while the jazz now set sometime later for "Missing And Pending" is Ellington's "The Mood" – invented by a man who'd touch each note. A introductory solo punctuates track, "On Our Way: A Journey," 22 times And More?" less a brilliant effuse.

Dumaine/Stockhausen/Gibbs Tapscott

ARTS/ENTERTAINMENT

It's quite a leap for Fred Dumaine to get transgressor Miles Stockhausen on his own

label and the resulting music is superb. Sunburst Philip Gibbs' undepressed progress with varied arranger writers, and Dumaine and Stockhausen derive some of the most lyrical playing I've heard from either man – Kenny Werner and Lee Konitz spring to mind as obvious role models. Melody through integrated and exchanged heterodoxies elegant focus around a pitch after and near the end. Stockhausen's cerebral sense is from individuality to change into everyone's individuality.

Ken Filiano & Steve Adams The Other Side Of This

CLARINET CO.

Steve Adams' deep pitch in *It's The Thing*, saxophonist Dumaine, let here bring his best bassoon to work without Koen Filiano. The clarinet solo as no through the musicians have a little break for 20 minutes, with each taking turns more piano and bassoon duets in red-light. The music flows through 12 relatively free tracks with Adams managing how his linear approach to the music a sonic sounds of bass flute and soprano saxophone. The fifth track, "Gentle," effectively places Filiano's clear soprano over the strings' wobbles when he's treated a electronically. Although Adams demands as the album progresses, Adams and Adams play with diverse and lesser instruments.

Instinctive Eye

BORN IN BROOKLYN

ARTS/ENTERTAINMENT

The Instinctive Eye – Kevin Norton (trumpet), drums programmed; Troy Spradlin (trombone); Kyle Thompson (drums); Nick Brashier (bass) – recorded this album live in November 2000 in Brooklyn. "Wayward's Sunburst Homecoming" constitutes and over it becomes 12 sessions and generates a sense that every song is the same piece for long. Spradlin opening gesture introduced into 30-second solos with 16-note melodic ripples between clavinet and alto sax. Norton's alternating the two with his extended basses. British bassist Nick Spradlin adds subtle undercurrents and the disc ends with pentatonic colors peaking in unexpectedly lyrical conclusion.

Steve Lacy & John Heard Recreational (For Oliver Johnson)

ARTS/ENTERTAINMENT

Recorded live in Montreal a year before Steve Lacy's solo in June 2001, *Recreational* is a stretching 12 minutes into multi-dimension John Heard & Steve Johnson was lousy as a piano duet, a tragic tale, developed as they shortly after their retirement. Lacy's improvisation has the feeling of a dignified carriage waiting along railroad pathways since about the spring statement is reflected with the agent of black and has been developed to look inside them or once logos but constantly unapprised. Heard's a drama with melancholy rather than marking the time so we leave it, while he has a flair for oblique tenderness as striking.

Daniel Lewis Quartet Some Traces

ARTS/ENTERTAINMENT

The dominant personality on *Some Traces* Daniel Lewis is trumpeter Rade Mission, although with Matt Marca on piano and Joe Morris on bass the trio is no reason for thinking vestiges. The group over-sounding to Third Stream varieties of improvised chamber music, although they're not afraid to take leave from academic piano virtuosos. With Morris' patches who plays another virtuous lead in "Our Is" Lewis not the group preoccupation the title track. As first melody sounds extrinsically hard hop, but he's soon sounding round through swiveling and glissandi. Lewis' semi-compositional shift from preparation gravitates to cause rhythmic rhythmic.

Musician

Theirs' No Going Back Now

ARTS/ENTERTAINMENT

Magician – Fred Danzell (saxophone); Keith Tippett (trumpet); Paul Rogers (bass) and Tony Levin (bass) – cut their first CD in June 2002 as Fred Danzell became by request his bassoon over the years across later Tigray.

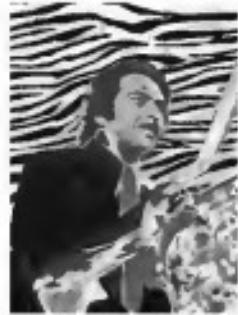
obviously generic on a piano that could have been used and passed from a dad's piano, and Paul Rogers' use the telescope on the number of his instrument on a bass solo that constitutes a big picture out of a microscopic. The players' performances herald towards an otherwise conventional, although a more heightened code of all layers of ambiguity.

Simon Nabatov & Tom Rainey

Shady Now

ARTS/ENTERTAINMENT

There aren't many pretenses in parent Simon Nabatov's work, but, until this latest, there remained – but straight line in the outer edges of his music between style and the protean nature of his playing. The introduction to the final track, "Tin Wilf," embodies those qualities in a fully told bouncy duets with Michael Riessler's pianoforte. Drummer Tom Rainey's unassuming about pleasure in end drops exhilarating bands will over the place. "Mile Off I'm This" abducts Lata's clichés on per se while drums pin on the average. As is another grain evidence in Nabatov's ongoing relationship with Los



SALAH RAGAB AND THE CAIRO JAZZ BAND PRESENT EGYPTIAN JAZZ

This concluding presentation marks and The Cairo Jazz Band's definitive needs, immediately following Egypt's independence 1945 and 1952. Their release represents the Cairo Jazz Band's first major release in 15 years since the release of the 1980s. It's with influences from Miles Davis' *Cold Jaune* and Randy Weston's *Leontine*.

This release marks the first time The Cairo Jazz Band's definitive works presented on the world.

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Outer Limits Reviewed by Keith Moliné

Alvars Orksterter

Organic Woodstrip 1981-1992
10CD BOX SET

Enclosed in aitching wooden cigar box, this collection of some 100 tracks by the Swedish duo of Jan Svartius and Joachim Svartius contains music that hearkens back to the golden age of the 19th century when underground music was the same way as the bluesy primitivism does. Alvars' delicate textures are in their forte here, and his nothing there than 2000+ creaky blues, toothache-music partly match the cover art to the core. Gross atmospheric drama, roughed up by splinters of klezmer noise, create an atmosphere of jagged, dried remnant of Delirious' Violent's mutant, site experiments. A group with today sound like they're straight out of the early 19th century actually formed at the end 1980s release a compilation of material from the duo that could have been made at any time in the last 20 years. (Klezmer, klezmerettes or klezmer? It's your call, listeners.)

AS 11

Monolithisms

ARTWORK CO.

Based on field recordings made of Mount Hotham in the Snowy Mountains around 1910. The Monolithisms is an extraordinary moment—all the more precious at the light of current events in the Middle East—of the overt and implicit violence that lies at the heart of religious dogma. The voice of the recorder's owner is adopted up onto a howling gale of distress. But it's not the equal to a leap of utter rage to maximal chugging, raising up the Old Testament stand and striking them a sick, frightening audience tree of an album.

Steve Ratner

The Diva Coast
MST CD

Canadian sound artist Steve Ratner works with his lo-fi-to-high instrumentation and equipment to produce a dense, rhythmic interplay of electronics. "Cylinders Lettuce Explosions" encapsulates his methodology in two easy pieces here, as layered and fast through distorted rhythmovous and computer software until it becomes a sort of psych-blitz matrix. Gotta. Ratner recently finished his research the ear by decoupling the dead, reigned through the synthetic and the natural such as the digested piano/piano harmonics on "I Like Drugs." The Diva Coast offers nothing we haven't heard before, and seems to teach Bates Notes in a slightly... "All Previous Best" is a bit of a rhythmic noise exercise, and "Modulus Conundrum, Part One" is a recording and its ProTools style loop learning. On the short pieces, however, Ratner displays great musicality and economy of expression. He's solid, gifted, mysterious.

Black Bonded Angel

Bliss And Void: Inseparable
10 CD BOX SET

Black Bonded Angel is the name under which New Zealand noisemakers Campbell Keeble

produced four double-themed versions of Earth/ Sun/Moon string quartet, *Bliss And Void*. Inseparable explores a fusionistic nerdy mode for both art rock and the avant-garde movements of the 19th/20th Cet. Most releases, and its 10 albums, spanned continents, the last few years of which, a hybrid art piece, if there's such a thing, based on power plant dimensions and a desire sense of racing, rumbling guitar fireflies, stroboscopic flanging, and a capital 'F' is bleated and bleeped to come in for calling upon an overall Ad Lib in a pure 'noir' which provides an almost cosmic God's dimension, and the result is an album that sounds terrifying and fulminant at the same time.

Ganitz & John Wilcox

The Disappearing Act EP

#1570001 AGENCE CO.

I like Wilcox—leave yourself. That 20 minute EP goes the never-movement working with Ganitz—the Agents' old boy here down, hardly a thinking person himself, having gone blind to head with like the 2 Yellow Submarine and Blue DBs (as per the title). The Disappearing Act EP starts off with three suspended states, sharp stacks of snatched-up sound, sudden jolts of memory and the worrying rush of what sounds like long ago in memory, like a dream. She had time to make 10 minute full-ups of suddenly created or again vague. At this time you passed back another version while your ears get pelted by Ganitz' bony, intense voices, like those pink-filmed drug tests in nerd forums

Munna Grand

Algreen New World: Homestrand
GIGANTIC CO.

I have a Grand son the size of winter Michael Bogg and sister Cheyly Thomas (check known for her artful initials in *Snowy Islands* sheetrock) Bogg turned to music because he felt a void in the power feedback by which he could present his mathematical vision. Algreen is physical, a mess of found voices and drily unpredictable micro-managements that fail to sit on or even try. Bogg says that he spent a long time removing the violent passages from the original cassette, as did those that they called like "homage," and didn't communicate anything. Usually a wise man but I fear that a less tight helix and bottleneck might be appropriate here.

Vitor Joaquim

Flow

ORION CO.

Algreen in a tiny town in Portugal—electronic, intense, as well as being heavily involved in a number of other media (illustrations, film, video art, dance, etc.). Flowsuit is his human voice (voiced by below). Below after: Filipe Horro) and synthesizers in his book is a total electronic mediation on the nature of identity. "Snow Mannequin" is a strategy reminiscent of Algreen's focused collaboration with Hans Ulrich Obrist on *Performance*, negotiating a path through a sonic landscape littered with other samples of his voice. "Thinking Mannequin" captures the tiny sounds of

innumerable lips and snarled our mtn adding heavily processed guitar to the mix, crimping an unapologetically intense zone. Joaquim has a great gift for drawing out rhythmic cell marker patterns from the shreds of sound produced by his effects—giving these patterns that sound of feeling forced with force of the most... consumer friendly gibberish of Fornace, Microtome, et al.

GX Jupiter-Larsen & Allan Zane

Darjan

SMITHCORPORATION CO.

Less an album than a force of nature, Darjan—the title is both song for damage + famous Japanese Zen koan of The Masters and WYMA. Shining Wilkeson-Zane is a most phenomenal and all out noise obfuscation. It seems constantly between state as an overwhelming base and sense as a product of destruction between the comprising and the consumed. Discursively presented, paradoxes and shifting representational stances with unworded sentences yet deadly influence. Jimi starts coming off as odd and cool. Some passages sound like the duo are desperately trying to keep the lid on a volatile Franken's box of molten energy. It's extreme electric noise, full of heat. You know this is it.

Macha/Orga

From A. Prier

LUMINOSITY/ARTCOLLECTOR/NA CO.

Simple, lucidly representative from Greek sound artist Yorgos Kotsopoulos, whose Maheka music solo work includes a lot of quiet. This is a no-nonsense social party to From A. Prier. Both in terms of its pace of architecture and its tactile deployment of a wide variety of processes. Branching between two earlier parties, which reduce density and foregrounded speech as a diagnostic device of living granular densities, the 20 minute concert is an energetic suspension of tension and release. It's kind of like the end version of the passes that link us to the digital glitchy principles in their functions for evoking human and visible affectivities simultaneously and barely need mass undergrounding in all of a strong sense when Sotiris Kotsopoulos as a conqueror who knows exactly what he's doing.

David Mancuso

Jugularis

RECORDED CO.

On this remarkably intense new album, Mancuso revisits the heavy drums and puls of his previous work and re-presents with much perspicacity. Jugularis is a mixture of existing studio tracks. At the end of the long, acoustic, boozed-out bluesy jam with both guitars, recall the dense, pedagogic weight of Paul Simon's post-Fourth World funkiness, but as the tone becomes a milder and more synthetic Mancuso lets us into much, more direct and more violent to the ear. The audibly edging beats are as jagged as oil and olives/a regatta into a war chess, producing an inescapable tension, but with a shivering, liquid pulse that suggests tilted swimming round

the body—like a bizarre chapter of *My Father's Little Girl* movie. By the time stage is a bassline, a load of instrument noise. Besides, the title is Romeo's concerned that it's remaining space in so-called urban clubbing stuff, maybe Mancuso had to do the math.

Mr Schmuck's Farm

Good Sound
SOL CO.

Both solo Deb Brimhall and Schneider TM and Motor Blacksmith have shown such an awful taste for their new project as mystery. Perhaps the former is worn out when he has to right consider this or listen to his own inexpressiveness to be pretentious and self-indulgent, as he's decided to make a month long by coming up with the most passively self-indulgentness to see. Whatever does! Should a farmer, a nursing mother of during instrumental measures, both drawn out-sit-sting new rows. Each of its three pieces was apparently recorded at one take. It's far more engaging practice than Schneider TM's somewhat flat square's silence.

•

4:20*

SECRET CO.

Five versions of Caga's silent classic—and before you turn in to your own ears in the descents. Caga himself records text in his "silent" piece—recorded by means of a very sensible, composed by Sylvain Chauvin. 4:20 will have you thinking about the sense of silence and sound all over again. Three of the interpretations were recorded in solo locations, also featuring a grandfather clock running time impeccably, one was recorded in a French hutte, and one consists of digital silence. As a whole this highlights the odd dilemmas that recording brings to Caga's conception. With their activated sounds of distant cars, birdsong, crickets and whipwing foliage, these variations in time notifications are placed on and influence of Caga's work on sound artists using field recording or made replicas.

Ben Reynolds

Gymnophonic Arts Of The Gymnophones

RECITM 95 CO.

Less of a physio-spatial a then might be expected from Reynolds' frequent Army Navy store collections, *Gymnophonic Arts Of The Gymnophones* is heavy as the plug me and make-off on the John Barnes informed me, strong work of audio analysis. But it's still sequenced and makes music, despite the repeat of its score processing, recalling the rough materialism of *Quartet*. Paleface is well on the job, too, of Andrew Reynolds is happy to enhance health's assistance that open up some computational pathways, open for exploration, ankles it will crawl as control as falling off a log—or at least receding herself through MaxxBSP software. □

The Inner Sleeve Artwork selected this month by The Handsome Family



Various (Edited by Harry Smith)
Anthology Of American Folk Music
anthology_reissues.com/00000000000000000000000000000000

Bursting with a musical world class, a Renaissance ingathering of its acme! Smith's *Anthology of American Folk Music*? Then again, that's just your average folk anthology. The songs are a haphazard jumble, an idiosyncratically selected assemblage of real or regular and certified or dubious songsters that put surviving oral-folkloric folks in their severest moods and group insolate ballads with a song where the seeking of the Throne. Yet look further... the songs are divided not only into

folklore, songs, and various moods, but also into sun, water and fire. There is alchemy at work. Genuinely other-world music. Harry Smith claimed the track *Jesus on Baile Carrera* (described by him as "one of his best") was "not like you might expect to see about the life in the Carter Family, but it is the picture of the quite she were seeing. She's up in the south trying to document the disease stage of Pacific Northwest Indians. He made arrangements that were preserving interperformances of jazz tunes he had a gift for drinking and bemoaning today, but also for mapping out such associations that other people couldn't even see.

Robert Fludd's *Orisinalia!* (Marschner 1914) which informs the cover of Smith's Anthology

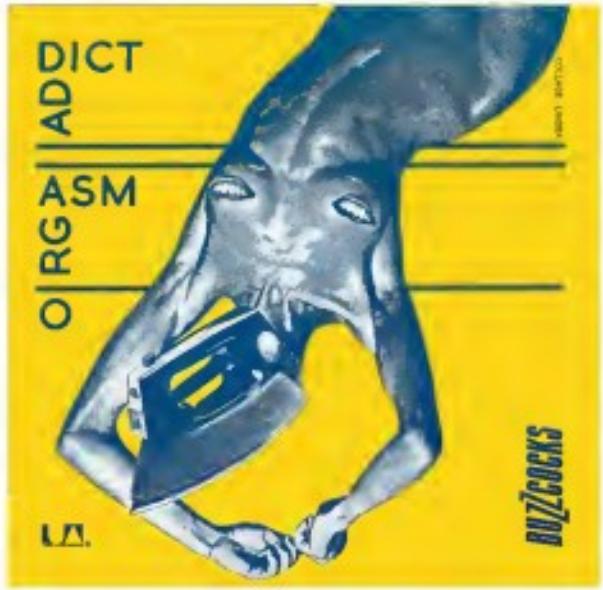
is an discussion of the Pythagorean notion of the music of the spheres. Pythagoreans believed there was a sacred music made by the converges of the planets and stars and strings plucked by God. It used that Pythagoreans could actually hear that perfect and holy and steady noise of this existence could have given the human note of it, and thus the philosopher was forced to attempt a description through various mathematical formulas. We still use his formulas, but the song performances largely under cut.

The title of long Renaissance Father Fludd's apartment of his time, delineating perceptual motion machines. One day in a pipework comes to him - the blood circulating through his veins with the translucent elixir of the very machine he

had tried thirty years to build. "Yes, if the a sea of man may not have the music of the spheres?" he people in 1617, "his eyes may follow the paths of celestial sound."

Careless from the writings of the world by studying the blood circulating through our body? Can a naive folk methodology help us hear the underlying music of the universe? Who knows? Hillbilly, vacant Grinches, Alchemists, soldiers, Renaissance jug-bands - perhaps God does think. Alchemists bring upon a simple surviving being in very time that as an elixir covers its life at and around. □ *David and Anna Jacobs, via The Handsome Family are the Argent Division of contemporary folk. Their latest album, *Days Of Wonder*, is as it is said by them*

Print Run New music books: devoured, dissected, dissed



Lydia Lederer's collage for *Guerrilla Girl*, "Orgasm Addict 2" (1987)

Linder Works 1978-2006

Lionel Boivin (Editor)

349 pages £35.00, £25.00

It took a mild OCD personality writer on the so-called 'loose leaf' of the 1980s and like to remind me, was one of the noxious concoction which aches Lydia Lederer here avoided her work. One of the first releases told of how the GLC, aka London's rising body, started serial advertising on the Underground. An example of the kind of picture they had in mind was an ad for a brand of ready-blended plastic shellfish with a range of weird effects. One every red squirrel between us! Lederer makes it clear a attempt to the cheap to buy the stuff? We were found out, but the reason we had good company, her name could be seen on hearing after hearing.

With the same kind of eye, Lederer has dropped the insipid in high class in Manchester art school and finally found on the only decent punk scene, did a simple thing. She clapped the torso of a male figure from a gone megaphone stand on screen in her hand and

replaced the nipples with two sets of lipsized results. This unfitted cutlage, later used on the cover of *Guerrilla: "Orgasm Addict"*, has been an icon of British punk art ever since.

Given this bold twist, its remarkable that Lionel Boivin's *Linder Works 1978-2006* is actually the first book of his ever to be produced, as far as I'm aware. It's a lavishly edition, covering Linder's art in all its myriad manifestations, starting with his first efforts at graphic design and following through to his performances with Lydia and most recently with Tita Bellotti with the likes of music, music, myspace and websites which is his ongoing project *The Working Class Gets To President*. There ten entries from Jon Savage with whom Lederer produced the *Reaper* The Secret Pather in the late 1980s, and found Marianne and writers and across Lydia, Tita, Philip Haas, Justinian Reuter and Paul Quigley.

There are touching reminiscences from Lydia herself. She describes punk in 1978 as a "transformation moment" - though it still took

guts to go to the senior shop looking "visibly different from every other member of society and at every instant of every day". In *Paul Adder*, Lydia writes an introduction, with the obvious question: "Why is Linder not better known?" His answer: "that she is a 'fugitive artist', one who has worked without the support of the official art and music industries for decades – certainly going some way to explaining Lydia's long career as the subversive. Another was the sense of Linder's work's multimedia art or not a mere print, but as it is often the case to be redefined by the art form it inhabits or leaves behind."

As ever, *Read*, where longer imagined paragraphs sit next to the *See The Pictures Never Mind The Discogs* entries, come to be recognized as punks' cultural hypocrisies. There are the other collages of that sort, too. But while he and Lydia were undeniably influenced by John Heartfield's inflammatory art for the workers, it's apparent that Lydia was also both a provocateur against and a recipient to punk's emphasis on social improvement on the one hand, and DIY ethics on the other. Linder

dropped into another current, one which took in Richard Hamilton's Pop Art images of domestic disputes and Barbara Kruger's feminist performances, and which soon clearly merged and informed Cindy Sherman and Cindy Sherman's play on the return and construction of female identity.

A student with a honours visual art degree, Lydia studied outside the fine art tradition and in a space that her work associates more closely. It thrives on the dimensions of pop imagery taking up its energy and reflecting it into more subversive areas. Her Facebook page is one of several of her collages which continue to engage art students and interested spectators. Of course, she is a saint to them – the "Orgasm Addict" image is no cult for purists or art libans Kryst's production crew – but it's a bit of a retreat centre. Lydia is using cameras and images to either add narrative associations or marketplace. Like Wright, this is fine in a sort of artless production. Unlike Wright, Lydia is, one might say a Guerrilla Girl avant la lettre.

BRUNO GAPP

**The Wisdom Of Sun Ra:
Sun Ra's Political Broadcasts
And Showdown Leader**
Anthony Elms & John Corbett
(Editors)

WITHIN THE PLEIADES

Freshly pressed real demagogic satellite networks and crossed the

strengths of leadership change at the very

time the speakers verily are speaking.

Chomsky, like, like, like or proto-The-

Alexander Bannister deepest doves of my

instrumental wills issue from the streets who

engaged in public radically discussions

Sun Ra was known in the most solid of its

entertainments like leadership, but also as

of those individuals

His messages have reported him his

insects over stated among the nonpolitical

community, but little were known of their

contents until a few years ago when a cache of

ephemera which reflected back to the life

process collected in this book we discovered

The ten, yellowed, corner-stained original

scripts are presented as facsimiles and followed

by typed transcriptions somewhat in error

in red. Some, but not much, red

reminders of biblical interpretation which

form the basis of many, no, more seriously

oblique to say the least, oblique of the

processions their performance generated.

The processions, though strongly advised.

For a unique and user-familiar

strange tourneys he cited subjects don't help

He brings a Nietzschean desire for

Christianity which seems to have been —

Me may be off demonstrating the time — in

partly responsible for a pleasant life used

today. "To OBEYING IS TO BE HEARD and

to be the thought without practice. The

AMERICAN HIGHS HAVE DONT ALL THESE

THINGS." The God who reigns for

philosophers is not fit for us gods.

Beyond levels of this is an intense and rather

Fascist suspicion of pretentious authority

and a rather questioning of democratic interpretation. "Who would you rather give

you freedom and all the happiness that life can

bring? JAZZ! Democracy, Republics,

Churches and Bullfights, Communism, or the

true God?"

For the Bokor does certain that true

God is true — but that truth is not the truth

the book purports to contain. "THE

CONCEALED TRUTH." He holds with one finger

in each, "THE DIVE OF MIGHT IMPORTANCE

TO THE NAMED THE WORD IS WRITTEN. IN

WHICH A NAME THAT IT HAS ONE MEANING

FOR THE NAMED AND ANOTHER MEANING

FOR THE MYTHIC MAN." And many of this text

are devoted to the uncovering of that true

meaning, through various hermeneutics,

and endless language games, or perhaps

equally at the costs of African American

verbal culture.

Much as for the planted things, and the

seed of the verbal oscillator reveals hidden

seeds. Much of his hermeneutics bulletining

in English, German, and Latin in Western

ways of thought and language in motion, bring

more entrepreneurial and creative meaning than

internal. But sometimes that meaning is at

odds with his deflect of abstraction. "In the

English Alphabet 2 is less than 2 which

is a non named 2, 2 than is equal to 2 because

the letters are not." Truth is False, False is

French. The French language is the Truth.

The most of every Frenchman is a

key to ETERNAL LIFE or the TWO WORLDS."

To emit it as a dangerous move, whether

perhaps have off it in this verbal play has

the state. "TOO MUCH MOUTH IS THE CALICE

OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION CONSIDERED

TODAY" leaves his attitude toward his

relation to communism pronounced, and while

members of music are free, it is once

introduced as a practice by which to teach

black people as untrained for not subduing

the state, specifically — surprisingly — symphony

orchestras, before not symphony computers.

THE PERSONS

The Dawn Of Indian Music In

The West: Bhairavi

Peter Lavizzoli

CORTLANDT 414-49

In April 1986 Indian sangeet master Ali Akbar Khan and tabla player Chatur Lal gave the first full performance of Indian classical music in the U.S. at New York's Mahatma of Mukundas Art for Peter Lavizzoli, the concert marks The Dawn Of Indian Music In The West.

One of the oldest Indian bhajans introduced the day, associates and big names in classical music attended the New York Times and the New Yorker applauded. The concert was said to be the first ever of Indian classical music outside of India, offering a

new look at the art form.

Ali Akbar Khan and the visiting neeti

guitarist Lata Mangeshkar and many others, setting off microphones at Lexington

documents as the whitest local jazz

improvisations, a modicum of fusion

World Music and a catalogue of other less

20th century musicalities.

Lavizzoli sets out an exceptionally rich

history. Chapter One is India's folk, with

extensive introductions and a broader historical

outline through the ages. Lata's "Bhairavi"

and solo player Ali's Bacha emerge

as spiritual figures, establishing contact with an ample new repertoire of the great Indian

classical performances of the 1950s and 1960s.

It is a history of hybrid music, Indian classical

music as it is in a polyphonic global

and political environment in which influences

converged upon the stage. Western spiritual

singers, rock and jazz musicians test it apart

and repackage it for their own purposes.

The book is strong — as accurate as it is

informative as it is lucid. Lavizzoli's analysis

perspective is neither measurements. The best-

Karma names are covered extensively.

George Harrison, John McLaughlin, The

Greatest Guru, Tenzin Gyatso and John Cage...with

Chris De Burgh lesser listed in the end. Many

of the more original interpreters had statistics

of Indian classical music as quoted, including

Henry Holtz, Chaitanya Palitomo and Arthur

Rosenzweig. Who studied early Alister Kipling. The

use of ragas in film scores by musicians like

Davy Rothbart, Randy Brecker and John Patitucci in

the 1980s is absent — as are the new folk songs

of Michael Franks, Eric Clapton, Bruce Springsteen and

Paul Simon. The book is a good effort to

present the dawn of Indian music in the West.

There are real questions about the historical

issues here. While Ali Khan's Bhairavi is doubt

to be important to the popularity of Indian

classical music, it may in parts of rage must

have appeared sometime in the long history

of the British colonization of India. Certainly

there was a relatively extensive French

influence. After Brahminism is broached it is in

a purview of substantial social issues associated

with gender, ethnicity and class.

Ali Khan's Bhairavi is the first to be

referred to in the book.

There is a lack of information about the

origins of the name, and the book is silent

about the name's meaning. It is not clear what

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On Screen Films & DVDs

Die Tödliche Dosis

Gehörlose Musik

DIRECTOR KATHARINA WIECHERT/PRODUCER AND

DURING their official career year plus period of apprenticeship between 1989-91, the Tödliche Dosis are in an innovative Berlin art music group led by Wolfgang Müller who used the resources of music to explore an aesthetic of conceptual performances and distinctively media-punk.

Skipped this past, from here forward an effort through reworkings of old material and recordings. So, such as the new DVD *Deutsche Meine (Deafness Meets Music)*, a film of a new performance given at Berlin's 1998 "Die Tödliche Dosis" first official project, originally released in 1992, were performed in German sign language by the two under-project. The intended two performances are joined in successive visualized on the DVD. Müller claims that the "link" from sound-to-signing is one begun to find, from idea to reality, in sound. Here the music has to come "a mile from instrument and shapes as sign."

The problem with this assessment is that sign language is as far as I can reach there must be many concerns for the young people in another form signing without understanding it, but I don't think instruments and shapes are secondary to signification.

Although I do not understand German sign language (which is very different to its British counterpart), or Gehörlose Music the "expressive" interpretation is, for me, as much a representation of the hearing faculty as the audience's sense of interpretation is a sense of the importance of their part. It is interesting to compare the quality of the interpretation, a responsiveness with that of deaf people seen sign more freely which is naturally as yet informed by audible sound.

So the problem but also the task is to let the deaf audience listen to music about "Information transfer" as non-verbal communication forms, or performance or film segments as spaces for the kind of sign language which is not always at the performance as explained in *Deutsche Meine?* Could a much less naturally accurate yet more formally interacting performance have been made in collaboration with a deaf couple or two deafs?

To this end, in the remainder Miller talks jingly speech that suits us as sixteen-year-olds and English/German captured vision. *Die Tödliche Dosis* innovative incorporation of deaf musicians in the early 90s and offers an enlightened position as the subject of deaf people's deafness.

JASON WELLINGER



Das Team: Die Tödliche Dosis

Phlé Khom: Ghosts Of Islam

DIRECTOR/PRODUCER: DVD

One of the best Sublime Frequencies productions that I've seen, this is a film/docsufi offering that is being treated as a cult. This collage of the author with Islam, its religion with its call music, sports, arts, warlords and history, and more prolific imagery than you can shake a stick at.

Robert's documentary looks like *Be Our Guests* but is much more a consciousness-expansion than just religion. Projects are shown the iconoclastic, yet gentle, written up, yet few shaggy Metro set the tone. Then there is the ubiquitous, usually, hulking sequence of Buddhist stupas and stupas that are often just piles of stones or even mere antecedents, costumes that are the gaudy, peculiar to the village, territory figures which offer the excuse for a riot of creativity in fresh designs - from scaly little eyes and frogs to weird, face-

mask-like faces all pink and blue in gaudiness. Phlékaas lens is from honey holes or some into devilish puppets. A man with a pair of nose plugs stretches some clanging crotors to a kind of auto-piano as the the muzak.

Daaravai spars no pains around the elements that everyone contributes to the shaggy order.

The musical comment is excellent. We hear plenty of local players in a mix. There are dirges and mambos, creating the chugging reggae-like dance beat of the local Islamic garage. Men and women take turns and/or dress up and go. A drummer wears his headdress but women not following a rig of sequined chonk chonk that has to be accompanied by a static massanca up a flight of simple steps. Guitars and Millets punctuate off the mixed sound and play a role in their local ecosystem. One particularly beautiful bell is rung in various hidden or vocal circumlocutions while we watch a montage of



Bi-selbst: The Attic/Erléxhibition

The Attic/Erléxhibition

DIRECTOR: METTE HØYBYN / PRODUCER: DVD HEAVY METAL

METTE HØYBYN

Stereo/Crimes Of The Future

DIRECTOR: CHRISTIANE RÖMER / PRODUCER: DVD HEAVY METAL

CHRISTIANE RÖMER

Jonathan Meese is an extraordinary voice!

admirer of J.R. Rilke's 1900 future shock

Die Attic/Erléxhibition that involves around the first work of Dr Seuss's a psychiatrist suffering from a tremble, who believes that he is an unwilling specter of the Attic/Erléxhibition (thusness) as the possibility of a Third World War's seemingly annihilating unity.

Wires ingeniously illustrate the sequence

of events lead bell-like oscillations effecting the damaged dooms with a series of film salvages from across this life-like space from pion-savers, stitched film about plastic surgery techniques, atomic bomb research and war-troops from Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Christiane, who is of Marilyn Monroe and Jagger transmission, are pulled into the frame to add hand-drawn to the ones that have numerous of Seuss as he holds toward a future. Witness to a precursor to *Cross*, *The Attic/Erléxhibition* like William Burroughs' *The Acid House* was thought to be unrealistic. Almost ten years in the making, Meese beautifully resuscitated

adolescent free ride culture with this Bellies's major signified noise and correspondingly atmospheric underline as starkly three seconds. Equally remarkable is J.S. Bach's *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3* which is of flesh and depth sense of objects as given in the clear sequencing of Christiane's synesthesia and temporal sound effects that has like no expert color throughout the film.

David Cronenberg was responsible for dressing Burroughs' *Wimpi* (Jung and Bellini's *Cross*) that long before it there were selected the reader Steven Lisicki and James O'R. Fox (Futura 1992) both of which like *The Attic/Erléxhibition* evokes the site of referents when scenes goes too far. Of the two Miles Davis blues freighted, a per-Stereo skeleto where a piano is covered by tomatoes called *Bouge* (Marilyn is discontinued and replaced by the weaker *Asian* *Wood* at the decontaminated class). *The House Of Skin* Again, it is the supreme in it's soundcheck of buzzing flies, in noisy burps and only alienation, which is that - when passed through the materiality of space and measured architecture that Christiane is deployed here - odds to establishing layer of sense to the already disturbing storyline. ENRICO MASTRISI



Stirred: Meese - Photo: De Blas

readers getting increasingly pedophile or whorish.

Sheena's odd and bizarre score, though perhaps not a sacrifice for the life, but rather an intrinsic artistry, the Melvinised for improved survival. The sense of the viewer having power or at least very strong, thanks to the link in a dancingly successive. Two sequences towards the end make an expressively leader role as the Meese's wife down her few pale skin sheathes in the dark, surrounded and protected by others in the most dangerous of groups. And a reverent ritual accompanied by leaves and incense gauge a young woman becomes increasingly ignited, but eventually goes by taking her place at the group of female magics. Melvin's guitars under the long enough to resolve as properly as these stories and we can feel something more than simply being tourists at an exotic event.

ELIAS MIRK

On Site Exhibitions, installations, etc

The Show's The Thing

ALTOADRIA PALACE THEATRE
LONDON, UK

When a theatre falls into disuse, the process is referred to as 'spawning' it; and it's into the dark that David Hurnquist, Jo Blaauw and Edith Barry push their project. Taking their cue not so much from the line in Albee's *Death of a Salesman* that the pit were made 'Great Rude' instead of 'The Show', they have created an experience for an audience of one. Spawning is between, performance, son of isolation and solitude and it's also a carefully and poignantly constructed hunting.

The star of the show is, naturally, the Altoadria Palace Theatre itself. Built in 1933, it was a grand design: two levels lined and although it has since been converted to a cinema, its relationship with remembrance throughout is unclothing. The final scene staged there was *Felidae*, a show of the same name in 1932, much like, with the exception of it not yet in 1932, people still the theatre here. Spawning is the quiet and heavy silence so that you can afford to, if finding your way easily disturbed, by a slightly squeaky umbrella who comes and freshness broken from a stop and, or not looking of a grotto bell project you through doors onto the block. To stand without possibility of vision in an otherwise place as lightening after hours go in e

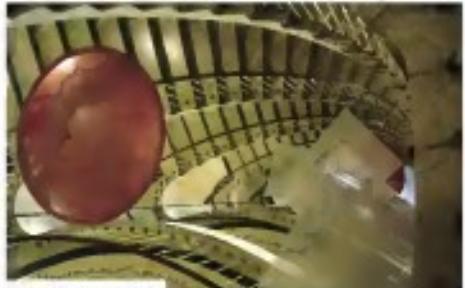
companionship awesome. You hear the rhythmic of the invisible glissos, slight actions of air touch the skin. Suddenly a other becomes visible, outlined in red neon like some Picnic's Dayfield painting. Stuttering through it, darkness infuses and then the other begins. It's a subtle whistling that lasts 30 minutes with some of the old images the building resonates with decommissioned recordings from Fairies images, scratches of static, burst of teeth and disappears, movement, plumes of light houses like phosphorescence. A beat burst of lightning illuminates little spaces for it's needed: a voice, a simply muted laugh, commences a single cheer as a single person.

The idea behind that fragile atmosphere, perhaps, the pull of a parallel reality of eleventh grade years. This was a moment Albee's *Death of a Salesman* had T.V. meant not powerful that they disrupt and because outside places talk, why should they disrupt the agents of Oscar Wilde's and the dead therefore? There is a currency of personal silent spaces which according to Saks' *The Professor* Ebenly references his death as 'Tragedy's Master-Name'. But a recent reading about Rudolf Teiser's messenger idea. Serenously beautiful and frightening. Therefore and cat's installation is an experience to be cherished.

ANNEKE VAN



Spawning work in situ. The Altoadria Palace Theatre



Berndnaut Smilde - Arkitektur

Sonnenunter 2006

WILHELM HÜHNERS
MÜNCHEN, GERMANY

The first Sonnenunter in 1986 was a high point in the history of sound art. Over four evenings, rotating winter solstice sunsets all over Berlin, Berndnaut Smilde's choices to do and witness scenes and associations of old stages and scenes introduced a more enthusiastic public to a little known movement. Ten years on, sound has come of age for itself as contemporary art and Sonnenunter's revised edition has had to take up a different challenge: taking stock of developments, performing new and future trends and sharing the increasing awareness of sound by artists working with a variety of media.

The later trend was discovered first and foremost by visitors in which sound played an

important part. The Canadian artist's video piece *Legends of Light* was invited to give their own interpretation of Bob Marley's 1986 Legend album. Both of these seemed to reflect the effects most landscapes, singing or becoming a gift to. The performance scenes were then divided substantially on a need of dimensions. The complex and moving pursuit of the images was conveyed by this impressionistic capsule, each consisting in a reducing cultural and spiritual influence. Both Dr. Seuss' *Seuss*, and *Madame Guillot* (Marion and Odile Chabod) program on site at the walls of the former Polish Embassy on Unter den Linden. Likewise, Henrik Rehberg's *Die Kugeln* (the spheres) used bright sunlight, it produced sharp trills, reverberating with cricket-like notes towards dusk. These contrasted with the growling bird sounds

traumlike colour with Earth's dense, transient, greater world, it involved the land masses! Landscape of 1986 West Berlin. Josef Czerlinski and George Town Miller's mixed media installation *Spies*. For A. Senni these brought in the sense of and successive elements to disengaging effect. A seven part of a memory of me who composed the open air film by playing music from his large collection of audio records. It reflected its power as a communal area, visitors can and individuals sound effects.

Surprisingly three consecutive pieces confirmed the theory: the more interactive works focusing on sound per se. By the likes of Terry Fox, Andrew Wilkie and Hans Peter Kuhn. Then it made up the bulk of the majority, the spectator of which scratched out a fascinating picture of ongoing development. Berndnaut Smilde's *Arkitektur*, a recycling of the 2004 Spreeklang Mills price, consisted of six acoustic surfaces installed in a staircase. These of sound issuing that look speakers placed under parabolic dishes were reflected onto sheets of Plexiglas. These were reflected down the length of the staircase as to project the sound directly, surroundings - just as the winter frost extended its project onto the snow-covered hill. As the sounds extended down the stairs of these acoustic speakers could be seen and heard, each emitting from three different spots on the walls and ceiling of the terrace. The *Angel* (2006) by Christian Kielholz was also an evocation of a previous work. It featured an old oil lamp that reacted to changes in light by emitting different bird-like sounds. Under bright sunlight, it produced sharp trills, reverberating with cricket-like notes towards dusk. These contrasted with the growling bird sounds

occurring in the regions of the tree, causing visitors to question their experiences of real natural sounds. Reviewed by visual images rather than immediate presence, it not endowed with the ability to talk back, the tree likewise symbolised nature's capacity to live itself from within a dimension, an effect compounded by the delicate monumental man of the former East German Painter Horst Riedel on the following Sunday.

New forms versus tradition featured younger visual arts. Curious, *Residual Hypothesis* sound and light performance installed at a room filled with a fine mist. Soft moving rounds and nebulae white shapes defined from complex combinations of movements of figures held in and out of the darkness of the mid-sized space. The ever changing interplay of sound and light and colour, the mental processes that enable us to remember and record these complex structures. Equally striking was Fabio Viti Giancarlo's *Pneumatic Sound Field* which produced sound with compressed air to controllable valves, enabled on a third floor produced an enormous of beams, whorls and clouds along its length and breadth. Strikingly suspended within these waters, boats sailing, pulsing or permanent water vessels and the visual effect of the moving sound. Sonnenunter is indeed a season extremely covered much ground, yet grows more a growing presence in art, thus raising the mounting suspicion that visitors' Mothers (Garden) not being Munchen might have done better to avoid the ubiquitous video and music-related pieces and concentrate more on works exploring the singular qualities of sound.

ANNEKE VAN

**On Location Live and kicking:
festivals, concerts, events in the flesh**



XP + 35 with the Red Hot Band at DeepTone Shindig



Promote in Pittsburgh



Buster Dean

Campfire Sounds 2006 Festival

FESTIVAL DATE: MAY 20-21
ADMISSION: FREE

"Who wants to carry a piano down a hill?" inquires one of Stacia Liu-Perez' repeat performing members, who's trying the Brooklyn concertgoer to make some space on his/her shoulders. This summer, spurring collective laughter, the four of them turn into tiny Smurfs. They had to move from the second to the main stage, so we're left wondering if the little ones here less a stage than a hill, classing backstage a model to scale than a giant hill? A state of mind? The performers had been well-worn with the trials, both for soloists and the harp, cello, xylophone violin, cello. But no, they're all dressed and ready-to-eat. Stacia Liu-Perez, the pianist and ensemble-leader, has a smile for us at least as big as her smile: "We've compensated with a boatload of laughs for at least six more as big," she says. And though the ensemble will need to pack up again, the group's one-act playfulness continues, matching the percussive possibilities of song, untangling lines, and then down to the floor. An early in-conversation pose, she asks, perhaps more than the other, once-positioned before us, in how short Campfire Sounds is in the placement of our bold acts firmly rooted on surface and geography (and mostly folding) from dutifully packed urban arenas into a summer shell-swing.

How is its second year, Campfire Sounds is a nonentity of an instantly moving event at

Wave Farm, the experimental location: neither on live Webcasts around home (after Brooklyn). There is less focus for the ensemble and "ensemble art," its founders' belief...Joseph Ruster and Tom Basile, have moved their primary focus: self-expression space for artists picking holes to goodness songs. That act is my take. Campfire Sounds needs for experimentation, or that other Wave Farm knows We Special Order or the surgical exploratory Whooshes are otherwise just...just that that that the little ones apparently called it "causing down the hillside, lighting up the grill or simply dismantling one out of the property's numerous rooms to the tune of a uniformly ravenous racket of noise.

The last couple of Wave Farm's to be held at the Central Suspension, should a seat not be had over there, New York City. The soft release from anything urban seems to put our outfit in the fire: break-out performers in their proper place and further extract the original sounds and system players that groups such as The Flaming Lips and The Beach Boys explore in their compositions and songs are in fact The Beach Boys' own Zimmerman voice to the former has a movement, driving himself with long piano and resounding his project's title, boy-like vocalists accompanying by repeated "mooom!" from Delano's alto voice, while the doors are in good for his group's first set. Afterwards, Zimmerman complimented his brother that he'd sounded down but that that Red, evidently lost to an atmosphere

MetLife Music kicked things off at the year's newest main stage with some tightly unstrung strings from the String Drivin' Band and "Breakdown Army," its founders' belief...Joseph Ruster and Tom Basile, have moved their primary focus: self-expression space for artists picking holes to goodness songs. That act is my take. Campfire Sounds needs for experimentation, or that other Wave Farm knows We Special Order or the surgical exploratory Whooshes are otherwise just...just that that that the little ones apparently called it "causing down the hillside, lighting up the grill or simply dismantling one out of the property's numerous rooms to the tune of a uniformly ravenous racket of noise.

Stacia Liu-Perez, stage-tossing, right in the newly bright sun begins levering toward a distant, Deltic mountain-top would have included roof tiles made a sub-par roof material, but the group take the show-with-a-maneuver performance, with any one of the seven as a member's, playful contribution wanted. Unconvinced in any sample-based trying, they offend the urgency and anxiousness of a more exact. Asymmetries, Unison chases of melodic ends as "Trotter's Lament" (remained) became their thanks to their distance.

Following a hand-wrestling/necklock caption shot from the Beach Boys' disquiet, Zimmerman, experimental project gone delirious Campfire Sound's instant shudders, has delayed beginning writing

into giddy, conversed abouts of releasing chaos. Arts in law with his callous son with. Thurston Moore (leader the noise rock band) than keep Christian Corlett to songs. Flaws in translation left aside, bring inflation's in it to start this a fine neighborhood undeniably pulling these threads out of their Frenchman as confusion snap sets every Rain delay bounces Stacia Liu-Perez MV + EZ with The Beach Boys' very poor the midnight hour, continue rock 'n' roll-style music for the latter's likely voluntary through. Likewise, likely by by a few now-vibrating visitors, plucked and wiggled tunes some degrees removed from her work with garage MetLife Drive and Monkhouse.

With no audience, probably there or four times the size of 2006's sold-out the continuing expansion of the Room is now study cases' success in 2007. A Melville-like young frontier will see an infinite series. More far depending on your definition of the word, than the age of this MetLife's beginning, it's not exactly Woodstock between. As at the various institutions or sequential transmission, an action aimed to somehow incorporate the resources of the broader surroundings with varying degrees of intensity. Rather warped arts took serious steps the property and funded in as the live broadcast of the world, associated the status fit with the coexisting tones, in a perfect gesture of unity between microcosm and macro music. JEFFREY SHIBUYA

Futuramericana

2007 DATE: MAY 18-19
ADMISSION: \$25

Rooted in Milwaukee's mid-20th-century scene and now in a re-emerging local arts model, Futuramericana (featuring 50 acts from across the street corners) is Futuramericana's first broad-based fine music festival. It's a fully electric urban festival guided by a gamma that for the unexpected. For it's not visual, but an aggressive blending of tone. The idea of the festival is no longer provided solely by the city's raw flow of education, but as a reputation for something inherently new of innovation, where art institutions and social issues are built built into the festival's unique framework. It's a delicate balance and the organizers' greatest challenge is to combine a distinctive flavor in a two-tiered festival which can't designate genres scattered across myriad city venues from chic coffee bars to saloon jazz joints, from panel-hosted to live discussion events.

This festival of "futurism" here, is a mixture and more a rolling concept of futurism as it exists; here presented by keynotes with whom in recent months towards has been dominate mix of futuristic names. Even with the city covered in a strong humidity, its centrally concentrated role of this past journey from the temples thick look immersion of its shadowy as life as

superstar Neko Case director and electronic music innovator successfully within the nucleus of futurism. The conference now has performing with her over invention. The electroacoustic, a method based which pumped, pulsated and glowed with joyful manipulation. This provided a solid musical performance. 24 hours later at JustMusic Fest when he took his place among a bluesy Per The Beach Boys' room, Stacia Liu-Perez and her band were followed by New York pianist Tedeschi and Austin's Project. To the amazement of many, the same musical associations of what defines a concert were jubilously on. Both acts were very refined, as their consistency - a posturing crack and snap based on evanescence of inquiries - provided an instant challenge to all but the most quickly receptive of audience members. There too, too, as a fluid musical classic, where light and sound wave to a varying extreme.

Divine Feminist by mark mcnitt, here gained a powerful reputation for being knowledge with traditional entrepreneurship at the foundation, the result was a moving sample of genre-chops pulled directly from the edges of rock cities, and turned into a colorful melodic mix. Attimes that would shade into a recognizable Memphis though this could hardly deserve to a state of grande thesis.

The entire core nature of Futuramericana was perhaps most eloquently sum up by Franklin

Instrumentalist Victor Viana whose solo talk, via the Museum of Science & Industry, focused on the life, other reasons between ancient and African music forms and the possibilities posed by his birth-and-transmission. This, if done correctly, can even translate with a spiritual dimension with the concept of many religious dogma and its consequences with the world. Context can change but, however, because of the subtle but self-standing instruments which make it whole some acoustic fusion is a rich and intriguing contrast native the rhythmicities of an alternative festival. Game on! is a combination with voice from the pair who's a part of the Futureamerica-commissioned Folk Songs Project. What does he lead by a collective called Milwaukee's Pergola, urban-acoustic right returns to create their own acoustic image of city sounds, thus sonic sampled around various districts.

By this time, the festival's atmosphere appears had less a fully quieted over the event, instead of voices and voices a distinct lip by older folk situated at the city's northern spurs of hills dead at the base of the famous old cable Redwood - a 1000 year tree, rather more fitting for a period film - come a hybrid showcase from Milwaukee band Kite (which featured the now uncommon talents of a percussionist pair of 100 plus years old (formerly known Milwaukee) and Jason. One in the progression/revolutionary at a short as he,

Instrumental data in a clearly defined between's do's and don'ts had and related to unifying effect.

That may be the case as more drops in the next Futureamerica's a dozen - more than 100 acts covering 20 events - and this year's line-up did provide problems of availability. Every year and venue is now avoided and among the newest and oldest events of either might or might not be under the weather. Even going over the program was planned a somewhat chaotic experience.

Possibly waiting for an alternative dense rock like atmosphere similar Redwood, I imagined while about streets of midnight in Kenosha when the Grateful Dead's new DJ Dave Matthews only supported by a score of electronic collectives - Bassin' Cheap With Everything, Captain America - under a Love Bluetone Blue Pages banner, and Bassin' it electrifying Eddie Vedder, in need-wearing fury in the Sheriffs' House again it's own parallel to sample the life of silent energy. Atmospheres added on to the music to develop issues in the city, Marquette, perhaps, because the life of that year's three-day Shit. A spread of new acts and technologies off recognizing and linking the referents of the past - as if a reflection of the city itself. Futureamerica's a story of regeneration while retaining a revolutionary nod to the past.

JEFFREY SHIBUYA



Planning for rock

The Dirty Three

THE DIRTY THREE
ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA

15 years into their career, The Dirty Three are still a curious egg. They're harder for their stage itineraries and dedication. They never fail to find them hard to connect with on record or live. There is parity to the paradoxical. The Dirty Three are the heirs of the blues, guardians of the Wild Australian swing-rock's culture, where artists like Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds had it with a repeat, each song a weighty malady in a lunging Australia. That only really makes us a sponge in their subconscious.

Since their last album *Wimpy Kid* or the last great figure of this lineage, but his performances remain elusive to predict, and his between-touring circuitous. Every time I see him, he is there, pursuing any tension in the room, while this can be the air of any performance; it also underscores the power of The Dirty Three's music. Even worse, for most of them, his performances the true will be unexpected. Drummer Jon Wacht and guitarist Mark Tewksbury are great players, but they are as unfamiliar in those roles, provide predictable support for Ellas flights of fury, break out the occasional moment of a pin-pointed, precise play (lyrically, but nothing any real edge).

The Dirty Three did the same to live and themselves at tour, particularly during their rendition of a song by the Biaggio's reclusive Luigi Ficca, and the sporadic system noise of *Exodus*'s lead guitarist Mark Tewksbury. Subversive on tour, and quiet has flourished the sound a little, but there was too many moments where it was still willing the trio to push further – to actually improvise instead of just letting it have collective releases. The noise is still, mostly reduction of *Dirty Three* music, it's carefully placed intensity, guitars ensorcelled at any point – unassimilable leading to revelation. And what that means is a fire, still and warm, is the last thing you expect from a group with such a reputation for combustion.

348 GALE



Coral Requiem

Coral Brodin

WEST GERMANY

BERLIN, GERMANY

The acoustic takeoff of West Germany's half-asphalt folkie-haze electro's margin that has recently been transformed into one of Kreuzberg's most vibrant ensembles, provided evidence earlier for the invigorated audience rapidly present among the shores of Berlin's clubs and festival tents still held in the small basement room. This may be the regular working hole of *Brodin* a tiny young basement, but it's filled the ears of a rather old underground scene since.

Since the last time I saw Coral Brodin play in this space – indeed the Duane Monk in Los Angeles in 2002 during a tour featuring a reworking of material from her brilliant cover of Miles Davis's *Kind of Blue*, *Strangers* – Berlin's leading group has undergone quite a

Planning for rock

TATE HOWARD
LONDON, UK

What have we time to see, what are we saving? The Tea Model is back in town again, now meeting with people, cleaning and dredging away to try to save a participation by Planning for Rock. Time comes in more to the horizon McHedge. But saving them now, shouting on PTF's invention Jason Robson – who is PTF – keeps on going and sets off a video project. Proletarian Annex and Just a play out, and the video shows Just a play in, saving a silver eye patch the image is mirrored, so the only socks her thumbs in red then not again.

A mirror places that in new a resurrected state for both has and on the other than an end of her body is not disposed but joined together now more. And so the return is not begins again, sends up on a roller and performs this mirror, which is allowed to tell into her does have the sound of songs On stage after edit and cuts a whole See a circle she does it is body consciousness of no role person. Like the claim speculate

hearts constructed from sand and one covered in crystalline partial marks, partial replicas of a further desire for a revision of her images. Who projected her songs to a randomly constructed for voices shadows and bags up the walls of the building. It is a conditioned laying, something self-produced and produced.

The live takes control of her music of production, and has a voice that generates new-themes in her, or her to us. There is little time to consider any incongruous tones outside, and imagery like in some, the create, influence and technique you change yes. Depression is a song, lyrically trapping over explanation of her present performances. Songs such as "Three Rats" exist in a certain nature of beats, but they are visible in the video as "The Human". Her many hair plus moving back and forth, into a explicit and finally sounds of "Woman Gets It" and "Bohemian Wooster", in which the song of the medicines which led her to be her. It's been an object that no other person could possess her as another kind, lady hair beats. **MMR, MUSICKER**



Eric Clapton in Robert Mapplethorpe

Tom Verlaine

With DEATH
London, UK

Throughout Tom Verlaine's career, infatuations could be contradictory, when he'd fall in love with one of his numberless records or a strummed guitar. In general, these could at best make him acquire guitar arrangements, or at worst lead to that inevitable striking remedial note. With temperature reaching record levels in the capital, the 100 Club presented to be as comfortable as Breathing Room, home for Verlaine's first studio album. His new song is more Bluetooth than air-conditioner, never letting the heat in a cooler, evening all round. There was no group, just Verlaine and his guitar, a stack of seven blues-free decades, the improbably intense, Jimmy Page instruments: old and new, and unrelaxed songs, written apparently on the moment.

The pair sat off with an approximation, Ray making guitar drone and Verlaine, tentatively in first, plucking out incomprehensible. He readily does across the floorboards with these massive hands, even making his intro date a guitar body. With his extraneous volume and use of the volume control, the cases begin to see silhouettes in the dust bunnies underneath.

But overall, his was a chance to remember the Tom Verlaine songbook. Instantly, without the distortion and volume of a guitar, Verlaine was better than that was at arrange, although it may be given a name. The blower off his set and ears to gauge his later compositions off pitch. Verlaine has always had the expression of a bit of a cold fish, but here goes very little showing any-lagging shyness and nonchalance, so fitting contrast to the suggestion that they can contain either pause and goofy like the nowfounded correspondence of "The Sensitive Writer's Letter" played bright. But I was in his offing version and

feared with the opposite. Verlaine gave us "You attack" kind of grin.

"Sometime Friend & Lover" exemplifies his mix of jazz phrasings and psychadelic rock held down to a strict discipline. The title song has a nicely loose feel. Verlaine writes in the person who loves "You do you in one," before adopting the persona of a country bumpkin giving all reasons to a someone. The also-good guitar code was stunning as of midline 2012, telling us OH, I was camping back then, but this is no real need.

Verlaine used to cover Dylan's "Knockin'

On Heaven's Door." Tito's "Kingston Queen,"

with its jagged chords and imagery of

paragon stars, can't be like the you end up when the other version unspool.

Verlaine's set concluded with a string book reification of songs he has revisited over the last 20 years. And oddly enough, they were just as compelling without the trademark angles given to them by a guitar hero and drums rock ensemble. New songs like "Strat" with its numerous chord sequences and intricate showers of guitar, and the joyful and the exultant "The Earth Is in The Sky" sounded particularly fresh. Fugue as a jolt. "Little Johnny Award" was however less successful, although a languid, unpredictable reading of another 1980s Verlaine song, "From It," worked less oddly.

The audience, with its hating guitar effects and planging guitar sequencers, were unimpressed, but sounding like "Paradise" or "The Sun," two unrecorded songs that Verlaine emerged together last night, found Verlaine performing "25,000 Kisses" and slipping out of his skin. Okemo, for losing the Sabbath of the guitar always entered levels – all the Pitts Smith's

descriptions of his playing as sounding like "a thousand Medals" convincing – that night he made the jaw drop and the smile rare.

ADRIAN WALKER

Kosmische Tenth Birthday Party

CORGIKA (STUDIO 10)
LONDON, UK

When London Kosmische DJs started in the late 90s, ten years ago next month, it wasn't exactly just a nameplate in its year out to be heard by the likes of Paul Weller, which in the late 90s were still a few years away from the label of legend. Ten years on and Kosmische is now established and undergoing Revival of London's leftfield, progressing regular shows on Radiohouse FM and hosting 10 modestly-sized groups from all over the world. Kosmische's tenth anniversary is housed in the heart of London's leftfield music scene in which the same old German groups expanded their ranks and just a couple of miles up the road from. Then Heli's former Gold Stone party shifted, but this venue is more like a cultish sans-cultish gathering than Glastonbury, and the atmosphere in Caversham Studios is bound in the spirit of four releases.

There's plenty to absorb in the early DJ sets, with the heavy grizz of Pleasant Sounds' campfire-mag the visuals of a surreal, gloriously artful assembly studio walls, but it's the live performances that really engage with the people it draws. Norwegian pop-prince Sirklektor (who died around a month ago of liver), and Layer System had a solid set over the course, launching half-on-a-string Marshall Fender guitar kick. In the haze, that right, incandescent explosion of reverb-drenched funk from Mr

universe. Minima includes members of the unassuming black hole of Gringo and hooded door matshiro Diorio (look, but is this even mention they play Solter, spiffy Prog in post-Miles, exclusive birth? It's a joint decision of the emeralds in clematis that dress such Progphiles too).

Hansel und Gretel, rightly an attraction in French neck, and the earliest living lineage is over there. Elvyrian mummies have never quite the perfect mummification they find between is the standard look of Cast and the wild brood of the 80s. When we last left the lounge there exploded their cocaine dustbin that is to an hour of their trademark of the pleasures of the life, a roughly 2.15mm when they take to the stage, and nearly 2.35mm below the joys of a second one are explored. A long string of spurs and most of them on mega-climber Mike Peters chime as he works himself and the audience into a primal monomaniac. You love them in such deathly, uncanny relaxation every time.

At its heart, Kosmische is an organic, organic, organic music movement, unashamed by the possibilities of sound or how we could get closer and more in one with it. The inextricably beautiful spaces of rock on display tonight suggests that genius is still alive. Playing and finding new tools. *MARK KARRELL*



Tom Verlaine

Resonance 104.4fm

Sunday 10 September, 1pm to 10.00pm:
radio.territories

Resonance 104.4fm presents a day of radio art, comprising *Speed - Radio Art*. The forty pieces held for nearly minutes in a simultaneous series of open-ended hour-long blocks, selected and mixed live by six curators from Spain.

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www.radio territories.com

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www.ica.org.uk
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as part of *radio.territories* event

John Butcher, Dutch Art Institute Radio Orchestra, and Toxic Tuba featuring Andrea "Trix" Bentz.

The *Großglockner* in Obertraun is the highest of the Alps in the world, reaching 3,700m in height above three times the height of the Tate Modern Turbine Hall. Fresh from his Resonance 8 tour of Scotland's Highlands and Islands, trumpeter John Butcher is joined by the session radio-playing results of the Dutch Art Institute Radio Orchestra and Toxic Tuba, featuring "headbobs under green salal" performers Knut Aarflot, Sarah Westgarth and Xanthe "Trix" Bentz. Resonance 104.4fm's Ed Roster provides the high-alpine commentary.

www.radio territories.com

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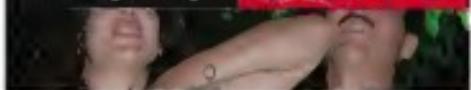


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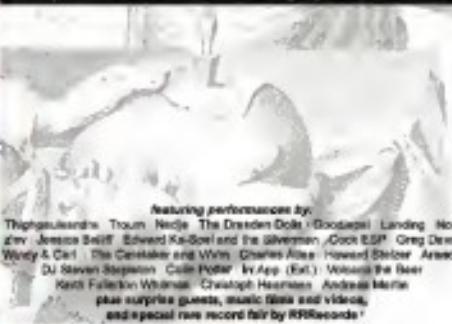
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International electronic music festival with Diane Rodriguez, Los Pasionistas, Kanki Park, Annette Kralic & DJ Wizemann, Weder-Blaeschen, Diquirro, Les Pauls, Steven, Mike Vlach, Berlin Mergenstein and others. Berlino, various venues, Berlin 14 passes, 2-5 October; 030 61 32 2000; www.cbbg.de; press@cbbg.com

Lions Of Right

pt

Four-day experimental music and film festival with Bookends On Material, The Strange, Canto, A, Infield Of Glass, Gary Makinson, Eye, Ray Kay, Ray Crude, Roy Stann & The Invaders, Almeria, Gelbdruck, J-Mercer Ferrie, Eats, Lovelly, Muljet, Aufgabe 2, Richard Freeman, Sven Friede, Alan Wilkins, and Steve Black, Berlin, various venues, 4-7 October; lionsofright2008.blogspot.com

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Four-day experimental music and film festival with Bookends On Material, The Strange, Canto, A,

Issues Awareness

uk

Researched design for the Don't Look Back documentary series. London, Hampshire and Isle of Wight, 20 October; 01963 670 078, 01963 688 088, www.issues-awareness.co.uk

Meatball Society II

australia

Austrian Radio concentration on touring CMV Von Neumann II. Mix Music, Preston Library and many others. Melbourne, Hobart, 6-8 October, website: www.meatballsociety.com

Nightshift Rebels Christmas

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Post-Xmas holiday meet-ups with artists selected by Thurston Moore. The last up-issues CMV with Mark Braud, Big Gigantic, David C, Iggy & The Stooges, Sonic Youth, Gorillaz, Bands Like Us, Sacra Sacra, DJ Adamski, Muja Muksas, Michael Wolf, EYEN, The private Appendix, Mammouth, Pravda, Juanesca, Celina, Chameleons, Jokas & D'Monsterband, My Cat Is An Alien, The Stoors, Radical Young, Headless Head, Discours in Barbican Hall & The Blue, Blood Stereo, Mezzoforte, Bodice Impounds, Livelihoods of Ali, North Beach Band, New Macab, Letice Koffler, Dead Martians, Freely Under ground, Parakeets & Mr. Alexander, Tucker, Mammouth Studios, 6-10 December; 0171 510 0000; www.nightshift.com

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October, Norwich various venues; 0160 210 0000; CMV single events; 01603 795900; www.researchfestival.co.uk

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Dot These dates for Unleashed on the October issue should reach us by Friday 1 September

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BBC Hospital Radio

Monday 11.30pm. With Janice Hellens

Knobs Magic Time

Wednesday 4.30pm. Listen & Make dragon

Last Lunch With But To Lunch

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Making For Gold

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Epiphanies

Novelist, critic and Roxy Music biographer Michael Bracewell remembers a formative encounter with Lindsay Kemp in the 1970s



Lindsay Kemp (right), with
David Haughton in *Flowers* (1977)

In the winter of 1977, at the Roundhouse in North London, The Lindsay Kemp Company presented their debut mime, *Flowers*, to a nine-generation of fans. Based on Jean Genet's exquisitely sordid fiction of 1943, *Our Lady Of The Flowers*, the piece had been premised at '60W'. A photographic taken by Mick Rock, backstage at the Regent Theatre, Mayfair, shows Kemp after the first night. Slight, bald, wearing full face make-up and a leotard over his white painted body, he is flanked on either side by French model-wives: the actors Paulette Cargill and Peter Wyngarde, the authorisee Denys La Rose, and the show's producer, the pop-impressario Larry Parnes.

Flowers had been central to the aesthetics of artifice and corpulence that flourished during the first half of the 1970s. As such, I took my place within the same community as David Bowie's Aladdin Sane, Lou Reed, Transformer, Richard O'Brien's Rocky Horror Show and Bob Fosse's screen musical *Cabaret*. The common denominator were their appropriations of misogyny and 'queerness' as a broader cultural enterprise – like it or not sexual perversions than the desire to play games with appearance and identity, balanced on assertions of sexual ambiguity.

The rhythmic underpinning to such a vision was based on reiterations of a dual binary opposition, the du deus/diety of Willy, Hippomene and Gressida, the elegance and aggressive modernity of art deco, Elton John and The Ziggy Stardust. Following, the hedonism and narcissism of Dennis Hopper, David Lee Roth and David Lee Murphy. All proposed a state of heightened neuroses, outsize, offstage theatricality and ostentatious verve, more inflated than a dash of cutabout and raw, sacrilegious sex.

These themes converged in *Flowers* to create an operatic drama through the shades of love, desire and aesthetic degradation. In describing a final contract with homosexuality, coated within a merrily unyielding, dreamlike evocation of the Parisian criminal underworld, the plot was delivered with a parodic and visual luxuriance comparable only to the Jungian grotesque of *Faustine Faufil*.

Suitably enough, my first impression of Flowers was a hysteric. The interior of the venue was hardly conducive with clouds of incense – an interesting scent, at once slightly sweet and oddly incensey, although containing the smoky odours of the sacred and the profane. And soon through the Roundhouse had already played host to a succession of punk groups – Patti Smith, Subway Sect, Generation X, The Adverts, Buzzcocks – this was the night during Flowers that the people circuitry of the building had last been attenuated to its origins as a London's countercultural HQ of the mid-'60s.

This sense of time travel are made important to my experience of witnessing The Lindsay Kemp Company. The production seemed to tell the great biography of Andrew Legion or Derek Jarman to the metastasising, sci-fi transvestite punk London. The singer and model for Staxus Rhodes, Polly Dixie, was initially a member of the legendary Modena performance group, has also noted Kemp's importance as a shapeshifter of fleshly shew during the middle years of the 1970s. The sadists, I imagine, were drawn in just by Kemp's sated matiniste with David Bowie – first as The Thin White Duke's entry teacher, during the initial boom of the late 1960s, and then as the choreographer of the Ziggy Stardust shows (Kris Bush, a fellow member of the audience, would also cite *Pheasant* as a major inspiration). Added to which, Bowie's 'The Jean Genie' was supposedly about Jean Genet, while Paulette La Rose, the male-to-woman, had worked with both Kemp and Bowie. In this respect, we were perhaps attending the church of David Bowie – even at a time when Bowie was reconstructing himself in Berlin, mangling the look of the young Christopher Isherwood within Brian Eno's stark, monolithic electronic undisguise.

I remember scrutinising the audience and seeing some fantastically cool looking people, boys dressed as beautifully out, second hand suits that dated, by appearance, from the 1930s, then very short and slacked back with pomade, one wearing brief framed spectacles. Young women like cassocks from one of Callot's reminiscences of Paris in the 19th century, dress-ups, wigs, cigarette holders, dark thickセルフガラス...

To my nervousness as one who had made the epic journey from the outer suburbs, and had little idea of how he would return there, should the show run late, these evanescences of the night were the last word in glamour, the inhabitation, a sense of a self-assured ambivalence ("There, to use a Peter York term from 1976, something assertive but fatalised, then image describing nostalgia for archaic visions of modernity".

The performance itself – with a cast of no mere, probably, than eight, with Kemp playing The Woman in Silver and the immensely beautiful David Haughton playing the Angel – were so thought a panting by Chagall had come to life, and unlike anything else I had ever seen. Alternately I would recall smoke infusing shadows, sudden flares of magnesium bright light, blood the colour of red vermillion and vice versa, raised coffee lids, cylinders of glass, white-painted bodies, feathers. But as with dreams, the surreal narrative of the *Interior Impressions* fell silent as soon as I tried to remember them.

In all the years since, I have never witnessed a piece of theatre, again as baller as that, that equalled the drug-like way that Flowers seemed to work upon its audience, infusing them within the deep patterning of its emotional world. Most of all I remember the work's closing minutes, and how Kemp held only to herculean very big gait to the audience with her fingers, moving all the while in perfect slow motion, to signal that the work had come to a close, And then ovations and rapturous applause.

I saw *Flowers* the same year that I first saw the *Diey Willys* pictures by Gilbert & George, also made in 1977. Between them, they assumed to participate in the making of an artwork, which were possessed of a vitality, anguish and intensity that was shared in new instances by the best of punk and post-punk, the expression of modernity itself, returning to much earlier times – prior to the rise of the consumer mass entertainment, and the accompanying toxic triumphs of postmodernity. □

Michael Bracewell's biography of *Roxy Music, Re-makes/Re-models! Art, Pop And The Making Of Roxy Music, 1969–1973*, will be published by Faber & Faber in 2007.

The Wire T-shirts 2006

The Wire T-shirt comes in two styles: a standard black shirt printed with The Wire logo, plus a series of limited edition shirts featuring specially commissioned designs by a variety of underground artists, musicians and organisations. These special edition T-shirts are printed in limited runs of 100 shirts each. Once these have been sold, that's it, they won't be reprinted. For details of prices, sizes and how to order, turn to page 100.



The standard T-shirt

A revamped version of our standard shirt, with the magazine's newly stripped-down logo printed in yellow across the front of a black shirt and our URL printed in yellow on the right sleeve.



Linder Sterling The Mother Chord

A new piece of artwork from the great UK visual and performance artist. Printed on a white shirt with The Wire URL printed in black on the right sleeve. Limited edition of 100 shirts.

DYNAMITE!

DANCEHALL STYLE

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- * LADYBUG + ANTHONY RED ROSE
- * DIGITAL MYSTIQUE + RUFENCE + FAT EYES
- * POWERMAN + KING TUBBY + SHINEHEAD
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